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*NOTES ON FRENCH SCIENCE AND ART.*

SCIENCE :—The form of the earth has been disputed ; the old belief that it was in the shape of a globe or ball is opposed by theorists who maintain that it resembles a top and by some who assert, it is a mass of scales of iron, or metallic offal, therein as it were into space. Engineer O. Keller leaves aside the question of the shape of our planet : he examines its constitution, arrives at the conclusion, that it is an “enormous sponge.” The continuous rains that we have had this season, may cause many superficial thinkers to subscribe in advance to that possibility. M. Keller lays down that the most of the globe is saturated with water—the latter named by Messrs. Delesse and Langel, as “gunny water.” The most dense rocks, as feldspaths, porphyries, specular iron ore, &c., contain an inseparable proportion of that fluid ; the earthy portion is impregnated with water. According to Elie de Beaumont, rocks contain about 5 per cent, due to absorption or imbibition, and that extends to a depths of nearly 20,000 yards, representing the 921st. part of the entire planet. The earth then encloses in its solid portion as much water as all the oceans and seas combined. There is a sea that is visible, and a sea that we do not perceive. M. Keller works out calculations to support his theory of the earth-sponge. He adds that it is to the presence of this water in the sub-soil



that we are the conservative of the earth's internal heat. At once a good conductor of electricity and a bad conductor of heat, the humid or water envelope of the central kernel of the globe, presents the soil from being heated in a manner injurious to vegetation, as well as by the sun's rays, now between the visible sea, and that existing in the rocks, &c., by imbibition, there is a constant communication, either by infiltration or by evaporation; a kind of double journey, semi-territorial and semi-aerial, by which the waters of all the streams and all the rivers return to their common ocean reservoir. This will explain only the marine origin, common salt, in all rivers too. The rivers that supply Paris—there are four—with drinking water, contain that salt, and there is one-fourth of an ounce of it, in every cubic ton of Seine water.

In Normandy, the dairy cows—and that produce the finest butter in France, Isigny and Gournay to wit—become frequently "intoxicated" when they break into an apple enclosure, for Normandy is a cider region. The cattle display all the symptoms of alcoholic inebriety. Apples are largely employed to prepare brandy. Their being consumed in a state of fermentation explains their action on the cows that became stupefied, staggered, ultimately galling down, dropping into a deep sleep, and refusing to "regain their legs." Acetate of ammonia cured the drunken fit. The monkey is an inordinate tippler, but that animal inherits all the vices of his—descendants. Buffon had a chimpanzee which helped itself to wine, and as it was trained to sit at table with its master, exchanged healths with the guests. Dogs have a weakness for fermented drinks: Veterinary Surgeon Alix was aware of a dog that accompanied his owner to the cafe and suilled off fire hocks of beer. He knew other dogs that accepted brandy, when given in the form of a gloria, that is, lumps of sugar steeped therein. The Chinese produce their famous dwarf poodles by mixing raki—rice brandy with their food. The goat dislikes alcohol, but has a passion for tobacco in leaf or in roel. The elephant has a weakness for wine, especially if sponge cake be well imbibed with it. Cats are positive abstainers, but rats and mice are addicted to strong drinks, and their vice is punished, as they readily fall in prey to cats. Among birds, parrots are notorious drinkers: Sganarelle asserted, there was a "sympathetic virtue" by steeping bread in wine, and that diet explained, why "it is given to parrots to learn them to speak." Bees are very subject to intoxication, and Leixner states, that vice destroys "their

proverbial sagacity, just as it reduces man to be fit for nothing but politics."

The Touring Club of France has placed notices for the protection of cyclists at the commencement of every sharp descent of roads or abrupt right-angular turnings. The most dangerous of all these cycle roads is near the Ramingao bridge on the high road between Nice and Menton. Despite the notices nearly forty accidents annually occur near the bridge which spans a ravine 54 feet in depth. The bicyclist in the delirium of the spin down—nearly 4 inches incline per yard—incapable to contro the machine, when turning the right angle to keep the road strikes the parapet of the bridge, and topple into the ravine. Several mortal accidents have occurred. To remake the road would cost 275,000 fr., an expenditure impossible to incur, but the Government has erected on the outside of the parapet, a trapeze netting in galvanised wire to receive the wheeler when thrown off his bike, and along with him the debris of the machine. The cage netting is not as soft as a mattress, but it prevents necks and bones from being broken. It is so strong, that it can also receive a carriage and pair on the road to ruin.

It is an astonishment to many, that outside the arrival of decomposition, science or medicine has no infallible means of recognizing death. But it will be not less a surprize to learn, that in nature, there can be death without any corpse. This is not paradoxical, and, of course, applies to the lowest type of animal life, the inpesoriæ, about which scientists are now warmly discussing. In the rudimentary animals, such as swarm in ponds, rivers, lakes, &c., and that can only be observed through the microscope, there are myriads of these animalcules that wriggle, whose head is separate, re-unite, but leave no corpses; they undergo perpetual morselling. M. Maupas has practically advanced the study of this process of nature. He took from river water, several species of infusoria; kept them separate, and on their self-dividing or morselling, he took one of them and kept it apart in its natural conditions. It was a work of time and patience. Thus, one of the infusoriæ, *Stylonichia pustulatu*, of which ten millions occupy less than one-fourth of a cubic inch, he "cultivated" in a temperature of 77 degrees Fah: each individual divided itself five times in 24 hours: in five days one individual produced ten millions, and in seven days ten *billions* of infusoriæ. These are called "protozaires," the first of even rudimentary animal life: some individualities "die out," disappears in the course of 215 or 660 generations. But they die

in a peculiar fashion—leave not a week behind; they re-unite; two of the animalcule will come in contact, wriggle, stop, remain together, and in fifteen minutes, a new individual is the result; the “fusion” is complete: in the course of eight or ten days, that mass or individual separates in two, instead of one, there will be two animalcules. But after all, old age tells on the infusoria: they cease to amalgamate or fuse in the *Stylonichia* that happens between the 150 and 170th generation: but the “germen,” the vital principle of the race does not extinguish in the natural order of things: the individual in time disappears, but the race is kept alive by the fusion process of the infusoria by the perpetualism of the cell containing the reproductive matter of vitality and of race.

Parisians flattered themselves that they were not as the inhabitants of other capitals, supplied with “manufactured” milk, especially as they paid 16 tons or 8*d.* per quart for the genuine article. But five leading chemists attest the milk when it coming by rail is delivered and doctored at the depot in Paris. It is emptied into a mixer, heated to 86 degrees F.: this imparts coherence, and allows all the cream to be skimmed off by the creamer: then the milk is allowed to cove: next it is run into apparatuses, heated by steam to 158 degrees to be parleurised not to kill microbes, but to impart to the liquid the appearance of “good, fresh milk.” The latter is next passed to the thickening apparatus or *émulseur*, where it is “enriched” with fat, carbonate of soda, boric acid, &c. Finally a little genuine milk is added to trick the Municipal Laboratory. But if this be so well-known, why is it allowed to exist?

The Exhibition telescope, to enable us “to see the moon at the distance of 40 inches,” is progressing. The instrument is to enlarge photos of the moon as to make the surface of that satellite to appear within a distance of 40 inches of us. Why not Edison give us a “phone,” to hear the “Selenites” speaking. But first we must know is the moon inhabited, because it has the drawback to leave no atmosphere, hence no water, and consequently no organic life.

ART.—The serious objections are being made against the practice of the State making no other presents to foreign potentates, or illustrious people, but vases, &c., manufactured at Serres; this is a Government establishment, subsidised with half a million francs annually, and the out-puts are thus in a sense cheap for the state. But the gold and silver smiths complain that their artistic products merit patronage.

The agitation increases to suppress the Serres factory : no fabricants of porcelain ever visit it for hints or inspiration. They rather turn their back to it, when Louis XV introduced the ceramic art into France ; it was needed, and there was a *raison d'être* for its existence at Serres : it was the same case with Henry IV when he planted mulberry trees in the Tinleries and so introduced the rearing of silkworms, with its corollary, the silk trade. But neither are now required. No industrial artist ever studies at Serres. The tendency still increases to patronize industrial art. The painters seem to be in desolation : their pictures do not sell : were it not for occasional orders for portraits, they would be in a very bad condition, indeed. I met an artist friend of mine, a few evenings ago : he told me he had collected from the painters, about 250 of their works : he sent them all over to London to a dealer ; no demand ; then he had them shipped to New York, and one gentleman brought the whole lot at a paid price. In the next Salon a great many pictures will have "interiors," that is home life for subjects. Taste runs that way.

I have alluded to the growing favour for objects in industrial art, whether carving, enamelling, decorative, &c. This progress is due to first class artists sending in designs : they do not give their names, but their talent is secured all the same. One lady well-known for her several skill, has designed a whole service of plate for the family use. Fans never were so deliciously painted as at present. Boucher and Watteau might sign some of the subjects. Manufacturers now organise competitions for original patterns for tissues. Many a well-known artist sends in specimens under an assumed name. He adds to his narrow means.

A FRENCHMAN.

### *A TRIP TO THE SOUTH COAST.*

People in England are more fond of travelling than they are here. When they get an opportunity they generally take advantage of it and 'go out of town,' some to country places some to sea side watering resorts such as Brighton, Eastbourne Hastings, Scarborough, &c., and some to the continent for the benefit of their health. I think a change like this, a complete freedom from embarrassing domestic circumstances, does one a great deal of good. This method of spending holidays is so very general in England that even the cab driver speaks of his week's holiday. For the convenience of the public the railway companies issue excursion tickets at a cost much below their ordinary fares. The trains run at a rate of 60 miles an hour. To give an idea of the rate at which the engines run in England I will tell what I heard from a friend of mine some time ago. This gentleman had to come to London on some urgent business from Glasgow. When he came to the station he was informed that there was no train for an hour or two to London, so he was obliged to take an engine and a carriage and he told me that his train travelled at the rate of 65 miles an hour. One of the greatest train on the London North-Western Railway is the Scotch Express which starts at about midnight and gets to Edinburgh by daybreak.

I chose Eastbourne for my holidays, and my choice was not without reason. As I had only a week or two to spare I did not like the idea of taking a tedious railway journey at the beginning and end of my enjoyment.

I left London by the 11 o'clock train from Victoria and got to Eastbourne at about 1 o'clock. As I had made no previous arrangements, I went about the town to look for a place leaving my baggage in the station cloakroom. I inquired in about half a dozen houses, but none suited me; at last I got so tired walking about that I went in the first hotel (the Royal Marine Hotel) that was near at hand. It was lunch time, so I was very glad and thankful to sit down to a good hearty meal. In

the afternoon I went on my round again to look for a comfortable place, and very fortunately I got one the 2nd house I went to. This house has a very pleasant aspect standing on the Grand Parade, the drawing-room overlooking the sea. In the afternoon, myself and another, one of the boarders went for a walk to Beachy Head which is one of the chief attractions of Eastbourne. It rises majestically to a height of over 500ft. about 2 miles west of the town. There are few grander headlands on the south coast and few which have witnessed more frequent shipwrecks; but these have been considerably diminished since the erection of the Belle Toat Light House in 1831. Beneath the brink of the cliff is a cavern called Parson Darby's hole (after the excavator Jonathan Darby, a former vicar of East Dean) which affords shelter to shipwrecked seamen. Samphire, (*Crithmum maritimum*) a kind of fleshy umbelliferous European plant grows here. It reminds one of an interesting incident which occurred in November 1821, when four sailors shipwrecked on the coast gave themselves up in consequence of the rising of the tide. As they were giving up in despair, a flash of lightning revealed to them a piece of Samphire to which one of them got entangled. Recognising it, he encouraged his companion to cling to it as that plant did not grow under salt-water. They did so and were rescued in the morning. This fact has been made mention of in many tracts and sermons. The highest point is marked by a signal station. The view from this point is an extensive one taking in the Isle of Wight and sometimes the French coast in clear weather. Smuggling for which the coast was famous, has, since the establishment of the coastguard whose station is situated on the top of the cliff, retired to more solitary corners. Off Beachy Head was fought on the 30th June 1690, the great battle between the combined fleets of the Dutch and the English under Arthur, Earl of Torrington and the French under Comte de Tourville.

We did not do anything extraordinary or worth mentioning that evening except strolling up and down the Parade listening to the band and watching the ever-moaning sea beating against the coast. The following day (8th August) being very wet, we could not go out, and had to amuse ourselves that best way at home. Nothing adds to ones enjoyment so much as a bright, cheery, sunny day, for it is a well known fact that our internal nature is greatly influenced by our surroundings. It is the outward world that creates the inward man. Sunday dawned with better prospect but the characteristic feature of the day

throughout the United Kingdom presents a strange contrast to the rest of the days in the week. It is generally very quite and dull, the more so in Scotland where I have heard that even busses don't run on that day. Almost all the business places, theatres, and other places of amusement and interest are closed, but very recently the National Gallery in London and some of the museums have been thrown open for the benefit of the public who are so busy during the rest of the week when they can hardly find time to visit them.

We thought considering the brilliant state of the weather, the best way to spend the day would be to look round the town. Modern Eastbourne which in rivalry of Brighton has arrogated to itself the more important title of "Empress of watering places" has risen during the last 25 years from a country village into a popular and fashionable sea-side resort. It has changed considerably since 'Theodore Hook and Charles Lamb spoke of it.' A pier has been built at a cost of £13,000 which runs 1,000 ft. out to sea with the usual attraction for idlers. The streets are well laid out and in many places trees are planted. The country of Sussex is made up of two natural divisions (the coast and the weald districts, lying south and north respectively) the characteristic features of which are totally distinct. "The coast is shut in by the South Downs, keeping for the most part parallel with the sea, a few miles behind it, till they end at the bold promontory of Beachy Hood." The beauty of these 'soft bosomy eminences' is peculiarly their own. These elevations have very appropriately been compared to green waves of land imitating its neighbour the sea; and more than one writer besides Mr. Harrison Ainsworth has gone into ecstasy over them. Here is an extract from Ainsworth's 'Ovington Grange':— 'A view from an old Barrow on the South downs. Fairer spot than this cannot be found amidst the whole range of the South Downs, nor one commanding more delightful views. How pleasing is the prospect! How fresh the air that visits us! No breeze so fine invigorating as that of these Sussex Downs; no turf so springy to the foot as their smooth green sward. The fairies still haunt this spot, and hold their mid-night revels upon it as yon dark green rings testify. Enough for us, the fairies are not altogether gone. A smooth soft carpet is here spread out for Oberon and Titania and their attendant elves to dance upon by moonlight; and there is no lack of mushrooms to form tables for Puck's banquets. We are not required to admire nature in her wildest and most savage aspect. We have a

peaceful landscape before us, of a primitive character, and possessing accompaniments of pastoral life." Sussex has produced many great men, the most renowned of whom were P. B. Shelley, the Poet, Richard Cobden, the Statesman, Thomas Sackville (afterwards Earl of Dorset), the Poet and Sir W. Burrell, the Antiquarian.

Eastbourne which is almost entirely the property of the Duke of Devonshire can boast of a fine sea front of over 2 miles, a good beach and a magnificent esplanade which was built at the expense of the late Duke. Tamarisks are planted on the slopes between the upper and the lower promenades which gives it a picturesque aspect. The Grand Parade which is a beautiful marine treble-terraced walk forms an agreeable and fashionable promenade. It consists of an upper and a lower tier connected in places by flights of steps and the intervening slopes are covered with shrubs and evergreens. Several of the best hotels face this Parade. There is a beautiful level road along the Parade extending to the Wish Tower gardens and further where cyclists both gentlemen and ladies always find a most pleasant and agreeable ride.

Wish Tower, an old Martello, is situated on a hill breaking the shore line, affording a delightful view; and in its immediate neighbourhood is the Devonshire Park, the gift of the Duke which covers an area of 12 acres with a theatre, pavilion, cricket and lawn tennis ground—a great centre of attraction to myriads of visitors. The illuminated fêtes here are extremely popular; and the Tennis Tournament in the early part of September is one of the chief gatherings of the kind. Behind the park is St. Saviours Church the chief modern church, a superb Gothic edifice of red brick and bath stone. Passing by south street to the new Town Hall with its clock tower and handsome assembly room, one comes to the railway station with its roomy smartness which serves as a characteristic introduction to the place. Old Eastbourne lies farther behind and requires but little notice. Tereninus Road (the main channel of communication both from the railway and from old Eastbourne to the heart of the town) is a busy thoroughfare, sheltered on both sides by lovely avenues of trees, and teeming with fashionable shops, though it is greatly to be regretted that its narrowness is not only not imposing but wholly inadequate to traffic. Turning by seaside road one comes to traverse the more modest east end corner which still continues to make a pleasant and cheerful quarter, better appreciated by those who want to escape the noise and bustle of the Grand Parade.



The next morning (10th August, 1898) when I looked out of my bedroom window I saw the whole world "bathed in light," and the air as soft and fresh as it could be. After breakfast I decided in conjunction with a friend that we should take a drive to the venerable ruins of Pevensey Castle, (interesting from its historical associations rather than from anything else, for its architecture presents no feature of beauty) one of the great sights of Eastbourne, reached by rail or about 5 miles by road. We started at about 10 A.M. and after a quarter of an hour's drive passed the green swell of St. Anthony's Hill, crowned with a martello Tower. From St. Anthony's Hill, the Pevensey Road turns inland, making a sharp bend to the right, then running straight on for some distance. A brisk drive for 3 quarters of an hour soon landed us at our place of destination, we looked round the castle and gathered as much information as we could from the neighbouring people respecting the venerable pile of ruins. From the castle we descended to the church, (dedicated to St. Nicholas, the favourite Norman saint), an early English building, which has been restored throughout in 1882 at a cost of nearly 4000£. The following account of Pevensey and the castle given in Blacks' guide book to Sussex will no doubt be interesting:—"Pevensey is believed to be the ancient Anderida, a great Roman stronghold where Julius Cæsar first landed in Britain. It has a long history of stout sieges and illustrious captivities, now under the care of the Duke of Devonshire; it makes a sight awakening in the dullest mind some sense of a great past. Pevensey castle consists of two distinct parts, an inclosure within an inclosure. The outer wall is Roman more or less as shown by the characteristic 'herringbone' masonry, the inner structure, medieval. The Roman fortress was a rounded oblong 220 yards north and south by 115 yards east and west. The wall is about 580 yards in circuit, 10 to 11 thick throughout, and 20 to 30 high. In addition to the main entrance there were three posterns of which that to the north-east is still in use, and the southern one was probably a water gate.

The medieval castle takes the form of an addition to the defences of the mound, shutting it off as a citadel from the rest of the works. Advantage was taken of the broad and deep ditch which shut off the mound and a great part of the area within it, and thus formed an inner wall of over an acre. The mound which occupied the east end of the castle and elevated the keep remains tolerably perfect, though much encumbered by ruins, evidently brought about by gunpowder."

Near the church are some cottages worth a passing glance. There is an Elizabethan house which had seen better days and lately renovated.

The next morning we took a trip to Hastings by boat. It was a bright morning and the sea was absolutely calm, so we enjoyed it very much. Every reader of English history knows well that the place is connected with the famous battle (Battle of Senlac or Hastings, 1066) which Professor Freeman in his History of the Norman conquest describes as the most memorable day, in the history of the island, since England became one kingdom. Hastings has had its distinguished visitors. Charles Lamb while indulging here his usual good-humoured vein of satire calls it 'dreary penance'. He further adds, 'it is a place of fugitive resort, a heterogeneous assemblage of sea-mews and stock-brokers and messes that coquet with the ocean.' Lord Byron was here in 1814 swimming and eating Turbot and smuggling neat brandies and silk handkerchiefs, and walking on cliffs, and tumbling down hills and making the most of the *Dolce far niente* for the last fortnight. Campbell lived here for 5 years and his exquisite poem "Address to the Sea" was written here. Cooper, the renowned animal painter, began his life here painting scenes for the theatre. Hastings and St Leonards are practically one, and the united attraction of both combine to make it the most attractive resort in this corner of England.

G. D. SEAL.

## THE PEARL-DROP OF INDIA.

The history of a country that is rising in commercial importance, and that is flattered by such epithets as the "emerald gem," and the "cinnamon isles" on account of its industrial pursuits should prove of considerable interest to my readers. As to who the first settlers in the island were is an open question; and being unable by the process of induction, even with the materials at my command, to arrive at any definite conclusion, I leave it in its perplexing condition by simply mentioning that the Burmese, the Chinese, and the Indians are each claimants to the honor of first settlement.

In the Ramayana there is mention made of a battle having been fought in this island between Rama and Rawana. Major Forbes and Mr. Turnour, two distinguished Ceylonese antiquarians, have fixed the site of this battle somewhere in the neighbourhood of Newara Ellia, but whether this position has been accurately defined or not I am unable to authenticate or deny. But it is generally supposed to be fabulous. Be it as it may, Sakya Muni, or Gautama, also Gaudama, known as the modern Buddha, finding the religion of the island degenerating, visited it with the purpose of restoring to it its pristine holiness. There are many miraculous events connected with his visit, chief among them is his having intuitively known the particular places hallowed by the touch of his ancient ancestors.

*Wijya.*—It is also stated by the followers of Buddhism that Wijya, the founder of the subsequent royal dynasty, landed in Ceylon on the very day that Buddha died (B C. 543). This prince was the son of a king of modern Bengal, being driven from home by his father for his misconduct, along with a host of associates. He tried to land somewhere on the coast of India, but meeting with opposition, directed his course towards Ceylon, where he was permitted a safe landing. No sooner had he thoroughly settled himself than he married the daughter of the chief of the island. This alliance fortunately turned out a happy stroke in his life. He secured the confidence and love of his consort, and

through her instrumentality succeeded in putting an end to all the chiefs of the country, and placing in their stead his own comrades, thereby securing for himself supreme power and absolute sway over the island. His reign lasted for 38 years, and he unfortunately died childless, but not without having secured a successor.

*Punduwasa*.—Sometime before his death, Wijya finding himself without an heir, and not wishing the rule of the island to pass into the hands of another family, wrote his father to send over his younger brother, Punduwasa. This his father willingly did, more so as he had forgiven his son after having become cognizant of his achievements. Although the new monarch arrived a year after the decease of his brother, he found the throne ready for him, which he occupied without opposition. One of Wijya's ministers, a man of sound principles, high sense of honor, true fidelity, and sincere devotion to his master, is credited with the above act of security. In accordance with the will of Wijya, Punduwasa married a cousin of Sakya Muni, by whom before his death he was made father of a baker's dozen—ten boys and three girls. *Umansit* was one of the latter. I mention her name only because she plays an important part in the next reign. *Abhaya* succeeded his father. According to prophecy it was asserted that after the decease of Punduwasa, an offspring of Umansit would destroy all her brothers and dethrone Abhaya. Superstition led to its belief, and the princes, in order to secure themselves, had their sister closely confined; but to no purpose. She soon fell in love with a young prince and agreed to marry him. Rather than be put to shame and have to suffer disgrace, which Abhaya knew perfectly well would be the outcome of a refusal, he consented to the marriage upon the condition that, should Umansit's first issue be a boy, instantaneous death would be his fate. It so happened that her first born was a boy. Equal to the occasion, Umansit's clever nurse, the same woman through whose intervention and help her marriage had been effected, lost no time in quickly substituting a female infant in the place of the boy, thereby intercepting the murder. The fraud was discovered, but the infant being under the protection of the priests, all Abhaya's endeavours towards its discovery proved futile.

*Pundukhabaya* was the name of the ill-fated boy, who, when he grew up, found himself at the head of a large and powerful army. He lost no time in waging war upon his cruel and heartless uncle whom he ultimately, but not easily, dethroned. Ceylon on the accession of Pundukhabaya rapidly merged into a period

of peace and tranquillity, and its capital, Anuradhapura, was greatly improved by extensive public works. Roads were made, buildings renowned for architectural and artistic beauty, some of which are still in existence, were constructed, tanks and canals were excavated for purposes of cultivation, villages and towns started up in districts never before explored, "and the country was divided into districts over each of which Civil and Judicial Officers presided."

*Tisso*.—During the reign of this sovereign Buddhism was placed upon a very firm basis in Ceylon (300 B.C.) It was effected in the following manner:—Dhammasoko, a religious Buddhist King of India, on the receipt of presents from *Tisso*, consequent upon a treaty to be entered into with him, acknowledged them by a similar return, coupled with the advice to him "to take refuge in Buddha, his religion, and priesthood." Besides, he sent over to Ceylon his son Mahanindo, a Buddhist high priest, in the company of *Tisso's* ambassador. Mahanindo met with a right royal welcome, which encouraged him to preach his religion fearlessly among the people. He had always a host of hearers, and in the course of a very short time succeeded in ordaining numberless priests, establishing colleges, erecting temples, and thereby finally installing Buddhism as the religion of Ceylon. At the request of the women of Ceylon a priestess was sent for by Mahanindo, his sister. She made large conversions and got many to join her as nuns. At this period also a branch of the famous *bo* tree, sacred to Gautama, and under which he assumed his Buddhahood, was planted in Anuradhapura. It flourishes to the present day at the Maha Wiharo, and its wide and far-spreading branches afford shelter to thousands of monkeys and other animals.

*Tisso* was not backward in publicly proclaiming himself a follower of Buddha; and in honor of his faith he had many sacred edifices raised for its propagation. Some of these still continue, especially those of the Thoparamya Dagobah. His reign was very peaceful right through.

*Surratisso's* rule is chiefly noted for the conquest of Ceylon (256 B.C.) by Seno and Gutiko of Malabar, whom, with a large body of cavalry, of which they were the leaders, he had taken into his service. Securing confidence of *Surratisso's* own soldiers these Malabarian Generals revolted. *Surratisso* finding himself altogether abandoned ended his life. But Seno and Gutiko, after dividing the country equally between themselves, did not long hold sway; they met their match in *Asela*, a prince of the royal family, and were defeated by him; and so Ceylon passed into the

hands of the natives. Asela on the other hand did not reign long, when Elaha, another Malabarian general, at the head of a mighty force, entered Anuradhapura, defeated him, and became supreme. Elaha's treatment of the people was anything but lenient. His arbitrary rule, and the manner in which he deported himself, especially towards royalty, caused all the princes to fly to a part of the island called Rohona, held at the time by Giamono, a distinguished personage, whose military tactics and martial abilities were popularly estimated as of a high order; and being naturally of a lenient and amiable disposition Giamono secured for himself a large number of followers and supporters. So after Elaha had enjoyed a firm, lengthened rule, and when he was on the brink of old age, and his power was declining, he met a powerful opponent in Giamono, who had now, as the leader of a large and revengeful force, waged war on him which resulted in his (Elaha's) overthrow and death, by Giamono himself. Declared king, Giamono's reign was distinguished by religious reforms. A pious and enthusiastic follower of Buddhism, his first and principal measure was the strengthening of his religion. He built many temples for this purpose, and next dug many tanks of immense sizes. The architectural excellence of the former and the dimensions of the latter are proofs of his piety and benevolence. Even to the present day there stands, somewhat in ruins, a building that is said to have been supported by 1,500 pillars: a great number of these are still standing, while those that have fallen continue to mark the spots on which they stood. This monarch is also noted for his charitable disposition, of which he gave proofs by the erection of hospitals and dispensaries. He was none the less alive to the security of life and property, to ensure which he appointed officers and magistrates throughout the length and breadth of his possessions.

*Walagambahu.*—Passing over a few reigns of little importance we come to that of Walagambahu (100 B C.) The principal events during the term of his rule are the invasion of the island again by the Malabarians, his retirement into seclusion, and ultimate restoration after a lengthened period of privacy due to the anarchial condition of the island during this foreign rule; and last, though not least, the transcription of the sayings and sermons of Buddha into two voluminous books, popularly known as the *Pittakattaya* and *Atthakatta*; the former is sub-divided into three *Pittakas*, called the *Wineyo*, *Abidhammo*, and *Sutto-Pittako*. Walagambahu is likewise credited with the erection of the famous

temple styled the Abhayagiri, 400 feet in height, an elevation equal to that of the "topmost pinnacle of St. Peter's."

Anula was the wife of the last noticed sovereign's son whom she killed in order to reign supreme. Treacherous and cruel to the backbone, she succeeded in thus disposing of five other husbands, whom she had wedded for their looks, and for the purpose of lustful gratification. The people at last became quite sick of her, and the result of this feeling was her dethronement and execution. Her irregularities left the country in such a deplorable state of disorder that it took fully three or four reigns of peace that followed to restore its former order.

Here ends the history of Ceylon during the era B.C.; and a writer states, upon sound and warrantable authority, *viz.*, the writings of Fi Hian, a Buddhist priest of China, those of St. Ambrose, and the accounts of Cosmos Indicoplestes, that Ceylon flourished most and prospered best from the beginning of our era to almost A.D. 500, after which began its decline; and during the 8th century the island reached the very zenith or rather nadir of mismanagement, confusion, and ruin. It was at this period that the transfer of the capital to Pollonaruwa was effected, to the utter neglect of Anuradhapura, which, as has already been stated, was renowned for the artistic elegance, magnitude, and number of its public works. It is not to be wondered at that, in this turbulent state of affairs, there arose in all parts of Ceylon numerous bands of lawless characters, hostile towards each other, and hence continually fighting among themselves. All that was now needed was a leader to untie them together, and marshal them, while in this spirit, into one vast formidable nation; and it was some time in the twelfth century that such a leader did spring up in *Prakrama*, a youth of extraordinary attainments, military, scientific, literary, and musical. He was an expert with the bow and arrow; was well-grounded in the sciences as taught in his days; could read and write with scholarly precision, and was proficient in music lore. When *Prakrama* was ready to occupy the throne, a dispute arose between himself and his father, in consequence of the last ruler having voluntarily resigned his position in favor of the latter. The dispute terminated with the dethronement of *Vikrama*, the father. An early reconciliation, however, set matters right, and *Prakrama* quite at liberty to carry out all his plans, already formed for the advancement and prosperity of his dominions and the happiness and comfort of his subjects. He instituted colleges (which issued Buddhist works) for the benefit of the learned priests (which he freely supplied

with large numbers of Buddhist works). Roads were ordered to be formed, tanks excavated, and buildings raised. Lands were allotted to the people, and disputes between "reis and rayats" were peacefully settled. In short, all that was determined upon by this enlightened and liberal-minded monarch, he had the satisfaction of fully realising. Unfortunately, however, all is not sunshine in one's career, and there was a cloud rapidly gathering in the hilly regions of Rohona, in the shape of an opposition on the part of its queen, Subhala, which suddenly burst on Prakrama while he was pushing forward his reforms, and thereby apparently acting much to the chagrin and annoyance of the Queen of the Rohonains. But notwithstanding all her display of military tactics on the occasion of her opposition, she was defeated by Prakrama's ablest general, Rakha. After this achievement, Rakha still found himself hemmed in by Subhala's forces on all sides; and if a strong reinforcement had not been opportunely sent to his assistance, the conclusion of a good beginning might have proved disastrous to him. However, by the aid of this additional strength, Subhala was forced into submission, and would for certain have lost her life if she had not quietly resigned herself to her fate. These victories were the cause of much rejoicing at the court; and in their honor a ceremony was ordered by Prakrama to be performed at the temple, in connection with which a miracle supposed to be true was wrought. While the procession was on its way to the place of worship, a heavy downpour of rain occurred, but strange to say that while it poured "cast-and-dogs" on all sides, not even a drop fell upon the procession during its march to the temple. Rohona again rebelled, but only once more to be defeated; and this time it was placed under stricter subjection. Subhala after this loss died almost simultaneously of fear. Peace now ensued, and Prakrama having no more fear of other civil disturbances availed himself of the opportunity to still further strengthen his position.

Before his death, 1186, he waged two wars against foreign foes, and came off victorious in both. One was again Cambodia and the other against the districts in Southern India, "called in the native annals Pandi and Solli, on the Malabar and Coromandel coast."

With Prakrama's reign completely ends the history of the independent rule of Ceylon, and commences that of the European invasion.

W. ST. JOHN DESSA.



## ARYAN CIVILISATION IN INDIA.

## THE PHILOSOPHIC AGE.

## I.

We have now arrived at the most glorious epoch of *Aryan* Civilisation in India. The leading intellects of the Age finding no consolation in the performance of the rites elaborated by the generations of priests, and unwilling to accept as gospel truth the dogmatic and irrational explanations with which the clergy wanted to edify them, stood out in battle array, and an open rupture was the inevitable result. These men of light and leading carved out a path for themselves and turned their attention in a different direction to find out a balm for their troubled mind, and the happy outcome of this rational step was the dawn of the *Philosophic Age*. No student of history need be assured that the Hindus and the Greeks were the only two nations who made the bold and successful attempt to unravel the mysteries of such abstruse questions as God, Soul, Immortality, Future world, and the like, and developed a systematic philosophical literature. A few other nations, no doubt, made a few abortive attempts to follow suit, but their productions were not only fragmentary and out of joint, but they lacked in that individuality which characterises the disquisitions of the Greeks and the Hindus. Both no doubt, descended from the same parent stock, but the difference of associations and habits, and the influence of climate, had wrought such a considerable change in their tastes, tendencies, and thoughts, that the speculations of the one are but the contrasts of the other. The Hindu sages could not disassociate their minds from the grim shadow of the dark side of human life, so they dealt only with the Ideal and the Immaterial, whereas their Western cousins were wedded to the Positive and the Real, and they could not, therefore, travel beyond the outskirts of the material world. The Hindu thinkers inculcated that the Sense of Ultimate Realities constituted the essence of philosophy, their sole aim, therefore, was to distinguish between Spirit and Matter; and in this they stood on a much higher level than their Greek compeers. The Hindu mind took

a metaphysical turn from the earliest dawn of speculative enquiry, and their Philosophy is therefore naturally hopelessly subservient to Ontology.

But before entering into the enchanting groves of philosophy, let us hurriedly survey over the outskirts of the *Sutra* literature and notice at random a few of its leading features, which have a historical bearing as "the last connecting link between the sacred and the profane literature." And in doing so, we must not lose sight of the fact that the *Aryan* conquerors have now crossed the impregnable Vindya chains and set their foot on the virgin jungles of Central India. They have now Hinduised the whole country and brought many of the aboriginal tribes under their civilising influence. They can now take their stand on the lofty peaks of the Himalayas and view with legitimate pride the vast tract of country from the seat of the eternal snows down to the wave-beaten shores of the eternal blue and call it their own. But the most noticeable feature of this age is the visit of the Greek travellers who had sketched a true and faithful picture of Hindu Civilisation as they saw it in *Aryavarta*. Some unthinking scholars have at times brawled out that the history of Hindu Civilisation as preserved in their own literature, is only a legendary myth, and it would be mere waste of time and labour to unload such a truck-full of husk with the distant hope of finding out a few handfuls of grain. But what little show of reason they might have claimed for their unfounded assertions before the Greek accounts were compiled, it could not hold good after it. Critics of unquestionable authority had carefully and minutely examined the two pictures, and they were agreeably surprised to find an exact similarity in all their shades and lights, and delineation of features. And they have authoritatively asserted that the history of Hindu civilisation as preserved in their own literature, is a "faithful narration of unflinching truth" and it will amply repay careful and critical study.

With the expansion of their territory, their literature and science also found a wider scope for a healthy diffusion. The concise and practical teaching of the *Sutras* deposed the verbosity of the *Brahmana* literature, and the latter soon died of inanition. A long train of *Sutra* literature soon spread over the country from the many *Charanas*, and brevity (with vengeance) was the style adopted by their authors. It is divided into three important sections—religious, social and domestic. Like every other class of Hindu literature, the *Sutras* also looked to that

fountain-head—the *Vedas*. for authority and support. *Srauta Sutra* comes under the first head. It is a concise manual which treats of *Vedic* rites and sacrifices, and it presents a picture of the Hindu Aryan as a "worshipper and a sacrificer." In the *Dharma Sutra*, which comes under the second head, we read a series of clearly-defined precepts for the guidance and well-being of our society; and its sole aim is to train a Hindu Aryan to be a good citizen. The modest aim of the *Griha Sutra*, which is a type of the last section, is to mould every individual Hindu to a kind father, a loving husband, an affectionate brother, and a benevolent householder. Thirty centuries had rolled away in the eternity of time, and we are still guided in all the different phases of our domestic life by these wise and congenial rules, and happy indeed is the family that still clings to them. This handy volume furnishes even to a casual observer an idea of the different ceremonies which are still performed in every Hindu house on the occasion of marriage, birth of a child, the first giving of solid food to a babe, his initiation in the study of letters and the funeral obsequies, and he can see at a glance a true and a faithful picture of Hindu domestic life; and as such, it is invaluable to the student of history.

We may venture here to assert that of all the civilised nations either of ancient or modern times, the Hindus excited themselves the most to mould their national character on the *highest* ideal; and with this object in view, the *Sutra* literature was ushered into existence soon after they were peacefully settled in their newly-adopted home, and their immediate physical environments were for the time being settled, so that they might implant into the mind of every individual Hindu his sense of religious, social and domestic duties and guide him against every onslaught from without. The happy result of this wise and far-sighted precaution is that a Hindu home is still the picture of peace, temperance and domestic happiness. They also are the most peace-loving and law-abiding race of men on earth notwithstanding the malicious and unfounded assertion to the contrary by the Anglo-Indian bureaucracy. The *Sutra* also possesses another historical bearing of great importance, as the nucleus upon which the Hindu Jurists elaborated their metrical codes. It may not be unknown to our readers that the many *Sanhitas* are but so many editions of the various *Sutras* with either additions, alterations, or modifications, to suit the requirements of the time. Dr. Max-Muller was the first to notice this fact, and later researches have only confirmed the unerring conclusion of that profound scholar.

It is, indeed, a pity that we have inherited only a few of the many invaluable literary treasures which our forefathers had bequeathed to the world, and the only complete volume of *Sutra* literature which has come down to us is the *Apastamva*. It consists of thirty chapters, twenty of which treats of religious duties, and one is set apart to explain them. Of the other five, four are equally divided between social and domestic duties. And the last chapter treats of geometry and is called the *Sulava Sutra*. This may seem at first sight to be a rather big jump. But when we remember the fact that in India religion had always lent the necessary impetus to *Hindu* intellect for the improvement of either literature or science, the anomaly quickly vanishes away. Who does not know that the good *Rishis* of old sat down night after night and patiently watched the motions of the flickering stars only to catch the opportune moment to offer a sacrifice, and the invention of the science of Astronomy was its grand result? The same religious bent of mind lent the incentive to the invention of geometry, to erect their altars in rigid conformity to the dictates of religion. Dr. Thibaut first started the Western world with the rather unwelcome fact that Pythagorus was not only indebted to the Hindus for his metaphysical doctrines, but he was also indebted to them for his knowledge of geometry. This fact has since been confirmed by Von Scuder and other profound scholars. But we notice with a mixed feeling of surprise and wonder the following text of the *Apastamva Sutra*. "He who has unjustly forsaken his wife shall put in an ass' skin with the hair turned outside and beg in seven houses saying 'give alms to him who has (unjustly) forsaken his wife'. That shall be his livelihood for six months." The punishment is no doubt *Quixotic*, but it very clearly shows the spirit of the legislature. And does it not bring the lie direct at the door of such detractors who either ignorantly or maliciously charge Hindu Jurists with being unduly severe to the fair sex?

The *Apastamva Sutra* further assures us that Hindu sages started their psychological speculations long before the dawn of the philosophic age, and it is religion again which lent them the impetus. But once started, the strong current of thought went on with a formidable velocity. In a short time, each of sixteen schools of original philosophy vied with each other to establish its own superiority. The sages no doubt differed, as they must always do, when grappling with problems which so far transcend our limited powers. But they one and all agreed that "the consciousness of the difference between Spirit and Matter constitutes the basis of true

philosophy." The one characteristic feature of all the schools of Hindu philosophy is a vehement protest against materialism, and they all had left some undying monument of philosophic acumen. "The close connection," says Dr. Thibaut, "of philosophy and theology—so close that it is impossible to decide where the one ends and the other begins, so whatever sense is closely connected with the ancient Indian religion must be considered as having sprung among the Indians themselves." And Dr. Weber had lent his mite by adding that the Hindu mind attained its highest pitch of fertility in philosophy. They have discussed many intricate problems concerning both Spirit and Matter "with marvellous acumen and relentless logic." This grand success was a cause of great apprehension to the apostles of the old school, who soon found out that the rickety superstructure of the Brahmanical faith was tottering at its very foundation: and whatever nominal regard they still exacted from the intelligent section of community was due only to force of habit.

The six schools of original Hindu philosophy which are comprised in the *Saradarsana*, "reached the farthest verge of human capacity in ontological speculations and logical refinement. "When we read with attention," says Victor Cousin, "the philosophical movements of India, which are beginning to spread in Europe, we discover there many a truth and truths so profound, and which made such a contrast with the meanness of the result at which the European genius has sometimes stopped, that we are constrained to bend the knee before the philosophy of the East, and to see in that cradle of human race the native land of philosophy." The *Sankhya philosophy* by *Kapila* is the first closely written philosophy on record "and its doctrines are argued most logically and in strict accordance with the most approved method of modern secularism." He is "thoroughly latitudinarian in his views," and in elucidating his precepts the learned author has studiously kept himself clear of the shoals and quicksands of orthodoxy. *Kapila* belongs to the Agnostic school, but at the same time he believed in the existence of soul; and herein lies that wide gulf between the school he founded and the materialistic school of modern Europe. The two undying monuments of Hindu thought are the Philosophy of *Kapila* and the Logic of *Gautama*. The bold speculations of metaphysics first started in the *Upanishadas* are, no doubt, sublimely grand in their own way, but the disquisitions of *Kapila*, to use the words of Mr. Davies "was the earliest attempt on record to give an answer from reason alone, to the mysterious questions which

arise in every thoughtful mind about the origin of the world, and the nature and relations of man and his future destiny." It is an open secret that "some of the productions of the French and the German schools are mere reproductions of the *Sankhya* philosophy with elaboration." *Kapila* was decidedly more than Voltaire to India, and his philosophy is not only "more clear and closely-written," but it is also "more consistent than anything that the genius of the Western sage could produce."

It is a popular belief that *Kapila* denied existence of God. Perhaps the aphorism *ঈশ্বরাসিদ্ধে* with which he started has to answer for this widespread misconception. When correctly interpreted, it signifies that a knowledge of God cannot be attained by disputation; and this was as true at *Kapila's* time as it is to-day. His learned commentator rather curtly observed that if *Kapila* wished to deny the existence of God he would have said instead "*ঈশ্বর-ভাবাৎ*." He did not however believe, as propounded by the *Upanishads*, that human soul is only a part of the Divine Soul. He, on the contrary taught that each individual soul has an independent existence, which is linked with a corporal body until its final emancipation by the knowledge it acquires through its union with *Prakriti* (Nature); and even after acquiring such knowledge it resides for a time in the corporal body before its final emancipation. He further inculcated that both Nature and Soul are eternal and Self-existent, and that *Soutatam* (purusha) has not produced anything. His arguments may be summed up thus; If god be free from the universe. He cannot confine Himself in it, and if He be confined in it, then He cannot be its Creator.

According to *Kapila*, Intellect, Consciousness, the five Grosser Elements—Ether, Air, Earth, Fire, and Water; the five Subtle Elements—Sound, tangibility, odour, visibility, and taste; the Five Senses of Perception; the Five Organs of Action; and the *Mana* are all derived from Nature—*Prakriti*. We must note here that the English equivalent of *Kapila's Mana* is not mind, but something like the *active principle of the mind*, which first catches an impression. He believed also in the material origin of both *Mana* and *Budhi*, and that the subtle and grosser elements have proceeded from the *Mana*.

*Kapila* taught that "objects are but permanent possibilities," and in this he anticipated not only Berkeley and Hume but also Mill. Kant enunciated that we have no knowledge of the external world "except as by action of our faculties as it is represented to the soul," and took as granted the "objective reality of sense perceptions;" and herein also *Kapila* was not at any distance

from the European *Savant*. *Kapila* accepted only three classes of evidence, *viz.*:—Perception, Inference and Testimony, and rejected all the rest as unworthy of support. He believed also in Causation and Design, but he totally rejected the idea of a Designer. He saw uniformity and harmony in all things; and attributed all formal existence to Primordial Matter; herein at least he was in all fours with the Materialistic School of modern Europe. The orthodox belief of his time found no favours with him, and the apostles of the orthodox school were in constant terros of him than any of his co-labourers. With him reason was all-powerful. He rejected every thing, no matter with what passports it presented itself before him, if it failed to stand the crucial test of reason. He openly preached to pick up the essence only of what is taught in the *Shastras* and by the preceptors.

To relieve mankind from the (three kinds of) pain—bodily and mental; natural and extrinsic; and divine and supernatural; was the *point d'appui* of *Kapila's* philosophy and *Budha's* religion. *Kapila*, in fact, laid the foundation upon which *Gautama Budha* raised his grand religious superstructure. *Kapila* held that all formal existence is derived from Nature—*Prakriti*, and his arguments may be summed up thus:—First, all specific objects are finite in their nature and must have a cause. Second, things different in their nature still have common properties in them, and they are only different species of the same primary genus. Third, all things are in a constant state of progression, and show an active energy of evolution. Fourth, there must be a primary cause of all things—And fifth or the last, there is a real unity and harmony in nature—in the whole universe. The three primary *Gunas*, *Sayta*, *Raja* and *Tama*,—goodness, passion, and darkness—which figure so prominently in every school of Hindu philosophy also found favour with *Kapila*. His arguments in favour of the independent existence of human soul are briefly these:—First, matter has been collected and arranged with a design. Second matter furnishes materials for both pleasure and pain. Third, there must be a superintending force. Fourth, there must be a nature that enjoys. And the last is, a natural yearning for a higher life which points to the possibility of attaining it. *Kapila* further held that the soul looks to its final emancipation after it has freed itself from all the passions and desires and has attained the highest knowledge. It is evident from this that a shadow of *Budha's Nirvan* theory—final beatitude, was also cast upon *Kapila's* mind. The most striking feature of the *Santhya* Philosophy is a studied and accurate enumeration of the natural

bodies and their principles. He has deservedly been styled the Des Cartes of India.

The *Yoga* Philosophy of *Patanjali* next demands our attention. This learned sage has, say the apostles of the orthodox school, supplied what is considered by them to be an unpardonable defect in *Kapila's* philosophy—the preponderance of a Supreme Deity over everything. According to the *Yoga* School, devout contemplation, and not a mere parrot-like recitation, of the *Shastras* enables a man to acquire the highest knowledge, and that alone can ennoble the spiritual man.

He very rationally distinguishes between true and false knowledge and wisely enunciates that the former is the source of all happiness and the latter, of all misery. His learned commentator, Bachaspati Misra, who was a renowned scholar of his time, added his mite by inculcating that to consider *a finite thing as God is false knowledge*. Had his wise teaching been more generally understood by the people, Hinduism would have been free from idolatry. The principal *forte* of the *Yoga* philosophy is to teach the *modus operandi* of the practical *Yoga* which alone enables a man easily to comprehend the Supreme Deity, and to perform many a miracle at his own sweet will. According to the tenets of this philosophy, final beatitude could only be attained by practising *Yoga*. *Yoga* philosophy is the mesmerism and hypnotism of the Indian schools.

*Patanjali* divided his work in four parts. The first is called the *Samadhipada*, which deals only with the nature of meditation. *Sadhanapada*, the second, prescribes a few practical directions for performing what may be called a few gymnastic exercises, which are believed materially to help the practice of meditation. The third, *Bibhutipada*, enumerates many occult powers which one may acquire by practising *Yoga*. And *Kaivalyapada*, the last, teaches that isolation and detachment of the soul from all worldly ties is the ultimate object of meditation. Desire, doubt, world-mindedness &c., are considered great obstructions in the way, but they can be overcome by concentration of the mind, by the regulation of breath, by practising benevolence and by being indifferent to the happiness and miseries of this world. Hindu sages, whether poets or philosophers, have with one voice preached the nothingness of this world, and directed to look to the next for all happiness, and this peculiarly Hindu idea stands unique in the annals of the world. The gradual development of occult powers, as enumerated in the *Yoga* philosophy, is strikingly wonderful, if true. Whether *Patanjali* himself had curiously enough travelled, or



some later editor had made him to do so, from realms of philosophy to that of mysticism and superstition, we leave it to our readers to decide. The ultimate good to which the *Yoga* philosophy leads is the emancipation of the soul; and it teaches that once having attained it, the soul remains free for ever. *Patanjali* was no genius for originality. He simply followed *Kapila* on the path of mental philosophy. He had neither started any new doctrine nor opened out a new channel of thought. But still *Yoga* philosophy has its own importance and sphere in the history of philosophy. *Patanjali* was a profound scholar. He wrote an admirable commentary on *Panini's* Grammar and this alone would have secured for him a very high place in the history of Hindu literature.

The *Naya Philosophy* by *Gautama* is the legitimate pride of the Bengal School. Eager students travel from distant regions to study *Naya* at the University of *Navadwipa*. *Naya* philosophy is divided into two parts—metaphysics and physics of logic. *Gautama* deals only with the metaphysics of logic and *Kanada* has supplemented it with the physics of logic, dealing with both particular and atomic. Both the logicians have based their arguments on reason and judgment. They "consider by means of subtle and logical arrangements the correct mode of enquiring after truth." Both *Gautama* and *Kanada* defined Just and Unjust, Right and Wrong, and the Principles of Knowledge both religious and secular. They both started with the aphorism—from nothing, nothing comes. And they both advocated *biogenesis* and held that *atoms* were co-existent with God. *Kanada* further held that human soul cannot absorb in the Divine Soul, as they are not similar. *Gautama* went even a step further and inculcated that human soul is a special substance different in each individual. And they both followed *Kapila* in this direction. They both acknowledge four classes of evidence: Perception, Inference, Analogy, and Verbal Testimony, and in this they differ with *Kapila*, who admitted three classes only. Their definition of cause and effect is simple enough—that the one precedes the other, and the latter cannot exist without the former. Their connection may be *Sangyoga* (simple conjunction), or *Samayoga* (constant relation). Cause may be of three kinds, Direct or Immediate, Indirect or Mediate and Instrumental. The things to be proved according to *Gautama*, are Soul, Sense, Body, the Object of Sense, Intellect and the *Mana*. Both the logicians had used the word *Mana* in the sense as *Kapila* did. The subjects to be discussed are called *Pramana* and the thing to be proved are called *Prameya*. Doubt, Motive

Example, Determined Truth, Syllogism or Argument, Confutation, Ascertainment, Controversy, Objection, Fallacy, Perversion, and Reasoning, are considered subsidiary subjects.

*Naya* distinctly inculcates that there is one Supreme Soul *Who* is the Creator of all things and the Seat of all Knowledge. Intellect is divided into memory and concept. Production is said to be the cause of all Virtue and Vice. Merit and Demerit is also the only Motive for Action. With the exception of the development of inference by construction of a true syllogism, as mental philosophy, the *Naya* school also has not done anything in the way of starting any new theories or of opening any new channels of thought, but as logic, it holds a very high place in the history of philosophy. "The right method of reasoning," says Mr. Davies, "has been discussed with as much subtlety as by any of the Western Logicians." The Syllogism is divided into five parts: Proposition, Reason, Application of Reason, Instance and Consistency, and herein it differs with Aristotle's arrangement, who divided it only in three parts. The *Naya* philosophy has used a number of technical terms, but we shall notice here only two of them *Vapti* and *Upadhi*. The former signifies "invariable concomitance" and not merely "a relation of co-extension" or "relation of totality."—It is "an extensiveness co-existent with the predicate," so it does not require any qualifying term or limitation. The latter on the contrary is always governed by a qualifying term or limitation.

The *Baisesik Darsana of Kanada* bears the same supplementary relation to *Naya* as *Yoga* does to the *Sankha Darsana*. *Kanada* held that the Ultimate Atom only is simple, all the rest are but compounds of one or more simple atoms. "They combine" under some unseen law, and not by the will of God." He believed that the whole universe is only a combination of atoms. *Kanada* also recognised Substance, Quality, Action, Community, Particularity, Coherence and Non-existence. He puts under the first head nine substances, of which Earth, Air, Water and Light are considered Eternal Atoms, but they are "transient and perishable in the aggregate;" and Ether, Time and Space are considered as Infinite and Eternal. In the arena of Hindu logic, *Kanada* holds the same place, that Aristotle does in the Western world. But *Kanada* was more a physicist than a philosopher. He first started a true philosophical enquiry into the laws that govern and regulate Matter and Force, and Combination and Disintegration and placed them on a sound scientific basis; and in this he has shown great powers of originality.

We come to the last two of the six schools of original Hindu philosophy comprised in the *Sara Darsana*, and they are called the *Vedanta Darsana*. The first of these is called the *Purva Mimansa*, Ethics and Moral Philosophy, by *Jaimini* and the other goes by the name of *Uttara Mimansa* by *Vyasa*. "The *Vedanta*," says Col. Vaus Kennedy "is the most spiritual system that was ever imagined by man. It cannot but excite surprise that man at that remote age should have been capable of entering into such abstruse speculations, and forming conceptions to the sublimity of which no philosopher of Europe has ever attained." India and orthodoxy are so curiously blended together that it is next to impossible to disassociate the one from the other, and as the exponent of that school, *Vedanta Darsana* has its peculiar interest. To the student of history again it is of particular importance as the basis of the later philosophical Hinduism. The very mention of the name of the *Vedanta* philosophy reminds us of the two great names—the mighty *Kumarilla Vatta* and the redoubtable *Sankaracharya*, both uncompromising foes of the dying *Budhism*, and reviver of the then semi-starved orthodox creed. The first wrote a very learned and scholarly commentary on the *Paruva Mimansa* and the second wrote a similar one on the *Uttara Mimansa*. At a time when the Agnosticism of *Kapila* was drawing thousands of intelligent men to his camp, as it must always do; and when caste-and-priest-expunged *Budhism* was drawing millions of the priest-oppressed Hindus under its banner, these two mighty personages did yeoman's service to the cause of popular religion and popular philosophy, and their names will be ever memorable in the History of India. India without her Hinduism—her never-fading glory and everlasting pride, would be no India, at least, not worth the study of the poet, the historian, the novelist and the philosopher.

The aim of *Jaimini* was to reconcile *Vedic* rites and sacrifices with reason, and in his extreme ardour to support these he lost sight of the *Vedic* faith itself. Revd. Dr. K. M. Banerjee very aptly remarked that *Jaimini* urges the consideration of duty without caring for any to whom it may be due. He utilised all his resources to teach man his duty. According to *Jaimini*, "duty is a purpose inculcated by command."—He then defines Duty, Supplementary Duty, and the Object of Performing Duties. He next treats of the order and qualification of Duties. According to the tenets of his School the "*Vedas* are eternal and revealed." He inculcates that Subject, Doubt, First Side Answer and Relevancy form complete argument. "The logic of

*Mimansa* is the logic of law." "Each case" says Colebrooke "is examined and determined upon general principles, and from the cases decided the principles may be collected. A well-ordered arrangement of them would constitute the philosophy of law; and this is in truth what has been attempted in the *Mimansa*." He exhausted, so to say, all his stock in upholding the Vedic rites and sacrifices, and none was left to deal with the more important metaphysical questions started by the *Upanishads*; and this led some later writers, though not with any strong show of reason, to class him with the Agnostics. Vyasa has, however, supplied his shortcomings.

"And so the *Vedanta*," says Dr. Paul Dassen, "in its unfalsified form, is the strongest support of pure morality and the greatest consolation in the sufferings of life and death. Indians, keep to it." We say Amen to it. The *Vedantu* philosophy or the *Uttara Mimansa* by Vyasa, is the grand outcome of orthodox Hindu thought. Believing, and rightly too, that his predecessor had very strongly supported Vedic rites and sacrifices, he could do best by diverting his resources to take in hand the more important questions left untouched by *Jaimini*. So he at once took up the all absorbing questions of the Supreme Spirit, the Universal Soul, the All-pervading Breath, and devotion to God. This, indeed, is a step in advance of the *Upanishadas*. Vyasa started by defining *Brahma* as Self-existent, Who is the Creator, Preserver, and the Destroyer of the universe.

He recognised the "five members" started by *Jaimini*, and adopted the syllogism of *Naya* after reducing its number from five to three—thus bringing it to the same level with that of Aristotle. He then attempted to refute the arguments started by *Kapila* "that Nature is the material cause" of the universe," and attempted to confirm the theory of the *Upanishadas*—"that a Supreme Rational Being was the first cause." According to the *Vedanta* doctrine, this Supreme Being is the efficient and material Cause of the whole universe, to Him should all meditations and all thoughts be directed to attain the final emancipation of the soul. "It cannot be denied," says Frederick Schlegel, "that early Indians possessed a knowledge of the true God: all their writings are replete with sentiments and expressions, noble, clear and serenely grand, as deeply concerned and vehemently expressed as in any human language in which men have spoken of their God." "Even," continues the same great thinker, "the loftiest philosophy of the Europeans, the idealism of reason, as it is set forth by Greek

philosophers, appears, in comparison with the abundant light and vigour of Oriental Idealism, like a feeble Promethean spark in the full flood of heavenly glory of the noon-day sun,—faltering and feeble, and ready to be extinguished."

*Vyasa* completed his *Vedanta* Philosophy in four lectures. The most important and intricate problems enumerated above are dealt with in the first. In the second, he attempted to confute some of the arguments of the *Sankhya* and the *Yoga* Philosophy and the atomic theory of *Kanada*. He propounds that *Brahma* is both the Cause and the Effect of the Universe, and argues that the distinction between the two does not in any way disprove his theory. "The sea is one," says he, "and not other than its water; yet waves, foam, spray, drops, froth, and other modifications of it differ from each other. As milk changes into curd, and water into ice, so is *Brahma* variously transformed." He holds, contrary to what has been inculcated by *Kapila*, that the "soul is active," and not passive. According to his teachings the activity of the soul begins after its union with the senses and the organs, and it reposes after its emancipation. *Vyasa*, in fact, carried Monism to its furthest extent, and he holds that all corporal organs and vital actions are but so many modifications of the Supreme *Brahma*. He also supports the theory started by the *Upanishadas* that human soul is only a portion of the Universal Soul, as a spark is of the fire.

In his third lecture, *Vyasa* discussed the still more important questions of the Transmigration of Soul, Attainment of Divine Knowledge, and the Attributes of God. Transmigration of soul is admittedly a grand product of the *Vedanta* system. It is the basis upon which stands the peculiarly Hindu theory of *Karma-phala*—reward and punishment according to one's own acts and deeds on a previous birth. The bright side of Nature is, no doubt, replete with unity and harmony in all directions, but we must not forget the terrible fact that there is a dark side of it also which presents nothing but discord and anomaly. A successful man who rolls in luxury may not care a farthing for the *Karma-phala*, but it is the only balm to an unsuccessful and struggling man. We see in every day life that a man on whom fortune smiles, commands an unmerited success in every path of his life with almost little or no energy, ability or exertion. But, on the other, hand, one on whom she frowns, struggles hard for even a bare sustenance and meets with nothing but failures and disappointments on all sides, notwithstanding his untiring energy, vigorous exertion and bright natural parts. The world may be

pleased to say that his was a "misguided energy" or "misdirected exertions" but that does not bring any consolation to his tormented heart. The only thing on which the despondent man can fall back is *Karma-phala* in which he finds some consolation at least though a very poor one no doubt, and it teaches him resignation. And it is the pride and the privilege of Hindu philosophy and Hindu religion only to teach such a 'sublime lesson. Call it "weakness" if you like, but it has its practical utility of a very high order; and it is principally for propounding this theory that *Gita* is held in such high estimation. In the last lecture, the author explains how divine knowledge can be attained by pious contemplation. According to the tenets of the *Vedanta* philosophy, as soon as a man acquires divine knowledge, all his past sins are pardoned, and all apprehensions of future contamination are removed. He has given the highest place to devout contemplation and preached that it is the only means of attaining divine knowledge and final emancipation. He has also reproduced, with approval, the teachings of the *Upanishadas* "that every thing emanates from the Supreme Soul, that all things are but a portion of Him, and that every thing will ultimately merge in Him."

He speaks of two other forms of "minor emancipation" of the soul. One is that a soul may be so far expunged of its sins as to obtain an admission only into the abode of *Brahma*, though it is not yet ready for final emancipation and fit for union with the Supreme Soul. The other he calls *Jivanmukti*, which the *Yogis* may obtain by the hard practice of *Yôga*. But he has given to it a very mean place. To us it is therefore a mystery how *Jivanmukti* got such a high place in popular belief. It is asserted that *Vedanta* philosophy preached the doctrine of *Maya* or illusion. But nowhere in either of the *Mimamsas* could we find any mention of the illusion theory. Such a theory would be quite out of place in the *Vedanta* system, which taught on the contrary that "the universe is a reality, it is a portion of the eternal *Brahma*, and it will ultimately merge in Him." *Vedanta* philosophy knows and acknowledges nothing but the Supreme Being, and it does not admit any thing which is not a portion of Him. "If," says Dr. Max Müller, "the words of Schopenhauer's require any endorsement, I should willingly give it, as the result of my own experience during a long life devoted to the study of many philosophies and many religions. If philosophy is meant to be a preparation for a happy death, I know of no better preparation for it than the *Vedanta* philosophy." It is evident then that Hindu sages had not worked in vain.

Of the six schools of Hindu Philosophy, *Kapila* has been compared with Zeno, *Patanjali* with Pythagorus, *Gautama* with Aristotle, *Kanada* with Thales, *Jaimini* with Socrates, and *Vyasa* with Plato. A comparative study of the thoughts and sentiments of the Eastern and the Western sages agreeably surprises one with their close similarity, and Colebrooke very wisely remarked that "the Indians were, in this instance, the teachers and not the learners." And Horace Hayman Wilson confirmed the same. "That the Hindus," says he "derived any of their philosophical ideas from the Greeks seems very impossible, and if there is any borrowing in the case the latter are more probably indebted to the former." But a Mr. Simonds could not brook the idea that the Western sages borrowed any of their philosophical doctrines from the East. And for want of any stronger reasons he suggests that "*the idea is no longer fashionable.*" He would by way of compromise suggest "to refer such similarities to the working of the same tendencies in the Greek and the Hindu mind." We certainly would not object to it if he could be satisfied with such a poor consolation. But an authority to whom any one must bow down his head—Sir William Jones—assured us that "Egyptian priests even have actually come from Nile to Ganges and Jumna \* \* \* as the sages of the Greece visited them, rather to acquire than to impart knowledge.

Bacon and Descartes have opened new channels of thought in the western world. The Dualism—Cartesianism and Occasionalism of Descartes received its completion at the hands of and Malebranche. The Monism—unity of mind and matter—of Spinoza, and the Monadism—the theory of pre-established harmony—of Leibnitz have both sprung from Cartesianism. But the sort of Divine Agency set up by Descartes and his followers, says Dr. Sterling, "is absolutely incomprehensible." Locke was no doubt an original thinker, but he took a materialistic view of the soul, and his theory of Empiricism and Materialism goes for experience and non-intuition. Following Locke, Hobbes, and the French school started Mechanico-Physicism. Berkeley was for Universal Idealism, Hume for Scepticism, and Condillae for Sensationalism. Here ends what is called the Second School of Western philosophy, and none of them could even approach near the Hindu train of thought. With Kant begins the New School. His Transcendentalism or Ideal-realism startled the European world. The Subjective-idealism of Fichte, and the Objective idealism of Schelling, and the Absolute-idealism of Hegel, all took their origin from Kant. "Kant and Hegel," says Dr.

Sterling, "are the very truest supporters that philosophy has yet extended to the religious interest of humanity." But they even cannot approach near the Hindu train of thought. A very faint shadow only of the Hindu ideal seems to have been cast on the mind of Fichte. And very truly has, therefore, Buckle remarked that the "resources of metaphysics are exhausted." We conclude this chapter by quoting the following lines of Mr. Sing. "The green and substance, it may almost be said, of Indian philosophy, is from first to last, the misery of metaphysics and the mode of extrication from it. Of this the student of Indian philosophy should never for a moment lose sight or he will lose his way in what will then seem to him a pathless jungle of abstraction."

AMRITA KRISHNA BOSE.



*LIFE AND LETTERS OF SHAM CHAND BY  
HIS FRIEND, RAM CHAND.*

CHAPTER I.

CHILDHOOD.

Sham Chand was an old class fellow of mine, nice little fellow he was at school. He had decidedly, by far, the best head in the whole school, but it only showed itself out of school-hours. Books, slates, pencils seemed to him so many useless things, which he was, every day, compelled to bring to school and take back under the strict discipline of parental authority. The school master was to him a frightful monster who devoured every body who came in contact with him, to whom he was sent every day by his over-anxious parents to meet the doom which had overtaken many like him. However, he was anxious as much as possible to keep out of the reach of the monster of a school-master and used to take a seat at the corner of the room, farthest from the teacher. But still the monster did not cease to plague him; every day, he would ask Sham Chand to say his lessons and the answer often was that he had not learnt them, and then the monster would make him stand up and tell him to do it, which Sham Chand would do in less than ten minutes when once he applied himself to it. When Sham Chand first entered the school, some of the boys tried to taunt him about the sorry figure he made at the school, but Sham Chand's stern eyes soon silenced them, and no one ever afterwards ventured to allude to the matter in his presence. In one subject only did Sham Chand take interest, and that was mathematics. The mathematical teacher was no bore to Sham Chand who complained that only one hour in the day was allotted to the subject. But Sham Chand, out of school, was a very different boy—there he was the leader of a little band who followed him and clung to him for good and for evil like the old General of Napoleon. Even in his boyhood, Sham Chand had pre-eminently the qualities which distinguish those who lead others. His naturally fertile brain solved difficulties which puzzled his school-fellows, his fine features, amiable manners, and sweet temper fascinated al

who came in contact with him ; he could make up quarrels in a way which pleased both parties ; his frank, open manners endeared him to all, and his strong arm was always at the service of his companions, whenever they had a quarrel with any one in a just cause. But he was naturally averse to quarrels and fights, although he was more than a match for any three boys of his age in wrestling.

I and Sham Chand were very good friends from the beginning, though he despised me as a book-worm, and I pitied him as an idler. I often told him that with his fine intellect, he could surpass us all if he only devoted a short time of the day to study. He sometimes told me in answer, " why, I study as well as you do ; only I do not study books, I study everything before me so that I look at things first-hand, while you look at them through a spectacle ;" and a keen and shrewd observer of the world he was ; nothing escaped his quick observation and the boy, Sham Chand, had more intimate knowledge of the world and its ways than what many acquire in the whole course of their lives. But though he knew that every one in the world was not good, he had no desire to avoid any one, for he was conscious of his own moral strength and quoted from Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield, " that virtue which always requires to be guided is scarcely worth the sentinel," when he was told to avoid any companions, who had a bad reputation. But though Sham Chand had an antipathy to books, he was not idle out of school hours. His father was a *Moharrer* on Rs. 30 in the local Sub-Divisional Office, and although he had ample opportunities to take illegal gratification, he was strictly honest and did not accept a single pice from any one. He had a large family to support and could hardly make both ends meet ; so he kept no servant. His father had to attend office both in the morning and after breakfast till two or three hours after dusk, and Sham Chand had to attend to everything which falls to the share of a *paterfamilias* and many things which our *bhadracracy* leave to their servants. Besides the work at home, Sham Chand had to attend to many self-imposed duties. The son of a poor widow is taken ill, and Sham Chand goes to the doctor and gets proper medicines for him ; a man is attacked with small-pox, and people avoid him for fear of contagion ; Sham Chand goes and nurses him ; a rabid dog is biting people ; and Sham Chand goes and beats him to death with a *lathi*. These self-imposed duties left Sham Chand little leisure for attending to books for any length of time, even if he had the inclination, of which, he had very little. But

Sham Chand was a "boy" of the world; a month or so before the annual examination, he would take up the neglected books, master their contents and come off in the examination fairly well for a boy who had been an idler all through the year. But even then, a call for help by one who really wanted it, was never refused by Sham Chand. One year, three days before the annual examination as Sham Chand was engaged with his books, a poor woman came and told him that her husband had suddenly been taken very ill and asked "*dada thakur*" (as Sham Chand was called by the poor people) to come and see him without a moment's thought. Sham Chand closed his books, went with the woman to her house, found that her husband was delirious from fever, went and called the doctor, got the medicines prescribed by him from a druggist, and sat up the whole night by the side of the patient. In the morning when the doctor pronounced the patient to be out of danger, he returned home after getting the medicines prescribed for the patient, telling the woman that he would come again in the after-noon and to go to him at once, if her husband became worse. At noon the man again became delirious, and his wife at once ran to Sham Chand who again went to the house. The poor man continued dangerously ill for five or six days, and Sham Chand used to be constantly in his house and could not attend the annual examination. Sham Chand was known to be an idler, and when he went to school after the recovery of the man, his teacher who suspected that Sham Chand did not attend the examination because he was not ready for it, told him that he would not be promoted. But when Sham Chand told him the facts, he was moved, and on his recommendation, the head-master promoted him. Poor Sham Chand was considered worthless because he did not mind his books. But how many boys are there in Bengal who risk a year of their career in life that a poor man might not die of fever? We are becoming too materialistic, too mindful of self to think that a man can have other and higher duties than self-aggrandizement.

When we were promoted to the Entrance class, I told him that he should take leave of his idle habits at least for that year and try to pass the examination creditably so as to secure a scholarship with which he would be able to prosecute his studies further at college. He did not return any answer, and I felt a little mortified. On the next occasion when we met, Sham Chand told me that I had given him a piece of good advice, for, as he said, unless one had filled his stomach with undigested book learning, one could not

expect to thrive in this country without land or money, of which he had none, and he promised to attend to his studies. But a sad calamity befell Sham Chand; a short time before his examination, his father died penniless, but leaving a large family to support. Sham Chand applied to the Sub-Divisional Officer for the appointment which his father held, but after some unmeaning promises he was told that he had no claims as he was not an apprentice. But the calmness of Sham Chand did not forsake him. He raised a small loan by the mortgage of the dwelling house, and out of the money thus raised, performed the *Shrad* ceremony of his father and supported the family till his examination. After the examination, we had a long consultation about what Sham Chand should do in future. Sham Chand said he would try to get an appointment as school-master somewhere, and try to pass the higher examinations as school-master. As I had nothing better to suggest, the plan was ultimately agreed to by both. Sham Chand then said with a smile, "well, I hated books and I hate them even now. But in the future, books shall be my constant companions, and I shall have my stomach soon full of "book learning," and I shall esteem myself blessed if it does not lead to diarrhœa." I told him that I hoped that he would soon be a lover of books, when he would have no other companions, and I hoped for a great future for him. Soon after this meeting, the results of the examination were published, and we learnt that we had both passed. I went to Calcutta to join a college, and Sham Chand took up an appointment as school-master in an Entrance school.

## CHAPTER II.

Sham Chand was the teacher of the Entrance school in the town of D—.Shortly after his arrival there, as he was one day striding listlessly along a solitary path to the north of a *tola* (a collection of homesteads), he was suddenly startled by the cries of a number of people that a house was on fire. As there was a strong wind blowing at the time, it was expected that the fire would spread and reduce the whole *tola* to ashes. Quick as lightning, Sham Chand darted off in the direction from which the sound came and found that three or four huts were on fire and that in one of those huts there was a lame old man who was unable to walk and finding himself surrounded on all sides by fire, was crying out most petiously for help. A number of spectators had assembled at the scene, but none of them seemed inclined to take the risk of rescuing the lame old man from imminent death. Seeing how things stood,

Sham Chand took off his shirt and prepared to go to the burning hut and rescue the lame old man at the risk of his life. But he instantly changed his mind. He saw that although he would be able to go inside the cottage, he might not be able to come back with the old man without great danger of the burning roof falling on his head. He turned round towards the spectators and asked if they would let a human being die before their eyes. They replied that they did not see how they could help it. He said "well, I shall show you how to save this man from death." Then, with the assistance of these men and some bamboos, he had the roof of the hut thrown off to a good distance by a powerful jerk. The walls were pulled down, and Sham Chand triumphantly brought out the lame old man, quite safe and sound. The poor old man was pouring his blessings on Sham Chand when he ran off to extinguish the fires of the other huts. There were some people present on the spot who styled themselves *Babus* and remained silent spectators of the fire as they thought it beneath their dignity to render any assistance, but when Sham Chand, who was a *Labu* like them, began to draw water from the well and ran with it to the scene of fire like the other men, they felt a little ashamed, and when Sham Chand requested them to assist in extinguishing the fire, they had to forget their dignity and join him. After much difficulty and trouble, the fire was put down, but Sham Chand had bad burns if the course of his heroic efforts. The incident appeared in the local newspaper, and Sham Chand, was for some time, the hero of the day. I read an account of the incident at Calcutta and wrote to Sham Chand about it to which he replied in a long letter, which is reproduced below.

## FIRST LETTER.

Dated the 13th June 189

DEAR OLD FELLOW.

Who put it into your head to write to me about my having done a "heroic deed." Surely your old school fellow has not done you anything to merit this heroemaking at your hands. What have I done that all these people should try to make a hero (or for the matter of that, a mad man) out of me? Practical people say that from the hero to a mad man is not a great way, and as I cannot possibly aspire to be a hero, they must put me down for a mad man. But surely a man who has not done any body harm, ought not to be talked about as people are talking about me. Well, some heroes are described in your books, but I suppose now-a-days most of them would be sent to the lunatic asylum as people who required careful medical supervision. Although I hated most books, I liked the Ramayana and I suppose Ram was, what one would call, a hero. But would not a man who would follow Ram's actions now-a-days be termed a lunatic beyond all hope of recovery? He preferred to remain in exile for fourteen years to keep unbroken the promise of a father who was dead and gone, when he was offered the crown of the kingdom by his brother Bharat; but it seems that all the brothers, though they are called heroes of olden times, were the greatest dunces according to modern civilization. Bharat's mother had obtained a kingdom for him from the old king; but he most foolishly (was it really so foolish after all?) abdicated it in favour of his brother Ram, when he came back; and to such excess was his foolishness carried that when he could not prevail on Ram to return from exile, he put his shoes on the throne in place of Ram. Lakshman, it seems, was as great a fool for he preferred to go to the jungle with Ram to eat wild fruits and herbs, when he could enjoy the life of a prince at home. But these heroes have had their days, and there is no place in modern society for them, but a lunatic asylum.

By the way can you tell me what is the distinction between a Babu and other people? I suppose you will find yourself in

a fix for all the undigested book learning you have will not help you to answer the question. Well, some real Babus were standing like immovable statues (one would really have some doubts about their vitality, if it were not for their breathing) when several houses were on fire. I thought that they were heartless demons who could stand still on an occasion like that. But I was not right. They were not heartless people, but they were Babus, notwithstanding, and so they could not very well help in extinguishing the fire as other common mortals did. Remembering the old saying "example is better than precept" I set to work with the other people for putting down the fire and when, after some time, I asked the Babus, among whom there were several who condescended to treat me as a friend, to join us, they looked at each other for sometime, but would neither move an inch nor speak a word, for it seems that they were as much astonished as they would have been, as the Bengalee proverb says by the rising of the sun in the west, for being asked to assist in such a vulgar business as putting down a fire. Nothing disconcerted, I asked them if they expected other people to assist in putting down the fire when their own houses would be in flames. As they found the question rather inconvenient to answer, they said, "we are ready to assist you, but we are not likely to be of much use." Taking them at their words, I immediately took off their *chadars* without any ceremony, and gave each of them one earthen pot to bring water from the neighbouring well. They looked amazed at my strange conduct, but they went to the well and brought some water. But they were perspiring profusely with the little exercise, and as the fire had been already put out, I freed them from the disagreeable task imposed on them, and they slipped away like people who had been caught in the act of committing some larceny. The Bengalee Babu is now a byword for ridicule among English people, and he sometimes rightly deserves it. Fancy, stout young men standing still when the strongest impulses of human nature should have led them to action, and even when goaded to act by my impetuosity, they are found unequal to the occasion. A fire in a house is no uncommon occurrence, and every one should be equal to the occasion, but these Babus proved to be useless beings on such an occasion; and what had these people done that they looked like one who had done something very disgraceful?

RAM CHAND

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*NOTES ON FRENCH SCIENCE AND ART.*

SCIENCE.—Automobilism commences to catch on. It is a success for passenger vehicles, and attention is now directed to its value for carting purposes in the country. Last August, a trial took place at Versailles, of the "heavy weights" automobiles, and confirmed the fact that the motor can reduce the cost of transport on ordinary roads by one-half, while doubling the rapidity of traction. The automobile in the form of a "voulatte" is destined to spread. It is a veritable house on wheels, 8 yards long,  $2\frac{3}{4}$  wide and  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yds. high. A movable stepladder on one of the facades, firms the entrance: on the right and on the left, two rooms, a bath and lavatory, and a kitchen. In the kitchen which has a special entrance at the back of the vehicle, hammocks are slung for the cook and engineer. Each room contains two sofas that form beds at night, and in the day time, a saloon and dining room. The roof is a second story for the luggage, water, and coke; beneath the vehicle are receptacles for the provisions. This model machine represents 30 horse power, and propels 8 tons at the rate of 10 miles an hour, and the coke represents about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  d. per mile. It is the Bohemian life, the ambulatory home; no hotels, no tips, no new beds.

Pasteur's discoveries have so revolutionised medicine that many maladies are not now recognisable in books of a score of



year's ago. Ideas and treatment have changed. At present a disease is regarded as an invasion of the organism by a parasite, finishing in the prisoning of the first, by the excretions of the second. Rheumatism is at present divided into three classes, all of a microbean origin; it is the disease after tuberculosis, which best fills the cemeteries: then arrives bronchitis. Dr. D'Oyonnax maintains that certain houses are veritable presidios of rheumatic affection. Three years ago that Dr. Nchalme discovered a bacillus in the organic liquids of a patient who had succumbed after a four days' attack of articular rheumatism. Since, in a few countries, that bacillus has been recognised in the synovial fluid and blood of rheumatic patients. It is a septic vibron, in its manner of living and swarming. Salicylate of soda, at the rate of one gramme per litre, checks absolutely its propagation. In microbial maladies, the microbe is only a part of the malady:

The great chimneys of factories oscillate during storms at their summits. The question was asked, does the summit of the Eiffel Tower move? Colonel Bassot of the geographical service of the army asserts that it does not: it is immovable in its iron stays. But if the storms do not affect its summit the Tower under the influence of the heat describes a figure 8, of nearly two inches long: that is not much for a giant 330 yards high. Then, it is a kind of torsion—movement that varies with the daily temperature, so that practically the tower may be regarded as immobile.

In Southern Russia, according to M. Vilbonchevitch, the camel or rather dromedary becomes more and more a favorite with the agriculturists. In parts of the Volga in autumn, convoys of one thousand of these dromedaries can be encountered drawing rustic carts laden with cereals, sometimes yoked alone, sometimes in couples, and occasionally aided by a horse. This Russian camel is impervious to all contagious diseases. The camels will make 60 miles a day in two stages and pull 15 cuts; they are at their best till between 6 and 18 years of age, and are kept on hands up to thirty-five and even forty years of age; then the Tartars kill and eat them. It is a remarkable agricultural animal, in the fields of Noro-Quzensk; a camel will execute as much work in a day as two or three pair of oxen or two pair of good horses. But it likes to work alone, and the presence of its own kith and kin worries it sorely. Southern Russia is being rapidly transformed by the introduction of the camel.

The eunuch voice is very disagreeable and till now is incurable. Dr. Krans states that the defect is due to imperfect vocal organs, but is capable of correction; in the course of a few weeks the doctor treats the larynx orthopedically as it were: he places an apparatus in the larynx to re-establish the normal disposition of the vocal chords, so, as already remarked, the eunuch becomes a virile voice. Many professors are afflicted with a eunuch voice.

Horticulturist Battet of Troyes is a leading nursery man, a prolific writer, and a practical botanist. He is always foremost in the introduction of new plants, producing fresh crossings, or novelties in grafting. His latest feat is the grafting of tomatoes upon potatoes; both crops ripen simultaneously. Many physiologists have attempted to do so, but failed. Now we have love and "earth" apples at once.

Many believe that it would be better for Paris to tap at once Lake Geneva—where water costs only one penny per ton, than to be tapping all the rustic streams within 100 miles of the city. Two small streams, the Loing and the Lunain near Nemours, are to supply the capital with 51,000 metres cube of water daily: the total distance will be 45 miles; the bill 25gr. millions; that is, each citizen will have to pay three pence per year more to have  $5\frac{1}{2}$  gallons a day for more water. Briefly, instead of 22 gallons in 24 hours, he will have  $27\frac{1}{2}$ . In London, each inhabitant has 38 gallons of filtered water daily, while in Berlin but 16. Vienna pays  $4\frac{1}{2}$ d., and Versailles, 4d., per cubic metre at Berne and Geneva the cost is but 1d., at Paris,  $3\frac{1}{2}$ d.

Oxide of Carbon, generally known as charcoal fumes, is the enemy of man. Now chloroform the leading anæsthesia, has often, even when administered by the ablest hands, failed. Because the chloroform could decompose in the system, and become converted into oxide of carbon. Chloroform, till recently, following the assertions of Perrin and Lallemand, merely remained in the system—the blood, the liver, and the brain—for a short time, and was duly eliminated. But Dr. Desgrez has shown by direct experiment, on dogs, that chloroform decomposes in the economy, and produces oxide of carbon, and the fixation of this gas on the globules of the blood explains many accidents by the anæsthesia. Take a man, with, say, one gallon of blood in his body, who may have to undergo a chloroformed operation during two hours. As frequently occurs, that would produce 26 cubic centimetres of oxide of carbon in his system which is enormous. Hence, the prudence in the use of chloroform.

ART.—The Salon of the International Society of painting and sculpture of M. Georges Petit, has just opened for the season. For those who like painting, it is a pleasure to find oneself in presence of a few studies from Whistter and a few decorative pages from Brangwyn. M. Thaulow fixes upon his canvass the play of light upon waters. These painters do not translate to much as evoke nature; she supplies the *motifs*, that they interpret, to give more of expression, and create in us more of emotion. M. Sidaner captivates by the mysteries of the night, the rays of the moon, apparitions, rather than forms, suggestions, rather than realities, but full of grace and delicacy, M. Lucien Limon supplies a portrait of Dr. Hartmann, simple, yet full of robust frankness. M. Walter Gay sends some happy interiors and effects of contrast.

The Exhibition of the "Six" industrial artists is a refined treat. Their works are very original, perfect in good sense and artistic ingenuity. Jean Dampé exhibits a silverplate, decorated with chestnut leaves and chestnuts, and a curious handle for a door in engraved silver, formed of two united snails. There are some pretty brooches in Gred set in coloured enamel. Charpentier shows mural decorations for a bath room in enamel with figures in relief: all is spiritual and light. M. Selmershehn has created new and true art and elegantly simple on his candelabra. One of the young artists, who is an exhibitor, at the Desbourg gallery, in a preface to the catalogue, asserts that it is erroneous to state that there are too many painters: on the contrary, since the days of Rembrandt to the commencement of the present century, the artists of all kinds were more numerous, though decreasing. But these artists were lovers of their works. At present the artists seem to display no great interest in their out-puts; one wishes to surpass his fellow at the salons, in being larger, in depicting exaggerated movements, and brutality of tones. In thus forcing talent, talent loses its gracefulness. But all that is the work of the official Salons. Of the many very fair paintings in this Desbourg Exhibition, there is one by M. Garan-Max, the "Cloister of Saint Trophime," excellent from the delicate play of light and suppleness of execution, and that will count in his rising career. M. Cordey contributes "an inundation in Spring", full of rare penetration and fineness of tone.

A. FRENCHMAN.

*LIFE AND LETTERS OF SHAM CHAND BY  
HIS FRIEND, RAM CHAND.*

CHAPTER II—*continued.*

Well, what is the origin of this Babuism which looks upon all manual labour as disgraceful? I suppose it has no parallel in ancient or modern times. The result of this Babuism has been that instead of real, living, active beings we find a useless mass of flesh in the shape of the Babu. And why is manual labour considered disgraceful? It was not considered disgraceful in our olden times when even kings and princes did not consider it so. Besides, man cannot live by book learning alone; he has to work his limbs if he wants to live; and if a man will not make use of the limbs God has given him, when occasion requires it, it was for no use that he had them. In this connection I shall tell you a story of an event which happened some years ago at the Sub-division of B—where we passed many happy days together (not at school, mind you). I hope you remember the young and energetic Mr. C—who was our Sub-divisional officer for sometime. He was a fresh import from England and had not lost those generous impulses, which, Englishmen make it a point to lose during their residence in India, as if they are something out of place in a subject country. Well, it was raining heavily one day, and Mr. C—was out to see how the people were doing, and he found that at one place in a drain the flow of water had been stopped by an obstruction and that several houses were being flooded. He told his *chaprasi* to bring two spades, who, though astonished at what the *sahib* could mean by the order had no option, but to obey, and immediately brought two spades, and with one of these Mr. C—set to work to clear the obstruction and gave the other to his *chaprasi*. As the rain had by this time ceased, Mr. G—, who was driving along the road saw the singular spectacle of a Covenanted Civilian belonging to Her Majesty's service working with a spade to remove an obstruction in a Municipal drain. He immediately sent for some people who quickly removed the obstruction to the

flow of water. Now, what could you call Mr. C—? Well, most people, if they could not go to the length of calling him actually mad, would at least consider him to be a great fool? The *chaprasi*, who accompanied Mr. C—and who told me the story, related it as an instance of Mr. C.'s boyish freaks. But did he do anything which any one, who has not got a false notion of himself, should not have done? Mr. C—did what human nature dictated, and the world called him mad, childish, foolish, and what not. Well, Mr. C—was such a charming *sahib* that I cannot refrain from telling you another story about him. Mr. C—was on his rounds one day (you know, he often used to ride about the town and the neighbouring villages), when he noticed a newly married bride in a *palki*, who was being taken to her husband's house, crying, as is usual on such occasions. On inquiry Mr. C—learnt that she was crying because she did not like to leave her father's house, Mr. C—'s generous nature revolted at the idea of a helpless young girl being forced to go (even though it was to her husband's house) against her will, and straightway the bride with the *palki* bearers was taken back under his orders to her father's house. In this case, of course, Mr. C—'s nature mislead him because he was ignorant of our customs, but he was always a wellmeaning man. Well, I had almost forgotten the Babus in my long digression about Mr. C—. The Babus about whom I am speaking did not, it seems, like the scant ceremony with which I had made them work like coolies. Some days after the fire, as I was walking along a road I noticed two of them who used before to treat me as a friend coming from the opposite direction. On seeing me they turned their eyes in another direction and seemed inclined to avoid me, but I was not the man to be avoided in that manner and so I walked up to them and got hold of the hand of one, and asked why they were trying to avoid me. They seemed astonished and said that they had not noticed me and that they were in a hurry as they had some urgent business to transact. I said that I would accompany them and they had no option, but to agree. After going some distance I asked them how they liked the part they had to take in the putting out of the fire. One of them said, "well, Sham Chand I do not know what you meant by your strange conduct that day. Are not we gentlemen?" I replied that there was not the least doubt that they were very good gentlemen, but I asked them if there was anything ungentlemanly in doing good when it was in one's power to do so. They did not know what more to say and the subject was dropped. We went on and

had a pleasant evening walk and the "urgent business" was forgotten.

Yours ever,  
SHAM CHAND.

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### CHAPTER III.

#### SHAM CHAND A SCHOOL-MASTER.

The prosaic occupation of a school-master did not agree at all with the restless and active *mind* of Sham Chand. Sham Chand was the fifth teacher of his school, he had to teach the subjects of History and Geography in the third and the fourth classes, and he had besides to take up the subject of English in the fifth class. With books Sham Chand had all along waged a continual warfare, and he was not disposed to give up the contest because fate had made him a school-master. So he did not concern himself much about the books, his boys were to read and his docile pupils were not slow to follow his example, and so the books were left to take care of themselves. As the boy Sham Chand, who though known as the idler, was never idle, so the teacher Sham Chand was ceaselessly active in doing what he thought to be his duty towards his pupils who were as devoted followers of him as his school fellows used to be. One of the subjects that Sham Chand had to teach was Geography, and at the beginning of the text book he was met with a bulwork of definitions, which Sham Chand found it would be impossible for the tender minds of his young pupils to break through, and the books were closed, never to be reopened so long as Sham Chand continued the teacher of the subject. But Sham Chand had to teach Geography, and he chose his own way of doing it. He took his boys one day on a water excursion on the Ganges, and after a short journey they arrived near a big *Char*, thrown up in the river. The boys were clamorous for an inspection of the *Char*, which, many of them had not seen before and they landed on it. After satisfying the curiosity of his young friends by taking them round the *char* and their appetites by a good mouthful of sweetmeats which had been brought from the town, Sham Chand began to deliver his lecture on Geography to his pupils. First of all he tried to convey to them some idea of the sea from the broad sheet of water before them, then the *char* was made to represent an island in the sea, a narrow stream of water separating the *char* into two conveyed to the young pupils the idea of a strait and so on. The boys were set at thinking and tried to realize in their little minds what a sea, an island or an isthmus

meant, and by that day's pleasant excursion they, without any effort, really learnt more about those things than they could learn by getting accurately by heart the most elaborate definitions given in their text books. No wonder that Sham Chand was a special favourite with his pupils.

But all men are not disposed to take the same view of matters. The Head-master of the school once examined the boys in Sham Chand's charge and he flew quite into a rage at finding that not a single boy of the class could reproduce the definition of a strait given in the book. In vain, did Sham Chand urge that his boys had a better idea of what a strait was than they would have, if they had got by heart all the definitions of a strait, given in all the books on Geography whether ancient or modern. The Head-master found fault with Sham Chand in no very mild terms, and the latter forthwith tendered his resignation. Thus ended Sham Chand's career as a school-master, and he once more felt that he was at ease. I heard of the occurrence from Calcutta and wrote a letter expressing my sympathy with him for it, to which Sham Chand sent the following reply.

28th August, 18—

DEAR RAM CHAND,

You wrote to me as if I had suffered some great calamity. On the contrary, you should have congratulated me on having been relieved of a miserable life. I was foolish enough to accept the situation of a school-master under people who did not know that the head of a boy is not like his stomach, in which something good to eat has only to be forced down and it will be digested. I do not know how many minds are lost to the world because those who take upon themselves to teach others do not know their business. A day will come sooner or later when there will be a revolution against this wholesale intellectual murder of young minds. But I shall not philosophise. You, Ram Chand have been veritable book-worm from the very beginning and I have been an idler all through. I hope you remember that awful night when we were both captured by a gang of robbers. You gave yourself up for lost, because your books did not show you the way out of a robber's den, but your "idle" friend had studied not books, but men and their ways, and so God helped him in finding the way even out of such a place as a robber's den. I do not mean to say that nature had endowed me with a better intellect: not so; you had made useless what nature had given you by the undigested book learning which you had acquired under a vicious system of education and did not care to study the

great book that the Almighty has placed before us all—a book, which, the man ignorant of the alphabet, can study as well as the greatest on the face of the earth. Well, books have their use, just as people say, alcohol has its uses too. But the evil that a misuse of books brings on is not less than what an over-dose of alcohol does; only that it is less apparent. Well, Ram Chand, do you remember what you, by dint of midnight candles and sleepless nights, have learnt all these years? I am sure, your answer will be that you have forgotten a considerable portion of what you took so much pains to learn. Speaking for myself, I do not place much value on what you have learnt, but even if it be conceded that you have learnt precious truth, compared with which, even diamond has no value, you find after all these toilsome years that a great part of these “precious” truths has slipped from your mind like prisoners who took advantage of the very first opportunity to escape. Well, what is the cause of all this? You had so much to learn and in so short a time that you had no time to think, so that whatever entered your head by one way, took the earliest opportunity to escape by another. I wonder why with so great a strain on their brains a great many do not turn actually mad? I am not quite sure that if at this moment, all the books on the face of the earth were to be learnt in a heap the evil would be very great. Well, the man who first invented letters and wrote books was a great benefactor of the world; no doubt he was, but surely he did not even dream that the instrument of his invention would be used for torturing innocent young children. One thing has struck me as peculiar. I have heard (you know, I am no student) that in ancient times our ancestors produced great works. Well, the same blood runs in our veins, but we have lost all originality. Why is this? How is it that the descendants of those who first imparted knowledge to the world have ceased to be original. Once there was a king whose son was versed in all the arts and sciences, and had all the accomplishments of his age, but he had one drawback—he could not find out what no one had told him. The prince had one day gone on a hunting excursion, he had followed a deer for a long distance and his followers had lost sight of him. Weary and thirsty, he arrived near a well, but he did not know how to draw water from it to quench his thirst. There was near the well an iron vessel to which a rope was attached for drawing water out of it, but the prince had no idea how to use it. He was dying with thirst, and although the descent was steep and dangerous, he determined to go down to the bottom of the well to quench his thirst, but just as he was going to hazard



his life in his rash attempt, one of his followers came up and prevented him from doing so. The prince explained his situation to the man, who at once drew out a vessel of water from the well for him and the prince was astonished at finding how water could be raised from the well to such a height. Well, it seems that we are coming to the state of the prince described above, and our heads do not help us when anything new has to be done. People have so much to learn and are so eager to learn everything within the shortest possible period that they have no leisure to think and the result is a class of men who have lost all power of thought. Well, we must learn to think and a vicious system of education which takes away all the power of thinking out of the mind, deserves to die. I set my face against such a system, and I am glad that I am no longer a school-master.

Yours ever,

SHAM CHAND.

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#### CHAPTER IV.

##### SHAM CHAND, A POLICE OFFICER.

Says the Bible "I have been young and now I am old, but never saw I the righteous man forsaken nor his seed begging their bread." Sham Chand and his father were in the strict sense of the word, righteous man, but it seemed that, for a time at least, Sham Chand was going to be forsaken and forced to beg his bread. After his resignation, Sham Chand was out of employment for some time, and he was in great distress, for he had no money. He saw the heads of several offices in the town of D—, but every one had heard of the strange story of his resignation and no one would, therefore, care to give employment to such an eccentric man; and Sham Chand was disappointed. When he had hardly a rupee with him, Sham Chand determined to make a journey on foot to Calcutta (a distance of over three hundred miles) to ask the Commander-in-Chief to make him a soldier, for he thought, he was too restless for a civil post. Walking at the rate of fifty to sixty miles per day, he arrived at Calcutta on the sixth day. He did not see me; he was too proud to see me in that destitute condition. After a little rest, he went at once to the Commander-in-Chief of Her Majesty's forces in India and sought an interview with him. Word was brought to His Excellency that a handsome and robust native young man, who appeared from his dress to be poor,

wanted to see him. The Commander-in-Chief, prompted by curiosity, agreed to see the stranger, and Sham Chand was allowed entrance. After the General had been duly *salamed*, he asked Sham Chand "what do you want Babu?" Sham Chand—I wish to join the army, Commander-in-Chief—Why?

S.—First, to support myself, as I have nothing to live on. secondly, to support my family who depend on me for support, thirdly, because I have nothing better to do.

C.—But I suppose, you will take to your heels in the first action that you encounter.

S.—I cannot say that I shan't do so. But even the bravest generals have sometimes to take refuge in fight, A few years ago, the Commander-in-Chief had to save himself by a rather ignominious flight in the course of the Afgan war, and the event was fresh in his mind. So he felt that Sham Chand was not much in the wrong.

C.—But don't you fear being killed?

S.—Certainly I do and do not know if there is any man in the world who does not do so.

C.—But you Bengalees are unfit for the army.

S.—May I ask your Excellency, why?

C.—You are physically weak, wanting in courage and self-reliance and cannot bear the fatigue and hardship of a soldier's life.

S.—My answer to your Excellency is, First, I am a Bengalee by birth and have never been beyond the limits of my own province. secondly, Your Excellency says that Bengalees are physically weak and wanting in courage and self reliance. Your Excellency may have read in the papers that about fifteen or twenty days ago, three British soldiers of the D—cantonment were dragging a poor villager from his hut to give them toddy, that he was rescued by a Bengalee youth who gave the three soldiers a sound beating, caused two of them to take to their heels and took the third to the *thana*. I am the Bengalee who encountered those soldiers. If I am weak I was more than a match for three British soldiers, and being single handed, I had the courage to fight with them, and I hope your Excellency is well satisfied that a Bengalee, who plunged into a fight with three stout Britishers is not wanting in self-reliance, and if you will condescend to

ask those soldiers themselves, I hope they will speak favourably of me; thirdly.—I have travelled from D— to Calcutta, a distance of more than three hundred miles in less than six days, walking during 18 out of 24 hours in a day, and taking only some powdered barley once a day. I hope a soldier has not to suffer greater hardships than this.

**C.**—But your congress and other bodies are preaching such seditious doctrines among the people that we can't possibly take a Bengalee into the army. It will lead to actual political dangers.

**S.**—If your Excellency refuses to take me into the army, I have nothing to say. I do not know much about the congress and the other bodies referred to, by your Excellency, but I can say this much that people who owe their position and influence in the world to British rule, are not likely to be particularly anxious to take steps to destroy it.

Finding his case hopeless, Sham Chand was about to depart when the Commander-in-Chief asked "Baboo, do you like to join the Police force?"

**S.**—Yes, Sir, I have nothing to do at present.

**C.**—Then I will give you a letter to my brother, Henry who, you know, is Inspector-General of Police, Bengal.

The Commander-in-Chief then penned the following note to his brother, Henry, and gave it to Sham Chand.

FORT WILLIAMS,  
25th November, 18—.

DEAR HENRY,

The bearer of this letter is a candidate for the army. You know it is impossible to enlist him. He seems to me to be a smart and plucky young man and will, I think, do well for a Police officer in which capacity he can usefully exhibit his military enthusiasm in capturing robbers and dacoits.

Yours affectionately.

Straight went Sham Chand to the office of the Inspector-General of Police. He sent the Letter to the Inspector-General and was introduced into his presence. The Inspector-General asked "you wanted to join the army." Sham Chand—yes, Sir.

**J.-G.**—Are you content to be a Police Officer?

**S.**—Yes, Sir, I want to be employed somehow.

*I.-G.*—What are your educational qualifications?

*S.*—I was no lover of books, but I managed to pass the Entrance Examination, and then I served for some-time as a school-master.

*I.-G.*—What made you give up that?

*S.*—I and the Head-master could not agree about the mode of teaching.

*I.-G.*—Then it seems you have no respect for opinion of your superiors. I cannot take you into my department.

*S.*—If I can manage to keep the peace without killing any one, but my superior officer insists on my keeping the peace by killing as many men as I can, will you compel me to follow the orders of my superior officer?

*I.-G.*—I think I shall not, but generally persons placed in authority over you are more likely to form a correct judgment than you, and you are, therefore, bound to obey their orders.

*S.*—As for obedience, I think, I would obey the orders of my superiors as long as I served under them, without ever questioning their authority and I resigned, because I found I could not obey the orders of my Head-master.

*I.-G.*—Then I see, you understand the value of strict discipline, which is indispensable in a Police officer. But I see, you are young. What is your age?

*S.*—A little over twenty-one.

*I.-G.*—So you are really too young.

*S.*—But is not a covenanted Civilian of my age old enough to be a District Magistrate governing three millions of people? The Inspector-General got angry and said, "Do you mean to say, Babu, that a European gentleman and a native Babu like you are to be placed on a par?"

*S.*—No, Sir, there is as much difference between the two as between heaven and earth. But I beg your pardon; I am only a poor candidate for, at most, a Sub-Inspectorship of Police, and I was wrong in meddling with such exalted beings. Once more I beg your pardon.

The Inspector-General was a good-natured man, and his angry mood relaxed into a smile. He said:

"Yes, there is a vacancy at present in the fifth grade of Sub-Inspectors. I think, I can appoint you on probation."

*S.*—Thank you, Sir.

I.-G.—I shall post you to Thana H—District H. It is a troublesome *thana*, and there are a good many cases of burglary every month which go undetected. I hope you will be able to show your worth there. You will be on probation for six months. You will get your letter of appointment to-day, and you must join your post by to-morrow."

Sham Chand got his letter of appointment, and next day he was Sub-Inspector of Police at H—Thana H. Some days after this, I got the following letter from Sham Chand.

Thana H.

3rd December, 18—.

DEAR RAM CHAND,

From the school-master to the Sub-Inspector, from the *Guru* to the *Daroga*—what do you think of the change? Well it reminds me of the story of poor woman who hoped to see the Judge who had done her justice made a *daroga*. So you see I am now a big fellow the guardian of the peace over an area of about four hundred square miles. I went to the Commander-in-Chief to become a soldier, but His Excellency would not enlist me because I was a Bengalee Babu. To that, of course, there was no answer, but why should the Bengalee Babu be the incarnation of physical effeminacy and want of courage? Well, some time before my leaving D—, as I was one afternoon taking one of my evening walks, I saw a man being dragged by three British soldiers who wanted toddy from him, while the man said he had not got any, for which he got cuffs and blows from those courageous sons of Mars. Some five or six Bengalee Babus were quietly watching the scene from a safe distance without even uttering a word; their limbs seemed to me to have been paralysed by the very presence of the soldiers, and they had lost all power of motion. It was a market day, and the neighbours had all gone to the market; the mother of the poor man who was being dragged was appealing most pettiously to the soldiers to let him go, but to no avail. Seeing how things stood I determined to make an attempt to rescue the poor man. As the combat was quite unequal, I determined to take advantage of stratagem. Rushing on the three soldiers I had pushed one of them into the drain by the side of the road before they had time to realise what the matter was. The fellow, it seems, was badly hurt by the fall for he did not rise. But still I had to contend with and the odds were against me. Being attacked by me, they

had to let their prisoner go, who decamped with the best possible speed without any thought about the person who had hazarded his personal safety for him. I had a small stick with me and I made so good a use of my national weapon, small though it was, that the valiant sons of Mars had soon to take to their heels. At this stage, it seems, that the limbs of the Babus regained their power of motion, and they all cried out *maro salako* and threw stones at the flying soldiers. I then went up to the man whom I had pushed into the drain and brought him to the road, and after putting him on an *ekka*, took him to the police station which was not far off. I informed the Sub-Inspector of what had happened and he asked me where the man, who was being dragged, was; I replied that he had fled, on being released by the soldiers, on which he said that as there was no complainant he could not take up the case I told him that it was his duty as a Police Officer to find out the complainant and investigate the case. On which he told me to keep quiet as he knew his duty. He then sent the soldier in charge of a constable to the cantonment, and returned home. I heard that the Colonel of the Regiment wanted to get hold of the audacious native, who had meddled with his soldiers to teach him a good lesson and told his men to keep on a sharp look-out for the fellow, but I avoided their search as long as I was at D—. Now, one Bengalee, with the help of his frail small stick was found to be more than a match for the three soldiers; yet half a dozen of my countrymen who had been watching the scene did not dare interpose. It is not a fact that I am a Hercules among my countrymen; there are, in fact, many who are much stronger, but they would decamp like a flock of sheep on the appearance of a single drunken English soldier. Surely things have come to a pretty pass. A dog gets hydrophobia and bites several people, and Government is appealed to for destroying it, and a long paragraph appears in the morning papers, finding fault with the authorities for taking no steps. I do not believe that such a state of things exists in any other country in the world. But why is this so? Are not we able to protect ourselves against a mad dog or a drunken soldier? There is no doubt that we can, but we would not. But if we really want Government to protect us against a mad dog; then it seems that we do not deserve to live and do not, therefore, deserve protection. But it seems that we can show our spirit when there is no danger. These Bengalee Babus, who did not dare move an inch as long as the fight was undecided, began to hurt stones and all sorts of abuse

at the soldiers, when they had taken to flight, but if they had taken it into their heads to turn back, I am sure our friends would have made themselves scarce with all possible speed. But the feeling with which a display of courage is looked upon amongst us has a great deal to do with our want of it. I hope you remember that I was not only an "idle" boy at school, but I was a *gour* and *dungpita* boy out of it. And why? Because I was a little more courageous than the ordinary Bengalee boy who will not budge out of his house if a mad dog is out in the streets. One day Mr. C—'s pony had bolted through the *Bazar* with his trap through the carelessness of his *syce*. I caught hold of her reins and with a little effort brought her to a stand and thus prevented a sure accident. Mr. C—thanked me for my pluck and courage, but I got some good slaps from my father for my *guattami*; in vain, did I try to convince him that I set as much value on my life and limbs as other people did, and that I had caught hold of the reins from one side and that if I found the pony riding over me and was unable to stop her, I would have let her go, but no, I must not do such a thing again and I had to agree. When I went to the Commander-in-Chief, His Excellency would not at first enlist me because I was a Bengalee and Bengalees are wanting in courage, but when I related to him the story of my encounter with his soldiers, His Excellency had to change his mind, but at last His Excellency would not enlist me because I belonged to a nation which held congresses and preached sedition. It seemed that the Anglo-Indian gentlemen, in spite of their boasted bravery, are just now in the midst of a bewilderment and see sedition where there is none. I do not know much about the congress. But I suppose it is a gathering principally of Bengalee Babus, and, I think, nothing in the world can be more innocent or harmless than that. They can make a good deal of noise (and I suppose, the angry frown of John Bull can soon put a stop to that too, if necessary), but they can never mean anything so heinous as sedition or the like for, you know, the Babu who is too careful of his personal safety to hazard it even in rescuing a fellow-being from death, is not likely to be particularly anxious for anything in which there is the smallest danger of personal safety. I do not know why John Bull loses his wonted equanimity at the noise made by the Babus—but they sometimes make themselves really troublesome. Well, we read in history that the British ministers put some conciliatory words into the mouth of Her Majesty, the Queen, when she assumed the sovereignty of India after the mutiny. Well, the Babus have

got hold of these words and want John Bull to act up to them. Can anything be more unreasonable? A tame and docile child had once suddenly lost its temper and torn his mother's clothes; a few sharp slaps administered by the mother made the child weep; and to console him, she used various soothing words and promised to give him anything that he might ask for. Sometime after, the child took it into his head to ask for the bright and splendid moon, that was shining above and would take nothing else. So he got a sharp slap from his mother for persistence in his unreasonable demand which made him weep, but the mother left him to take care of himself, being sorely vexed with the child's foolish request. Some soothing words were necessary on the occasion, and the gracious Queen of England, therefore, promised everything to her Indian subjects; but her subjects, like the spoilt child of the story, want to take her promise literally—are they more reasonable than the child who asked for the moon?

A man is come to the Police station to report a burglary. I must stop here. More hereafter.

Yours ever,  
SHAM CHAND.



## DIALOGUES ON THE HINDU SCRIPTURE.

*Master* : very well, very well ! Well, what kind of lectures are you in the habit of giving ?

*Sasadhar* : Sir, I try to bring out the truths taught by the *Sastras*.

(a). Bhakti-yoga for Kaliyuga—not Karma yoga. *Master* : "For *Kaliyuga*, it is *Naradiya Bhakti* (Communion with God by love, devotion and self-surrender, as practised by the *Nishi*, Narad) that is enjoined. There is hardly time for *Karmayoga*, i.e., for doing the various *Karma* (works) laid upon man by the *Sastras*.

"Don't you see that the well-known decoction of the ten medicinal roots—*disamul pachan*—is not the medicament for fevers of the present day ? The patient runs the risk of being carried off, before the medicine has time to take effect. 'Fever mixture' is, therefore, the order of the day.

*Varnasram-uchara in Kali-yuga*. "Look here, teach them *Karma*, if you like. But do so, weighing the fish minus the head and the tail. I tell people not to trouble themselves with '*a po dhanyanya*' (*sandhya*) and the rest of it, but to say only the *Gayatri*. *Karmis* (workers) like *Ishan* are exceptions. You are welcome to talk of *Karma* to such people if you must, and of conduct (*achara* enjoined by the *Sastras*). Your lecture cannot possibly make any impression upon those that are immersed in worldliness. Is it possible to drive nails into a stone ? Should you make an attempt to do so, the chances are that the nails would sooner have their heads blunted than make any impression on the stone. The crocodile will in vain be struck with the sword or spear. The mendicant's bowl (*Kamandalu*) may have been to the four *dhima* (the four places of pilgrimage which a *sadhu*—a holy-man—is required to visit) and may still remain as bitter in taste as ever. Therefore I say unto you, to such men your lectures shall prove useless. They are sure to remain as worldly as ever in spite of your lectures. But I dare say you will get wiser with experience. The calf is not able to stand upon its legs all at once. It drops down at first as it

tries to do so. But it is precisely in this way that it at last learns to walk. It is not your fault that you cannot know the godly from the worldly-minded. When a strong wind blows, it raises the dust and makes it difficult for one to know one kind of tree from another, for instance, the mangoe from the tamarind. So in you is blowing, for the first time, the strong wind of *Anuraga* (first love). You can not know the godly from the worldly-minded. They are the same to you.

(b) *Karma-yoga* (giving up of Works) and Realization. "It is possible for him alone to give up all works (*Karma*) who has seen, who has realised, God. The question is, how long should *Sandhya* (the usual religious exercises laid by the Holy Books upon the twice-born three times a day) and other *Karma* last? The answer is, the term of these *Karma* is over as soon as there are (1) tears visible in the eyes and (2) *pulaka* (horripilation) at the sacred name of God. When you say, '*Om Rama*' and when immediately tears stand in the eyes, then know it for certain that the term of your *Karma* is over. Then you are at liberty to give up *Sandhya* and other routine exercises. You are placed above *Karma*. When the fruit appears the blossoms drop off. The *Bhakti* which realizes God is the *fruit*. *Karma* is the blossom. When the daughter-in-law of the house is found to be with child the mother-in-law takes care that her household duties become less and less every day. When she comes up to the tenth month of her pregnancy, she has almost ceased to work at all.

"*Sandhya* loses herself in *Gayatri*. *Gayatri* loses herself in *Pranaba* (i.e. *Om*, the sacred symbol in the Vedas for *Brahma*, God Absolute and Unconditioned). The *Pranaba* in the end loses itself in *Samadhi* (pure God-consciousness). The sound of the bell is symbolical of this state of things. *Tong* (or the sound of the bell) gradually loses itself in infinity. This symbolises *Nadaveda* (the pure soul penetrating the *anahata sabda*—the incessant sound perceived by the *Yogi* as proceeding from *Brahma*—and being then lost in the Absolute). In the same way *Karma* (*Sandhya* or the like) in the end loses itself in *Samadhi* (pure God-consciousness). Thus *Gnan* (Realization of *Brahma*) cuts short *Karma*.

(c) The necessity of Practice or *Sadhan*. Turning to *Sasadhara*, the Lord said, "My son, do add to your strength a little. Go through the religious exercises (*Sadhan*) a little longer. You have hardly got upon the tree and you expect to lay hold on a cluster of its big fruits! The redeeming feature of your conduct

is that it comes of a laudable desire to do good to others. When I heard your name first mentioned I asked people whether the *Pandit* was a mere *pandit* or a person who had attained *Bibeka* (i.e., discrimination between the Real, i.e., God, and the unreal; in other words, a sense of the vanity of the world). A *pandit* without *Bibeka* is a *pandit* of no worth whatever.

(d) The Doctrine of Adesa (*Commandment from God*). "Preaching does no harm if there has been any Adesa—if one has received a commission from the Lord to preach the Truths of Religion. Made strong by such a commission the Preacher becomes one whom nobody can beat. One ray of light coming from the Goddess of Wisdom, my divine Mother, has the power to turn *pandits* (men of the vastest book-learning) into the veriest worms that crawl upon the earth. *The Commissioned Teacher should be perfectly indifferent to organizations and got-up meetings and popular applause.* When the lamp is lighted the insects that appear in numbers in cloudy weather wait not till they are called in. They are sure to rush upon the flame of the lamp without any body bidding them come. A man with a divine commission does not look out for an audience. It is the audience that looks out for him. Such a person does not care to get up lecture-meetings and the rest of them. People all must come to him of their own accord. His magnetic influence none can resist. Then Princes and Babus all flock to him and ask, 'Lord, what would you take? Would you like to take these mangoes, these sweetmeats, these *Sandesh*, gold, jewels, shawls?' and so on. I say to such people, 'Away with you! No! Excuse me, I don't want any thing.' "Surely it is not for the magnet to invite pieces of iron to be drawn on to it. These latter run to the magnet because they must. "Do you fear because such a Teacher does not seem to be *learned*—does not seem to be well up in the truths taught by the *Sastras* and other books? Do you fear because he is not a *pandit* (book-learned)? No! No! He never falls short of the Wisdom of Life. He has a never-failing supply of Divine Wisdom—truths directly revealed—which rise superior to the wisdom taught by the Books. "In that part of the country\* you may often find people measuring paddy lying in a heap. One man goes on measuring with a standard measure. Another man pushes the paddy on to him as soon as he has done measuring the portion of the heap that is within his reach.

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\* i. e., where the Lord was brought up.

Much in the same way the Divine Teacher receives his supply of truths from the Fountain of all Wisdom, the Divine Mother. That supply is never used up. "Should it be the rare good fortune of a person to be favoured with one side-glance of love from the Lord, such a person becomes blessed at once with Divine Wisdom (*gnan*) enough and to spare. "Therefore I ask whether you have received any *Adesa* (Commandment) from the Lord.?"

*Hazra* (to the *Pandit*):—Oh! I dare say there must have been some *Adesa* or other. Is it not?

*Pandit*:—No, I am afraid, there has been no such thing.

*S's Host*:—No *Adesa*. He is lecturing only from a sense of duty.

(e). Value of Lectures where the Lecturer has had no Divine Commission [*Adesa*]. He said: "What are lectures worth, if the lecturer has not a good record—a sufficient force of character derived from a Divine Commission? "*A.*—said in the course of a lecture, 'Brethren, I used formerly to drink' and so forth. This revelation only made the position of the lecturer worse, for, some of the people said to themselves "Look at the fellow! What does he, my wife's brother, mean by saying 'I used to drink'?" "A retired Sub-judge from *Barisal* once said to me, 'Sir, do you go about lecturing. In that event, I shall be glad to follow suit and gird up my loins.' I said, 'My dear sir, listen to a story. There is a tank called *Haldarpookur* in the village of *Kamarpookur*.\* Once upon a time people used to commit nuisance about the edge of the tank-water. Every morning abuses were showered upon the devoted heads of those that offended. But it was all in vain. The nuisance was repeated the following morning and went on as ever. At last there was a notice put up by a peon attached to the Municipality forbidding people to commit the nuisance. The effect of this authoritative notice was miraculous. There was no more any repetition of the nuisance.' "Therefore I say, your lecturer must not be an ordinary man. He must be a person armed with credentials—clothed with authority from the Most High. He must be one who has received his Commission from Him." A Teacher of mankind must possess sufficient spiritual power (*Sakti*). In Calcutta there are many *Hanuman Puris* (veteran wrestlers—*Palwans*). You have got to try your strength on such men—not on these *patthas* novices in wrestling).

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\* Our Lord's birth-place in the District of *Hughly*. B. 1835.

(1). *Lord Chaitanya Deva and his Work.* "*Chaitanya Deva* was, as we all know, an *Avatar* (Incarnation of God). Well, what remains of His work now? How infinitely less valuable must be the work of him who is weak in spirit and has received no commission from the Lord?

"Therefore I say (And the Master sang intoxicated with the wine of Divine Love).

1. Dive deep, dive deep, dive deep, O my mind! into the Sea of Beauty.

Make a search in the regions (*tala*, *atala* and *patala*) lower and lower down under the sea; you will come by the jewel, the wealth of *Prema* (intense love of God).

2. Within thy heart is *Brindaban* (the abode of the God of love). Go about searching, go about searching, go about searching. You will find it.

Then shall burn without ceasing the Lamp of Divine Wisdom

3. Who is that Being that doth steer a boat on land—on land, on solid ground?

Says *Kuvir* 'Listen, listen, listen; meditate on the hallowed feet of the Lord *Gurudeva* (the Divine Preceptor).

"Fear not because I ask you to plunge, to dive deep into that Sea. Fear not. It is the Sea of Immortality. I once said to Narendrak\*, who is here present, "God is like a sea of liquid sweet. Would you not dive into this Sea? Just think of a vessel with a wide mouth containing the *rasa* (syrup) of sugar and suppose you are a fly anxious to drink of the sweet liquid. Where should you sit and drink? Narendrak said that he should like to drink from the edge of the vessel, for if he came to a point beyond his depth, he was sure to be drowned. Thereupon said I to him 'You forget, my son, that diving deep into the Divine Sea, you need not be afraid of death. Remember *Sacchidananda* Sea (the Divine Sea) is the Sea of Immortality. The water of this Sea never causes death, but is Water of Everlasting Life. *Be not afraid like some foolish persons that you may 'run to excess' in your love of God.* From this Sea of Immortality drink the *Chidananda Rasa*—the nectar of Absolute, Everlasting Knowledge and Joy. Yes, first see Him, realise Him, in this way. Then shall you hear His Voice. He will talk to you and, if He so wishes will entrust you with His Commission. *Infinite are the ways that lead to the Sea of Immortality.* It is immaterial how you get into this Sea. Suppose there is a reser-

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\* Now Swami Vivekananda.

voir (*Kunda*) of nectar. You can walk slowly down the sloping bank from any point, get to the *amritam* (nectar) and have a drink. You get immortal in any case. Again, what does it signify, if you throw yourself into the *Kunda* or are pushed into it by some body? The result is, in either case, the same. You taste the nectar—the Water of Life—in either case. You become immortal.’

(g). On Yoga or Communion. *Yoga* is of three kinds:—1. *Gnana Yoga*, 2. *Karma Yoga*, 3. *Bhakti Yoga*.”

“1. *Gnana Yoga*. This is communion with God by means of *Gnana* (Knowledge in its highest sense). The *Gnani*’s object is to realise *Brahma*, the *Absolute*. He says ‘Not this,’ ‘Not this,’ leaves out of account one unreal thing after another until he gets to a point where all *Bichara* (discrimination) between the real (*i.e.*, God) and the unreal, ceases, and *Brahma* is realised in *Samadhi*.

“2. *Karma-Yoga*. is communion with God by means of work. This is what you are teaching. *Astanga-Yoga* is *Karma-Yoga* practised by householders† without attachment.\* The doing to the end that God may be glorified *Karma-Yoga*. Again *Puja* (worship, according to the *Sastras*), *Japa*, (mental repetition of the Name of God), are parts of *Karma-Yoga*, when done without an end in view. The end of *Karma-Yoga* is the same, *viz.*, the Realization of God, Impersonal or Personal (*Nirguna* or *Saguna Brahma*) or both.

“3. *Bhakti-Yoga* This is communion by means of *Bhakti* (love, devotion, and self-surrender.) It is specially adapted to *Kali-yuga*. This is the *Yugadharma*—Law for the present age.

(1). Difficulty of *Karma-yoga* and *Gnana-yoga*. “Pure *Karma-yoga* (work without attachment), as I have already said, is exceedingly difficult in this *Kali-yuga*. In the first place, there is, as I have already pointed out, hardly time in this *Yuga* (age) for doing the various *Karmas* (works) enjoined by the *Sastras* (scriptures). In the second place, you may form a resolution to work unattached, without expectation of any reward or fear of any punishment in this world or the next. But the chances are that knowingly or unknowingly you get attached to the fruit of your works, unless, indeed, you are already a perfect man.

\* *Astanga-Yoga* (*Patanjali*) means *Yoga* with eight members *viz.*, *Yama* (control over thought, word, deed), *Niyama* (rules for conduct), *Asana* (control over the posture), *Pranayama* (control over *prana* or the breath of life) etc.

† Self-regarding or altruistic, social, political-etc.

(2). *Difficulty of Gnana-Yoga.* *Gnana-yoga* (Communion by Absolute Knowledge) is also exceedingly difficult in this *Kali-yuga*. In the first place, our life in this *Yuga* sustained, by food (*Annagata-prana*). Secondly, the term of human life in this age (*Yoga*) is too short. Thirdly, it is almost impossible in this *Yoga* to get rid of *dehabuddhi* (the conviction that the *Self is the same* as the body) which clings to us. Now, what is the conclusion which the *Gnani* must come to? It is this:—‘I am not the body, gross or subtle. I am one with the Universal Soul, the Being Absolute and Unconditioned. Being not the body, I am not subject to the infirmities that flesh is heir to—*e.g.*, hunger, thirst, birth, disease, grief, pleasure, pain, *etc.* One subject to these necessities of the body and calling one-self a *Gnani*, is like a person suffering from intense pain caused by a thorny plant. It scratches his hand and causes it to bleed. But he nevertheless says, ‘Why, my hand is not at all scratched. It is all right.’

(3). Hence *Bhakti-yoga*—is, as a general rule, laid down for the present day. It rings *Karma* (work) to a minimum. It teaches the necessity of Prayer Without Ceasing. It is, in this *Yuga* the royal road to salvation. *Bhakti-yoga* is *yuga-dharma*—not *Gnana-yoga* or *Karma-yoga*. *Gnana bichara* (discrimination between God, the only Reality, and the unreal phenomenal universe) or (2) *Karma*, the doing of Works, is far more difficult in this age than *Bhakti* as a means to an end. But the goal is different. The *Gnana-yogi*, indeed, wants to realize God Impersonal (*Brahma Nirgunam*). Such a person would, in this age (*yuga*) to follow the method of the *Bhakti-yogi*. Let him love, pray, surrender himself entirely to God. The Lord (*Bhaktabatas*) loves his devotee and will vouch-safe unto him even *Brahma-Gnan*, if he longs for it. The *Gnana-yogi* will thus realise God, both Personal and Impersonal. *Only let him, in this yuga, follow the ways of a Bhakta.* The *Bhakti-yogi*, on the other hand, would be generally quite content with seeing, realising, the Personal God (the *Saguna Brahma*). The Lord would, however, make him heir of his Infinite Glories—grant unto him knowledge of both *Saguna and Nirguna Brahma*. Both *Gnan* and *Bhakti* shall be his. For does not a person who manages to reach Calcutta succeed in finding his way to the *Maidan*, the *Ochterlony Monument*, the *Museum* and other places, and know which is which? The important thing is to be able to come to Calcutta come to my Divine Mother and you will get not only *Bhakti*, but also *Gnan* not only see Her

in *Bhava Samadhi* manifesting Herself in Forms Divine (*Sakara Rupa*), but also realise Her as *Brahma Nirgunam* (the Absolute) in *Nirbikalpa Samadhi* in which all self in the devotee is effected by my Mother and there is no manifestation of Divine Forms. The true *Bhakta* says: 'Lord! *Karma* (work) with attachment, I see, is dangerous, for, just as a man shall sow, so must he reap. I see, again, that *Karma* without attachment is exceedingly difficult. Save me from the first, Lord, for else I shall forget Thee. Deign to make less and less what work (*Karma*) I have, until by Thy Grace I see Thee, and no work remains to be done. Till then, may it please thee to grant that I may be blessed with *Bhakti*, that love, devotion and self-surrender to Thee which is the one thing needful. As for the little work that is left for my share, grown less and less by Thy Grace, do Thou grant that I may have strength to do it *without attachment*. But until I am blessed with the vision beatific and thus realise the true end of life, grant that my soul may not be disposed to look about for fresh work—unattached though it be—unless indeed I receive from Thee Thy Commandment (*Adesa*) to do Thy work.'

(h). The Value of Pilgrimage. *Pandit*: Please, Sir, how far did you go abroad on pilgrimage?

*Master*: Oh! I did go to some places. '*Hazra* went farther, and higher up to *Hrisikesa* on the *Himalayas*. I did not go so far or so high up. The Vulture and the Kite do, indeed, soar very high, but all the while their looks are directed to the *bhagar*—a place where the carcasses of dead cows and other animals are thrown. What is the good of visiting places of pilgrimage once you are able to cultivate *Bhakti* (devotion to God)? When on my pilgrimage I visited *Kasi* (Benares) I was surprised to see that the grass there was the same grass as here, and that there were the same tamarind leaves. Pilgrimage without *Bhakti* carries no reward. With *Bhakti* within your heart, it is not absolutely necessary that you must visit the holy places. You are very well where you are. *Bhakti* is the one thing needful. The *Lhagar* is the world—which is another name for *Woman* (*Carnality*) and gold (*riches, honors, work with attachment etc.*)'

*Pandit*: Yes, Sir, such pilgrimage is like setting at naught the *Kaustuva mani* (the jewel suspended on the breast of *Vishnu*) and going about searching for other jewels.

*Master*: "In order that your teaching should take effect you should take into account the *Time Factor*. Unless, in the case of each individual, you allowed a certain space of time to pass, no teaching would bear fruit. Thus those that you teach would



not, as a general rule, be able at once to profit by what you say. A child which was going to bed said to its mother, 'Mamma, wake me up when I shall have a call of nature.' Mamma said in reply, 'My child, the call of nature shall itself wake you up. So you need not be anxious on that account'. Spiritual awakening is a question of time. The Teacher is a mere help.

(i), Three Classes of Religious Teacher. "Doctors are of three classes. There is one class of doctors who when they are called in, look at the patient, feel his pulse, prescribe the necessary medicines, and then ask the patient to take them. If the patient declines to do so, the doctor goes away without any further troubling himself about the matter. This is the lowest class of doctors. In the same way, there are religious teachers who do not much care whether or not their teachings are valued or acted up to. The second class of doctors not only ask the patient to take the medicine, but they go further. They reason with him in case he does not take it. In the same way, those religious teachers who leave no stone unturned to make other people walk in the ways of Righteousness and of Truth by means of the arts of gentle persuasion must be said to belong to the next higher class. The third and highest class of doctors would go on to use force on the patient in case their kind words failed. They would go the length of putting their knee on the chest of the patient and forcing the medicine through his gullet. In the same way, there are some religious teachers who would use force, if necessary, on their disciples, with a view to make them walk in the way of the Lord. These belong to the highest class.

*Pandit* :—"So there are religious teachers, like doctors, of the highest class. Then, sir, why do you say the time factor must be taken into account ?

*Master* : Yes. These are doctors of the highest class. But suppose the medicine does not get to the stomach. The doctors, then, with all their zeal, are quite helpless. It is necessary to choose fit vessels (*Patra*) for the reception of Spiritual Truths. I ask those that come to me 'Have you got any guardian to take care of you ?' For, suppose the father has left any debts. Suppose the *would-be* disciple has no one in the world to look after him. Then it would be next to impossible for such a person to fix his mind upon God. Dost thou attend me my child (*Bapu*) ?

*Pandit* : Yes, Sir, I am all ears.

The Grace of God. He said : "Once a number of Shikh soldiers came to the *Thakur Bari*. They had a meeting with me just before

the temple of Mother Kali. They said 'God is very kind.' I asked, 'Is it indeed so?' They replied, 'Why, Sir, does not the Lord take care of his creature, provide for their wants, *etc., etc.*?' I said 'The Lord is *Father* of all. He *must* take care of his children—his own creatures. If *He* does not, who else is to take care of them? Surely it is not the duty of the people of the other *para* (quarter of the town or village) to come and feed God's own creatures!'

*Narendra*: Then the Lord should *not* be called *Dayamaya* (*Kind* or *Gracious*)?

*Master*: I don't *forbid* you to call Him so. You are at liberty to call Him by that name. I only meant to say that *the Lord is our own*.

*Pandit*: Priceless are these words!

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[This conversation between Ram Krishna Paramhansa and Pandit Sashadhar Tarkachudamani is translated by our author from original records based on muembnic notes put down by him in Bengalee on the very day of the meeting.—ED. N. M.]

## MUSIC.

"The man that has no music in himself,  
Nor is not moved with the *concord of sweet sounds*,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils."

SHAKESPEARE.

This is not whole truth, but only half of it, for it is a partial definition of music. "Concord of sweet sounds" alone does not constitute music as rhyme alone does not constitute poetry. In fact, sounds might altogether be dispensed with and yet it will be perfect music, higher and sweeter. This silent music is the end for the attainment of which the various kinds of vocal and instrumental music are but the means. The songs of an Adelina Patti or the performances of a Paganini are sweet indeed, but the melody they inspire in our hearts is sweeter. As generally understood music is either vocal or instrumental, and according to this ordinary conception of music what Shakespeare has said is perfectly true. An unmusical man is capable of every unworthy act, for he has no heart. How can we appreciate harmony without heart? The sense of harmony must be inherent in the human heart, the inner chords must vibrate to the outer sounds of music. Music, as it were, is a reflection of the inner harmony it has no separate existence. A mind which has no harmony *within* can never feel the least emotion from any music from *without*. As a colour blind cannot distinguish different colours, not to speak of the different shades of the same colour, so a "music-deaf" can see no difference between the bragging of an ass and the song of the nightingale. Such a man has no music in himself, no sense of harmony within him. Not that he does not know how to sing or play on any musical instrument, for this deficiency is no reason why a man should not be moved by music and appreciate it.

Instrumental music may be of various kinds which it is not our purpose to describe. By vocal music again we generally understand songs alone. But in the widest sense all speech is music. What sweeter music can there be than the broken inarti-

culate speech of the child? Nectar-like they fall into our ears and enrapture our souls. Language itself is a grand and wonderful music. It is the embodiment of our thoughts. What deep music lies in a single word or a single phrase! To the lovers a word of the beloved even when memory fondly harps on it, is a stream of melody which overflows their soul. To the poor suffering creature a soft word of compassion and sympathy breathes sweetest music. So language itself is the perennial spring of music and the language of poetry is a special fountain of it. The poets have a higher perception of beauty and harmony and are more susceptible to it than we prosaic men are. To the poet there is music in everything and so Byron says :—

“ There's music in the sighing of a read ;  
 There's music in the gushing of a rill ;  
 There's music in all things, *if men had ears* ;  
 Their earth is, but an echo of the spheres.”

Yes, “ if men had ears.” Byron, like Shakespeare, sees only half the truth, the other half escapes them. Keats expresses the whole truth more powerfully and poetically,

“ Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard  
 Are sweeter.”

Ears alone are not sufficient nor always adequate. There is a thrilling music which enthralls the soul, but which ears cannot hear. This is no poetic dream of Keats, but a most common fact put most beautifully. What is the scent of a flower, but a kind of unheard melody? The flower does not speak to us, but its sweet fragrance produces a harmony in our soul and that is indeed sweeter than all unheard melodies descriptive of the flower itself or of the particular feeling which it excites. The pleasing sensation in smelling a flower can only be felt and not expressed in words. What again is beauty, but an unheard melody, more sweet and charming? “ A thing of beauty is a joy for ever,” and what music vocal or instrumental can produce in our heart such eternal joy? Beauty pours forth an inundation of unheard melody into our soul and we are transported into a region of pure dreamy and ethereal sensation. Beauty does not speak to our eyes or ears, but in our inmost soul, the great recess of harmony. What again is love, but the sweetest unheard melody of the soul? Love itself is sweeter than the sweetest love song. The downcast eyes and the lovely blush of the maiden are lovelier than the most eloquent declara-

tion of love. Love is a self-oblivious union of souls and what sweeter music can there be than such a music? And the mother's love? Oh, it is, heaven, itself. The child smiles in the arms of its affectionate mother, the mother sings nursery songs to it, but the mother's love and the infant's smile are sweeter than nectar, holier than a saint. What again is hope? When fortune has fled, when false friends melt away, when sorrow and despair sternly stare one in the face, when thoughts of other days prick the heart like thorns, when in short, life itself becomes a burden, what pours forth a flood of soft and soothing music into our heart and subdues all tumult and noise therein? Surely it is the unheard melody of Hope. The mother watching over her dear dying son listens to this unheard melody, otherwise her poor heartstrings would break by the cruel thought so severe a blow. But even when that dear and only son is actually snatched away by death, when her painful cry rends the air and melts the heart of stone, even then this unheard melody whispers in her ears that her son is "not dead, but gone before," and she will meet it again in a region where there will be no more separation.

If a man has *heart*, he will hear this silent music from the moonbeam as well as the sunlight, from the majestic mountain and the moving clouds, from human face divine as well as human actions, noble and great. Both nature and art are full of this music and indeed, Heard music are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter."

S. N. SIRCAR, M.A.

*LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.*

What is the greatest boon we have derived under the British rule? To this question I should answer, "Western Education." If you ask what else, I should still say, "Western Education." If you ask a thousand times, I should thousand times return the same comprehensive answer. Indeed all the blessings of civilisation which we now enjoy can be put into that nutshell. Railways, telegrams, ships, postal system and all such boons, however, inestimable they may be, are all of secondary importance and the just and necessary demand and outcome of such an Education. Western Education has taught the people of the East to imbibe western ideas of enlightenment and no one can gainsay that it has worked very well on the whole. It would be sheer folly and Philistinism to take a pessimistic view of the matter and ignore the progress we have made in various branches under the benign British rule, although there is yet room for further improvements.

It is the Western Education which among other things, has taught us the necessity and advantages of a free Press. It is from Milton that we have learnt to raise our feeble voice against the suppression of a free press—the most free agent of all social moral, intellectual and political progress. A free Press is a western tree which has been transplanted in the East along with Western Education. But the same hands which reared it are about to strike a death blow at its root. The same English Nation, the same lovers of free discussion, the same champions of truth and justice, are to take away from us a just and reasonable gift of their own making! If that be a forbidden tree to us poor and enslaved Indians, why did you allow us to taste of its fruits at all? If politics were a forbidden path for the Indians to tread on, why did you not close the master pieces of your literature too, against us? For does not your literature justly boast of literary politicians, like Milton, Burke, or John Morley? And was it not the same Milton who in his *Areopagitica* said "Give me liberty to know, to utter and to argue freely according

to conscience above all liberties"? If free thought and free discussion among a nation absolutely powerless and sincerely loyal, be a fault, then why did you yourselves teach them those things? The stability of the British Government in India is founded on a firm rock, *viz.*, the loyalty of the people, and that stability will not, cannot suffer in the least by a free discussion of the Government measures in the native Press. Why then O ye mighty conquerors, use a cannon to kill a gnat? If any native paper spread sedition and disaffection, crush it and it alone, instead of gagging the whole lot. But then what is sedition or disaffection? Not surely the outspoken and honest criticism of any measure of the Government. The Explanation of Section 124 A. I. P. C., is clear on the point. "Such a disapprobation of the measures of the Government as is compatible with a disposition to render obedience to the lawful authority of the Government and to support the lawful authority of the Government against unlawful attempt to subvert or resist that authority is not disaffection. Therefore, the making of comments on the measures of the Government with the intention of exciting only this species of disapprobation is not an offence within this clause." Nothing can be more just and sensible than this, and this section needs no alteration or amendment at the sacrifice of common sense, reason, and justice, simply to suppress the native press more effectually. It will not be unseasonable or inappropriate to quote here the words of Milton from his *Areopagitica*.

"Believe me, Lords and Commons, they who counsel you to such a suppressing, do as good as bid you suppress yourselves, and I will show how. If it be desired to know the immediate cause of all this free writing and free speaking, these cannot be assigned a truer than your own mild and free and humane Government; it is the liberty, Lords and Commons, which your own valorous and happy counsels have purchased us, liberty which is the nurse of all great wits; this is that which hath varified and enlightened our spirits like the influence of heaven; this is that which has enfranchised, enlarged and lifted up our apprehensions degrees above themselves. You cannot make us less capable, less knowing, less eagerly pursuing of the truth, unless you first make yourselves, that made us so, less the lovers, less the founders of our true liberty, we can grow ignorant again, brutish, formal and slavish, as you found us; but you then must first become that which you cannot be, oppressive, arbitrary and tyrannous, as they were from whom you have freed us. That our hearts are now more capacious, our thoughts more directed

to the search and expectation of greatest and exactest things, is the issue of your own virtue propagated in us; you cannot suppress that unless you reinforce an abrogated and merciless law, that fathers may despatch at their will their own children. . . . Give me liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely according to conscience above all liberties."

We do not want political liberty or independence, we want only the liberty *to know, to utter and to argue according to conscience*. This is of vital importance not only for the ruled, but also for the rulers. For a perfect ideal, whether of an individual or of a society or of a Government, is an Utopian dream, which has no actual existence in this positive world. To err is human, and even a great leader of society, a great statesman or a wise philosopher is not infallible. An ideal Government is an impossibility; it is absurd and foolish to expect that no grievance should arise in any Government, but as Milton says, "when complaints are freely heard, deeply considered and speedily reformed, then is the utmost bound of civil liberty attained, that wise men look for," and that Government is indeed the nearest approach to an ideal one, which hears complaints freely, considers them deeply and reforms them speedily. And it must be admitted that our Government has done this many times and because it has done and is inclined to do this that we are appealing to it not to suppress the native press, the only mouthpiece of native opinions;—a child can ask for a favour and can have it for the asking only from an indulgent father. Government being a human constitution and not being in closest touch with the people may sometimes unintentionally fall into an error, and it is not possible for it to know of that error from any other source, but from the native press, because most of the high officials of the Government do not know the real feelings of the people for they look them from a height; neither the Anglo-Indian papers can edify the Government as to the real grievances of the people, for most of them are not so sympathetic as they should be. So the only mouthpiece of the people is the native section of the press conducted by able, competent and popular men. And if that section of the press is gagged no more complaints will be heard, no doubt, but for the matter of that the complaints will *exist* though silently borne. The people will *know* the complaints though will not be to utter or argue and so the evil will not be removed, for the Government will never know of it. It will not suffice to know an evil, it must be uttered freely and frankly before the authorities who have the



power to redress it and if need be, it should be argued against, according to conscience. There can be no sedition or disaffection in doing this, what earthly good will be native press derive by spreading disaffection against a benevolent Government? Every action must have a motive and what possible motive must the native press have in spreading disaffection against the constitutional Government, which has conferred so many blessings upon us and which is by far the best of all Governments that India ever had? The motive of the action must be considered before we charge the native press with sedition; a few harsh, unpleasant and foolish words of comment on Government measures must not be construed as seditious; the *motive* and not the language decides whether it is seditious or not, and that motive should have been based on possibility; otherwise a motive without the least chance or possibility will merely be a thing bordering on madness. The idea of overthrowing the benevolent British Government is an absurd folly and an impossibility, and therefore taking the extreme case, if a man spreads actual sedition, the existing law is sufficient for him and he may be sent to jail, but the lunatic asylum would be the fitter place to send him in. A foolish motive must have a foolish consequence, no sane man who has the least common sense in him ever dreams of overthrowing the constitutional Government, when that Government is not despotic, not tyrannical. Such a foolish attempt would produce most disastrous consequence. Supposing for the sake of argument that somebody tries to overthrow the lawful Government, then he must have one of the two following motives, either, first, to take the reins of Government in his own hands or in the hands of his fellow-countrymen; or second, to secure a better Government in the place of one which he tries to overthrow. Now both the alternatives are equally absurd. It is neither possible nor at all desirable to take the reins of Government in our own weak and incompetent hands, for in that case the past history will repeat itself, and chaos, anarchy and internal feuds will reign where now reign peace, order, and prosperity. Neither is it possible for India to find a better Government than the one she has got now. Therefore anticipating the consequences no sensible man can for a moment have any *motive* in spreading sedition against a Government, a better than which we cannot have. And when there is an absence of motive and interest, however, serious and impudent the comments may be, they are not seditious, they are rather the ravings of a mad man, and such ravings cannot do the least harm to the lawful Government. What can the croakings

of frogs do against lions? Let them cry hoarse, the majestic and magnanimous lions will take no need of them. The native press cannot spread sedition against Government, for it is against the law of man and above all, the law of God, it is against reason, against duty, against interest and against humanity. And who is so foolish, so base that would act against his own interest and welfare, against reason and duty? Who is so ungrateful as to forget the numerous blessings of a civilised Government which he now enjoys? There is none, so there is no necessity of amending the existing law which is considered as sufficient by eminent authorities like Sir William Markly and others.

SAILENDRA NATH SIRCAR, M.A.

## REVIEWS.

*Bimetallism vs. Monometallism.*

Bimetallism *vs.* monometallism is the burning question of the day. The opening of mints all over the world for the free coinage of gold and silver is being seriously debated by the party which holds an empire over wealth. At an opportune moment when the great silver question engages the attention of the financiers of Europe and America, Mr. William Forbes-Mitchell, the famous author of "Reminiscence of the great mutiny" has submitted for the perusal of the Leaders of the Trades Union of Great Britain and Ireland, the artisans, the agricultural and industrial classes, indeed, to those who are interested, his book on the subject. For a period extending over thirty years, he is advocating the cause of Bimetallism in the columns of the Indian press. Nearly thirty years ago when the foolhardiness of the Directors of the old Agra and Masterman's Bank of London and India refused payment, he became a bimetalist, and since his becoming a bimetalist, he has written much on the all important subject of currency reform. He has spared neither time nor money to contribute his quota to the accomplishment of the cause expoused by him. To lucidate the subject among the workingmen of Great Britain, he has collated his papers which from time to time appeared in the columns of different newspapers into the present book form which has exposed the momentous subject of the day—free trade in gold and silver for currency—in a masterly way.

The *Statesman and the Friend of India* is, perhaps, the only journal which advocates currency reform. A great part of the present volume has appeared in its columns not only in the form of letter but also in editorials. The same idea our author has iterated and reiterated in its columns to make it all the more convincing; he has to hammer on the same nail and hit it on the head till he has driven it home.

An essentially agricultural country, what India needs at present is neither gold nor silver but *couri* currency. India wants money to vivify her industry, to stimulate works of public utility.

Want of money is now keenly felt by the agriculturists of the country who are now chewing the cud of bitter disappointment seeing their profession seriously and ruinously handicapped. The solution of the currency question in a way which will provide India with more money, should be eagerly sought after by every Indian patriot. Still there is time enough to fan the dying embers of Indian industries; still there is medicine to prevent many a Lazarus from descending into the grave before his time.

To his critic the author says:—My voice was that of one crying in the wilderness. The only man in India who gave me any encouragement was the late Robert Knight, Esq., then editing the *Bombay Times*. When I pointed out in one of my letters that the currency laws of England placed the capital of every bank in India at the mercy of any ring of British speculators, whose interests might be encroached on by the Indian banks, Mr. Knight added a paragraph to my letter, stating that I was perfectly right, but that the moneyed interest was too strong in England to allow any Government to correct the wrong. But opposition papers did not let me down so softly—many letters appeared asking who was this Daniel come to pass judgment on the currency wisdom of Sir Robert Peel and Lord Melbourne, backed by the profound financial wisdom of the city of London. But time rolled on till Germany followed England in her insane currency legislation, and the Indian rupee commenced to shrink, and ten of them would no longer exchange for a sovereign. By that time my patron, Mr. Robert Knight, had come to Calcutta as proprietor and Editor of the *Statesman and the Friend of India*, and he not only published my letters but, like Oliver Twist, he asked for more; some he expanded, some he curtailed and some he promoted to the editorial columns. But none of my letters on currency were rejected, and I carefully cut out and treasured up every letter and article from the columns of the *Statesman* on the currency question whether from my pen or not. When I had arranged most of my matter in its present form, I submitted the bundle for the perusal and opinion of a currency author in England. He in turn submitted the bundle for the perusal of a currency critic who returned the bundle to me with a letter informing me that I had mistaken my vocation and not to attempt to publish such a hotch-potch compilation on currency; that I knew nothing about the science of currency; that my manuscript reminded him of a methodist sermon by a negro-parson, that I wandered from currency legislation to social purity and from social purity to army prostitution and so forth. That my

spelling was bad, my Grammar was worse and my logic was nowhere. There was neither logic nor common sense in my book, and its publication would be a standing disgrace to the Bimetallic League. If such a hotch-potch on currency were to receive their support, they would never survive the ridicule of the gold Defence Associations. That before aspiring to publish a treatise on a complicated matter as currency, I ought to go back to school and learn to spell with at least some knowledge of Grammar to enable me to put my thoughts in Queen's English. That my English was that of a Bengalee Baboo and my arguments without logic."

This crushing onslaught was followed a crushing reply which not only put his critic at his wit's end but softened him down to a very great extent. The party whose cause he so warmly took up for advocating, did not help him to a measurable degree, and our author was on the point of committing his voluminous compilation to the fire when the sober and sagacious criticism of a friend saved his work from being lost for ever.

The publication of a book on the much-desired currency reform written in a sympathetic tone for the poor, wretched, famine stricken people of India is, indeed, an event in the history of India. The currency problem is difficult to solve and the people in general keep it at a respectful distance. There are not many men who can understand the subject, far less to write books on currency.

To bring the subject home and make the subject matter of his work intelligible to his readers who generally look upon the currency question with horror, he has, in Chapters I, II, III, IV given an historical account of the contemporary efforts made to achieve the currency reform. Evidences of Scripture and ancient history were not overlooked by him. Chapter V. has been devoted to make it clear that the insufficient stock of gold in the world, for currency purposes, renders Bimetallicism necessary. Free coinage of gold and silver for the purpose of currency is necessary, and the establishment of a permanent ratio of value between the two metals artificially should be made to make it suitable.

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A Chatechism of Book-keeping by W. St. John Dessa Accountant, Harold and Co., published by S. K. Lahiri and Co., 54, College Street, Calcutta.

Mr. W. St. John Dessa has already made himself known to our readers by his interesting and able contributions on social, econo-

mical and historical subjects. We have now much pleasure in introducing him as the author of a clever educational work entitled, "Catechism of Book-keeping," by the careful study of which the student will be able thoroughly to master this important subject by himself, and without having any recourse to professional help. We have examined several English and local publications on Book-keeping, and can confidently say that, as a self-educator, there is not one to equal the treatise under notice.

Mr. Dessa had long conceived the idea of making a self-educator, and for this purpose, he first prepared a "Key" to Hamilton and Ball's Book-keeping, being a solution of the 20 exercises, chiefly examination papers, at the end of that brochure, and submitted it to the Delegates of the Oxford University Press for approval and publication. But that august body of educationists was not able to publish the "Key" out of deference for the opinions of Sir Robert Hamilton, who was opposed to its issue. But Mr. Dessa was not discouraged by this failure of his first literary venture, and being a young man of considerable resource, and backed by many years' educational and commercial experience, he soon concluded that a book teaching the subject by means of questions and answers would fulfil the purpose in views. He set himself immediately to work, and has now given to the world one of the ablest works on the subject.

Clearness and simplicity are the prevailing features of his Catechism, and we have no doubt that it will be the means of turning out many able and competent self-made Book-keepers. Students, Merchants and Tradesmen alike have thus been placed under a deep and lasting debt of gratitude to the young author. Messrs. Harold and Co., are to be congratulated on having in their service such a talented Accountant, and Messrs. S. K. Lahiri and Co., for having undertaken the publication of such an excellent little book, which, we must add, has been very well printed. We predict a prosperous future for the Catechism, which will live as long as trade and commerce live.

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*Yaksher Dhan—By Satish Chunder Basu, printed by B. K. Chuckerbutty and Brothers at the "Jayanty Press," 25, Pataldanga Street.*

This well-got-up publication contains many good articles which are instructive. The name of the book is a well chosen one. The production does credit to the author who deserves every encouragement.

*Bhagvathi-Stotramala—By Sham Lal Mullick, printed at the "Adi Brahmasamaj Press," by Kalidas Chuckerbutty.*

This volume opens with a history of the River Ganges as found in the Hindu mythology. There are numerous hymns in Sanskrit by eminent men of old in the production which is an interesting reading.

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*Himalaya-Darshana—By Tarakumar Kaviratna, published by Issan Chunder Chowdhury, M.A., for free distribution and printed by B. K. Chuckerbutty and Brothers, at the "Jayanty Press," 25, Patalidunga Street.*

This publication deals with a description of the Himalayas in Sanskrit poems explained in Bengalee prose. The author gives unmistakable evidence of his poetic genius in this small volume and deserves great credit. It will interest the reader.

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*A Brief sketch of the Religious beliefs of the Assamese People, by M. N. Ghosh, M.A., B.L., of the Provincial Civil Service, Assam, printed at the "Methodist Publishing House," 43, Dhurumtolla Street, Calcutta.*

This book is divided into two sections, the first gives the history of the founders of the several Vaishnav religious sects of Assam, and the second deals with doctrines inculcated by them.

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*Report of the Mahomedan Orphanage for 1895-96, printed at the "Mahomedan Orphan Press," 8, Syed Salley's Lane.*

This report shows that the Orphanage has been established about 3 years ago. The laudable object of the Committee of alleviating the sufferings of orphans and widows, has been fulfilled. Eighty-four orphans are fed, clothed, and taught, at the expense of the Orphanage. The Committee thanks the donors for their charity.

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*Life of Sri Chaitanya by K. Chakravarti, Secretary and Founder of the Calcutta Yoga Somaj, printed by Sosi Bhushan Das, at the Nadiya Printing Works, 80, Serpentine Lane.*

It portrays the great reformer accurately and gives an interesting account of his career in easy Bengalee.

THE  
NATIONAL MAGAZINE  
NEW SERIES.

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No. 3.—MARCH, 1898.

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*NOTES ON FRENCH SCIENCE AND ART.*

SCIENCE.—The cure of Dr. Winternitz of Vienna for obesity, though not at all new, is simply defined. No one desires to be excessively fat, that can induce gout, rheumatism and diabetes. The causes of obesity are insufficient muscular exercise, residence in a too close part of a city: the abusive consumption of sugar, feculent food, fat, and alcoholic drinks, beer especially, water above all, because they are diuretic and so carry off the nitrogenous waste, and present its accumulation in the organism. Dr. Winternitz demands, in his treatment, no change in diet—a no small merit; but as all the evil comes from fat, he wishes the combustion of that, by exciting muscular exercise, the latter being promoted by the non-nitrogenous food. That must be executed with prudence, as for ten parts of fat burned, nine produce heat, and one stimulates muscular function. But cooling the body before taking muscular exercise will burn the fat. That is exactly what Dr. Winternitz practices: refrigeration and exercise; or transpiration, cold bath, walking, and moderate exercise. heat and cold, cold and heat. That appears to be the Turkish bath, where in three quarters of an hour a client can lose 2½ lbs. in weight. The Influenza or Grippe has up to the present been very general in Paris; the victims have not been markedly numerous. Science has made no progress in discovering any cure; the bacillus is known; there bacilli more in couples in the



pectorator matter are like those obtained from the septicemia of mice; they keep to the surface of the bronchial tubes, and are very fragile. It is an infectious and insidious disease. "A dog," as Tissot observes, "which bites, but never barks." Grippe is a malady never to be neglected; it does not last long, and the patient should be on his guard, not to incur a fresh attack, by catching a new cold.

In the winter 1896-97, as in the present winter, the lakes around Paris were not frozen. That implied that no ice was available for consumption, as well as for the industries. Two engineers went to the Glaciers of Briançonnais and Casset, in the Upper Alps; these mountains of ice were 6,000 feet high: the engineers stretched a wire rope that length, from the foot to the summit of the glacier, and by grips on the rope, blocks of ice ten tons weight were cut and let down per hour; just as a large spider glides along its net; on arrival at the bottom, the blocks were split up into morsels of 3 cuts, placed on waggons, and deposited in the neighbouring railway vans for Paris. That is where the city obtains now its supply of ice.

The operateries in the State match manufactories of France, continue to be dissatisfied with their lot. They contract necrosis, that eats into their facial bones and destroys their gums and teeth. Though allowed one quart of fresh milk daily to drink, the disease cannot be cured. France exports a great deal of lucifer matches—all the good ones arrest the French. Europe manufactures for her own use two milliards of matches daily, weighing in all 200 tons. Germany consumes most matches, 12 per inhabitant, per day: Belgium, 9, England, 8, and France 6.

Since six thousand years, we possess five determined senses; does a sixth exist? That is what Science labours to discover. It desires to know, for example, how does pigeon return to its cot, at a distance of 300 miles? Over that space, seeing and smell cannot explain the strange problem. Dogs, cats, and pigeons have their sixth sense, "Orientation," so well developed, that they can find out their homes, across numerous difficulties, without any hesitation.

Opinion is divided on the possibility of freezing suitably and later bringing an animal back to life. The experiments have been tried especially in the case of fish; but very often the fish, if enclosed in ice, has not been congealed, but simply imprisoned, and the difference is important to note. Franklin in his Arctic voyages alludes to fish that when caught, rapidly congealed, but resumed life when slowly warmed before a fire. There is the

convincing proof in the experiments upon trads, related by Leffroy-Saint-Hilaire; he left trads during the winter, in a box of earth exposed to the air. In time, the animals arrived at such a degree of congelation, that little bits of ice were observable in the spaces of their bodies. All life-movement had been suspended; the members could be broken off by bits, as if dry bone, without any sensation of pain being revealed: not a drop of blood flowed. Yet the trads when slowly warmed regained their natural animation.

ART.—Lady Artists of France have opened their fifth annual exhibition in the Petit gallery. The show is neither better nor worse than its predecessors: it could be easily worse. In any case it is not indifferent. All artistic groups have of late taken the habit of holding their bazar. Naturally we seek a serious and personal note of art, the interpretation of nature, and the spontaneity of an impression of true ability. This note of art is sensible at the present exhibition, and is furnished in the discreet harmonies, drawn with infinite tact and poetic sense, in the melancholy landscapes of evening by Madame Dubers; the same can be found in the interiors of a convent or apartment by Mlle Gallay, full of delicate charm and tender modulations of light. There are some elegant interpretations of flowers, and portraits of infants ably painted. The two pictures have been sent from Madrid, for the first time, to the Desbourg Gallery, some very excellent sketches full of an accent personal, lively, and uncommon. They have this peculiarity to be in no way related to the pictures given of Spanish life and manners by French painter, Lunois last year at the Salon, exhibited very able scenes of bull fights, full of colour, but despite their repugnant effects, not destitute of the shades of sentiment. Downat, the American artist, gave us very faithfully, but a little too raw, the interiors of gipsy life and Seville dances; yet neither of them could approach the pictures in the furious realism that animates their interpretations—all rigorous studies of observation. M. Nonell, another Spanish artist, contributes a picture from the rude corner of his native Sieria, the "School of Idiots"—all that is noteworthy in his neighbourhood. His drawing is sure, his expression forcible; he is an artist, though only 25, in full possession of himself, and the surprising vigour he depicts is astonishing. He has the stuff in him of a grand artist.

The Ecole des Beaux Arts has exhibited a collection of the works of the old artist, Francois—landscapes that redound more to his honour when brought together. He was not a Theodore

Romsean or a Corat; he was simply himself. He was a designer of great fidelity and an harmonious colorist. These traits are fully illustrated in his landscape of "Saint Cloud," where Meixsonier painted the figures; that is 58 years ago.

The "Volney Club" has given its little Salon as usual: the arrangement in point of light has been ameliorated. Portraits are peculiarly numerous at this quasi-private show. M. Benjamin Courtant has sent a superb portrait of a man, and M. Lefelre one of an elegant lady. M. Henner contributes an "Alsatian Peasant" in a blue shawl, and Jules Veber sends a brilliant portrait of Coquelin cadet, M. Bouguereau is always himself, full of reduction, and his rustic scene "At the fountain" is always surrounded with a ring of admirers. The landscapes are numerous also, and well brushed.

A FRENCHMAN.

***LIFE AND LETTERS OF SHAM CHAND BY  
HIS FRIEND, RAM CHAND.***

**CHAPTER V.**

**SHAM CHAND'S CAREER IN THE POLICE DEPARTMENT.**

On joining his appointment Sham Chand found that although many cases of burglary had been reported every month, there were very few detections. He asked the Head Constable what the reason was. He was told in reply that no clue was generally found, and the time allowed for the investigation was generally so short that nothing could be done. Sham Chand asked the Head Constable by way of joke if he expected that the burglar would have his name written on the wall of the house in which the crime was committed for the information of the investigating Police Officer. The Head Constable was an old Police Officer and did not look with favour on the young Sub-Inspector, so he said he would be very glad to see some cases detected and to be taught the way to detection. Sham Chand said "we shall see to that by and by." Just then information was received that in the previous night a daring burglary had been committed in the house of Babu Harihar Mukherjee, who lived at a distance of eight miles from the Police Station and that cash and ornaments to the value of Rs. 5,000 had been stolen. Sham Chand immediately proceeded to record the details of the occurrence given by the informant in his book, and after finishing it, made himself ready to start for the scene of the occurrence. The Head Constable said that it was the breakfast time and that he should go after taking his meal. Sham Chand replied that he might miss the culprit by the delay of a moment and that he would go at once. After a short time Sham Chand reached the place, but as it was breakfast time, he was requested to bathe and take his meal before taking up the inquiry, but he declined, saying that he could not lose time, and satisfied himself by taking a few mouthfuls without undressing himself. He looked at the place where the hole had been made, and found a small piece of cloth sticking to the *bera*, (hedge) which had apparently been torn off from some part of the clothes worn by the burglar. He put the piece

of cloth carefully into his pocket and went on with the survey of the locality, but could discover nothing important. He then went to the place where the box containing the ornaments had been broken open; he examined the place minutely, but found nothing which could furnish any clue to the discovery of the burglar. He was returning disappointed, when suddenly his eye caught sight of a piece of paper. He took it up and found that it contained an account written in the *kaithi* character, of money payable by Patiram Mandal. There was a Patiram Mandal in the village and he said that he owed some money to Lakshman Sing, a *durwan* of the Babu who had been robbed, who had left the village for his native place sometime ago. The figures in the paper agreed with those given by Patiram Mandal and the hand-writing in the paper was identified as that of Lakshman Sing. Sham Cham also learnt from the villagers that there were no burglaries in the neighbourhood before, but that recently several burglaries had been committed, one after another, in the neighbourhood after Lakshman Sing's departure for his native village. These circumstances pointed out to Lakshman Sing as one of the burglars. On further enquiry Sham Chand learnt that Lakshman Sing had served the Babu for many years as a *durwan* and that he was all along known as an honest and faithful servant, and he had laid by sufficient money for himself and that he was childless. These circumstances raised doubts in Sham Chand's mind about Lakshman Sing's being the criminal. However, he determined to inquire about Lakshman Sing and see how the matter stood. Lakshman Sing's native village was at M. — in district, Shahabad, but if he had anything to do with the recent burglaries, thought Sham Chand, he would not be found at home. He did not know where to search for Lakshman Sing. On returning to the Police Station, Sham Chand sent a man to Lakshman Sing's village, and the man returned after three or four days with the news that Lakshman Sing had not gone home for more than two years, that his relations were under the impression that he was at the place where the burglary had been committed, but that they had not heard from him for some time. All this tended to confirm Sham Chand's suspicions. A few days after Sham Chand went on a visit of inspection to the nearest outstill. He asked the vendor, as if the question formed part of the inspection, if any Hindustanees visited his outstill. He said there were some Hindustani burglars who used to drink regularly at his outstill. Sham Chand asked what work these men did and was told that they worked as labourers for making a new road. He asked

if they often visited houses of ill fame, and was told that two of them often visited a woman who, however, was not a public prostitute. On enquiry he was told that their names were Mangoo and Deoki. He then went to the Post office and had a friendly chat with the village Post-master. While talking in an apparently careless manner, Sham Chand took up the money order book of the Post-master and found that Mangoo and Deok, had each made a remittance of Rs. 100 each to their native village. He learnt that the coolies had worked for less than three months and that they could not possibly have that sum from their wages, addicted, as they were, to both wine and woman. Sham Chand was now thoroughly convinced that there was something wrong with those two men. Sham Chand was a great Judge of physiognomy and determined to see the two men before taking any action. He went, as if taking a morning walk, to the hut where the coolies lived and soon made himself familiar with them. He asked them, their names, and the appearance of Mangoo and Deoki struck him as that of one not honestly lived. However, he did not learn anything important from his conversation with them beyond the fact that the recent burglaries had all been committed after their arrival, and that they had come from home at about the time when Lakshman Sing is said to have left for his native village. Sham Chand learnt from a Beharee constable that the native village of Mangoo and Deoki was adjacent to that of Lakshman Sing. A new thought suddenly struck Sham Chand, but he kept it to himself. He immediately wrote to Harihar Babu to send to him at once the *fellow durwan* of Lakshman Sing. On his arrival, Sham Chand learnt that Lakshman Sing had some money and some other things with him when he went to his native village. He told the man to take his meal and wait, which he did. In the afternoon, Sham Chand was again out and went to a tailor's shop in the market and took a seat there. He found a Hindustani *kurta* (shirt) with a hole in it. On enquiry he was told that the *kurta* belonged to the labourer, Mangoo and that it had been given to the tailor for being mended. Sham Chand said he had taken a fancy to the form of the *kurta* and that he would have one made like it, and asked him to bring some cloth from a neighbouring shop for the purpose. On the tailor's leaving the shop, Sham Chand took out of his pocket the piece of cloth which he found attached to the *bera* (hedge) near the burglar's hole in the house of Harihar Babu and found that it corresponded exactly with the hole in Mangoo's *kurta* and that the cloth was of the same quality. Sham Chand was very pleased with the

discovery. The tailor then brought some pieces of cloth for Sham Chand's inspection, but Sham Chand found some fault or other with all of them, and he left the tailor's shop. Sham Chand had now found a clue to the burglary, and he determined that night to watch the nocturnal movements of Mangoo. After taking his meal he was seen, as usual, to go to the house of the woman he often visited, and Sham Chand concealed himself in a part of that house. Mangoo entered into a conversation with the woman, and Sham Chand listened to it attentively. He, however, learnt nothing which seemed to him important, but the following conversation between Mangoo and the woman struck him as peculiar:—

*Mangoo.*—Why have you dressed yourself in this *saree*? It belongs to another.

*Woman.*—The washerman had not come for a long time and I had not got any clean clothes; so I had it out and use it. But the washerman brought back the clothes this morning and I shall put the *saree* back in the box.

*Mangoo.*—Just do so. I think you have got clothes enough of your own, and if you want one, you should tell us and not use another's clothes. I gave it to you to see and not for being used.

Sham Chand wished very much to have a look at the piece of cloth worn by the woman, but was unsuccessful on account of the darkness. Mangoo and the woman then fell asleep and after a time Sham Chand fell asleep, too, in the place in which he was concealed. A slight noise roused Sham Chand from his sleep, and he saw a light in the house and another man in place of Mangoo. It seemed to Sham Chand that he knew the man and after an effort, he recognised him to be the labourer Mangoo, but disguised by means of false beards and moustaches. After having a good pull at the *hukah*, Mangoo rose to depart, and Sham Chand followed him silently without being perceived. Sham Chand had, before leaving the house, been able to satisfy his curiosity about the *saree* worn by the woman with the help of the light, and he found it to be an old Dacca *saree* of good quality which are usually used by the rich bucks. Sham Chand was convinced that Mangoo must have got possession of the *saree* by some crime. Sham Chand followed Mangoo for some distance taking care not to show himself after they had proceeded about a quarter of a mile, Mangoo met another man who was holding two horses. Mangoo said "Deoki, I think, I am a little late to-night." Deoki answered, "there is still plenty of time, but make haste."

They then mounted the two horses and went along an unfrequented path leading to a small jungle and soon disappeared. As Sham Chand was on foot, he could not follow them and had to return. In the next morning, Sham Chand received a letter from the Inspector of Police asking him to explain why he did not mention what he was doing about the burglary case in his diaries and why he had not yet sent the final report of the case, and that if he failed to send in the final report by return of post, he would be severely dealt with. Sham Chand replied that it was impossible to state what he was doing in his diaries, for if he did so, the criminal might get information of what was being done and the steps taken would be useless and that the final report was delayed because the investigation had not yet been finished, and he hoped he would soon be able to detect the culprits and finish the investigation.

Sham Chand had on the previous night been struck, as we have stated before, with the woman Golap's Dacca *saree*, and he was determined to get hold of it, if possible, but could find no practicable means of doing so. He was also anxious to follow the nocturnal movements of Mangoo and Deoki, but he thought that to follow them on horseback was sure to lead to discovery and to follow them on foot was impossible. Suddenly an idea struck him. He asked the fellow *durwan* of Lakshman Sing what things Lakshman Sing had with him when he went home. He mentioned a number of things, but there was no Dacca *saree* among them. Sham Chand then humourously asked "Did he not take anything for his wife? He would but receive an indifferent welcome at home if he did not take anything for her." Then the *durwan* said, "Yes, he took a really good thing for her. He took for her a Dacca *saree* with which the mistress of the house had presented him for having saved her son once from an enraged bull." Sham Chand's curiosity was inflamed, and he asked the *durwan* if he had seen the *saree*. He said, "Oh! yes, Lakshman Sing used often to show it to us, and he was as proud of it as a warrior would be of his trophies of war." Here was another clue, and Sham Chand determined to satisfy himself, if the *saree* worn by the woman, on the previous night, was the identical one. The description given by the *durwan* corresponded with what Sham Chand had seen on the previous night, and Sham Chand was very glad at the discovery.

At night, Sham Chand again concealed himself in the same place, and after a time he had the satisfaction of seeing both Mangoo and Deoki enter the house. For sometime they and the



woman enjoyed themselves with drinking and singing and then fell asleep. Sham Chand also fell asleep and slept rather soundly and did not awake when Mangoo and Deoki left. When he awoke, he found that it was near day dawn, and he, therefore, thought it useless to remain in the place any longer and came back, much vexed at his untimely sleep. He was noticed on the way by one of the fellow labourers of Mangoo and Deoki, and he was rather surprised to see Sham Chand coming from the direction of the house of the woman, who, he knew, was in the keeping of Mangoo and Deoki, and he told them what he had seen. The result was that Mangoo and Deoki found that they were being watched, and did not visit the woman. Sham Chand was much vexed at the result and left the place. He now thought it right to make some inquiry about the woman Golap. He learnt that the woman had come to the place only lately and that no one knew her previous history. So Sham Chand was disappointed.

Sometime after this, Sham Chand had occasion to go to a village named Baharanpur for some enquiry. He was informed that a neighbouring jungle had recently become the haunt of ghosts, and that a man who was coming home on a dark night along the path near the jungle had seen two supernatural beings enter the jungle. Sham Chand's curiosity was roused, and he said he would watch the ghosts at night, but was told that for several days nothing had been seen. Sham Chand found on inquiry that the day of the cessation of the ghost scenes corresponded with the day on which he was noticed going home from the house of the woman Golap, and Sham Chand was, therefore, satisfied that the ghost scenes were connected with the nocturnal movements of Mangoo and Deoki. He told the villagers to send him information if the ghost scenes were repeated and that he would catch the ghosts for them. In the meantime Sham Chand was receiving repeated orders from his superior officers to finish the investigation and report the result. Sham Chand explained that he had not yet finished the inquiry, but the Inspector and the District Superintendent did not seem inclined to accept the explanation and pressed him continually to send in the final report and warned him that delay on his part would be severely dealt with.

One day, the *chowkidar* of Baharanpur brought him information that on the previous night a peasant boy had noticed the appearance of ghosts in the neighbouring jungle. Sham Chand immediately started off for the place in plain dress. He arrived at the village a little after night fall. The jungle where the ghosts

had been seen was pointed out to Sham Chand. Sham Chand then dismissed his guide, who was glad to get off, saying he would wait for the ghosts. He then concealed himself and each of his two men on the branches of a large tree, and told them not to sleep, but to wait for his orders. After midnight, four or five men appeared on horseback. Their faces were covered by masks, and they had disfigured themselves by means of black ink and other things so as to give themselves a dreadful appearance. They dismounted when they arrived near the jungle, and each led his horse by the hand. After they had gone some distance, Sham Chand and his two men descended from the tree and began to follow the men noiselessly. They proceeded towards an old temple. This temple was situated in the densest part of the jungle and was very rarely visited by the people outside. A *sanyasi* used to reside in it from a long time, and it was believed that he had supernatural powers and though people came to him occasionally, the temple was not a popular place of worship. When the men who were on horseback arrived near the place, they knocked at the temple door, and the *sanyasi* came out with a light in his hand. They then all entered inside the temple for bowing themselves before the Goddess *Kali* and there they were occupied for sometime. Sham Chand told his men to take advantage of the opportunity to proceed noiselessly towards the door of the temple, and he himself went with them. They posted themselves near the door of the temple and with the guns in their hands (Sham Chand and his two constables had each brought a gun) pointed towards the robbers told them to surrender. The burglars were taken by surprise, and they thought it useless to risk their lives by an unequal fight. They surrendered and Sham Chand had them bound. They, however, professed entire ignorance of the burglaries and said that they had come to worship at the temple. Sham Chand with the assistance of the *choukidars* who had been brought to the place by one of the constables sent to fetch them, searched carefully the precincts of the temple, but could find nothing. He found himself in a very false position. He had arrested a number of people whom he suspected (and Sham Chand thought rightly) to be thieves, but he could get no evidence against them. Sham Chand knew that torture would be useless, and he had no inclination for it. He then took off the masks of the thieves, and had their bodies washed with water, and found Mangoo and Deoki amongst them. These two he separated from the rest, and placed each in a separate room of the temple. To Mangoo he said sternly,

"Mangoo, you have robbed and murdered Lakshman Sing and I shall have you hanged. The piece of *saree* which you robbed from him you gave to Golap to wear, and I have seen it. Golap shall prove that the *saree* was given to her by you." At the mention of the Dacca *saree*, Mangoo started and became pale. He said, "I know nothing about the Dacca *saree*. Golap may have bought it from another." Sham Chand said, "Golap does not care to be hanged. She has told me all about it. But I do not wish to push matters to extremes. All I want is a good sum to enable me to live in comfort after resigning service. No one knows anything about to-night's business and no one shall know it if you are considerate." Then Mangoo said, "I did not murder Lakshman Sing. Others did it, but I have got myself into a scrape by keeping that *saree*, I shall tell you everything if you let me off." Sham Chand said, "I shall let you off if you give me a share of your spoils." Mangoo said, "set me free and I shall divide what I have with you. I have no mind to remain here any longer. I shall go home by the first train that I can catch." Mangoo was then set free, and he went guarded by the constables to the place where the treasure was concealed. He took us at some distance to a place with such a thick grove of trees on it that the inside was dark even at day time. He said that all the spoils of the burglaries were buried in the earth under the trees. Sham Chand told the *chowkidars* to turn up the earth under the trees and sent intimation to the villagers to come and see the discovery of the stolen treasure. Sham Chand then sent Mangoo to the other thieves with the intimation that every one would be let off if he would agree to give a share of his spoil to him. After some hesitation, they agreed and all the thieves were taken to the place where the treasure was concealed. After the earth had been taken out, every one of the thieves took out his share of the stolen property which was concealed below. Sham Chand then asked Mangoo where he had kept the dead body of Lakshman Sing. Mangoo who was rather surprised at the question said that he did not know anything about it. Sham Chand then took him aside and explained to him that unless the body could be effectually disposed of, the charge of murder could not be hushed up. Mangoo then confessed that the body had been thrown into the river, and the head buried under the earth in a place which he pointed out, and it was recovered. Sham Chand then marched off the thieves with the stolen treasure which had been found, to the place where Mangoo and Deoki worked. There he searched Golap's house and found the Dacca

*saree* already alluded to, which was identified as the one given to Lakshman Sing by his fellow *durwan*. Mangoo's house was searched, and the shirt with the hole in it was found there. The woman Golap deposed that the *saree* had been given to her by Mangoo to see, when she once asked to see a *Dacca saree*. Among the stolen property found near the temple were found most of the things stolen in course of the recent burglaries and those which were with Lakshman Sing and the thieves also made full confessions, describing how they had committed the various thefts. The thieves did not live at one place, except Mangoo and Deoki who lived together. They used to keep horses and assembled by unfrequented paths when a burglary was contemplated, at the temple in the jungle, after disguising themselves effectually so as to look like supernatural beings, came back again to the same place after the burglaries, and then went back to their respective places. The men were all Hindustanees, and as they had all other occupations, they were not suspected. Mangoo and Deoki stated that when they were coming to the place from their native place, they met Lakshman Sing whom they knew, on the way, and they all stopped for the night under a tree. On learning from Lakshman Sing that he had some money and other things with him, they murdered him in the dead of night and threw his body into a river, and buried the head in the jungle, so that the body, even if discovered, could not be identified. They then met the other prisoners who also had come to seek work in Bengal and they formed a common conspiracy for committing burglaries at night, and the *sanyasi* of the temple was induced to help them by being promised a share in the spoil. Sham Chand, after making a full enquiry, sent up all the prisoners for trial.

On the date fixed for the hearing of the case, Sham Chand went to head-quarters, and attended the Court of the Sub-divisional Magistrate, Mr. B. —, a young assistant Magistrate who had not yet seen two Indian summers. In due time the *Shahib* took his seat at Court, and the prisoners were brought before him. The *shahib* asked the Court Sub-Inspector:—"What have all these men been brought up for?"

The Court Sub-Inspector prided himself on being the best English knowing officer in the force, but even he found himself unable to make out what the *shahib* meant, but he was too clever to show that such was the case. There were many people present in the Court to see the *tamasha* of the trial of the *budmashes*, and the Court Sub-Inspector thought that *shahib* asked him what they wanted. He answered, "your honor, these men come to see *thamasha*."

*Shahib* — "You fool. What do you mean? *Tamasha* means jokes. Who is going to crack jokes here?"

The Court Sub-Inspector did not know what to say, but Sham Chand, who was present, came to his rescue. He said:—

"Sir, all the prisoners are to be tried for burglary, and there is an additional charge of murder against two of them."

The *shahib* had his question answered but he frowned at being answered as "Sir," since he had set foot on Indian soil, every "nigger" had addressed him as "your honor," and the plain "Sir" of Sham Chand sounded harshly in his ear. He turned towards Sham Chand and asked "who are you?"

Sham Chand.—I am Sub-Inspector of Thana H—. I conducted the investigation in this case.

*Shahib*.—You have no business to be here now. Go and wait outside till you are called. Sham Chand left the room.

After the evidence for the prosecution had been recorded, the Maistrate proceeded to take down the statements of the accused. Sham Chand had told the Court Sub-Inspector that the prisoners had confessed and the latter, expecting that Sham Chand had prepared them for a full confession, gave the Magistrate to understand that the prisoners would admit their guilt. But the prisoners, finding that they had been entrapped by the young *daroga*, had determined not to confess and invented a new story. They said that they were all worshipping at the *mandir*, when the Sub-Inspector went and arrested them, while engaged in worship, and that they had no knowledge of the stolen property. The Civil Surgeon had come from the head-quarters, and the *shahib* was anxious to go home early to play tennis with him. So the perverse statements of the accused made him angry, and he told the Court Sub-Inspector, "This Sub-Inspector is a great fool. He ought to have got a full confession from the accused." The accused were defended by an able pleader, and he, finding that his clients' case was well nigh hopeless, did not call any witnesses for the defence. He argued that the accused had all ostensible means of living (they all worked as labourers) and that they lived at a distance from one another and from the place where they were arrested, that a *mandir* corresponded to an English Church, and the *sanyasi* to a clergyman, and he asked the Court if it was possible to believe that a church should be used for holding meetings of burglars and that a clergyman should join them. He urged also that only a few poor men of the neighbouring village had deposed to the discovery of the stolen

property ; that he asked (quite forgetful of the fact that the most petitious cries could not make the Bengalee Babu leave his warm bed on a cold winter night) if it was consistent with ordinary probability that people whose village had been harassed for several months by these burglaries should not come when they heard that the burglars had been detected. The pleader suggested, knowing that the *shahib* was not well pleased with Sham Chand for calling him "Sir," that most probably the men who had deposed to the discovery of the stolen property were the thieves, and the Sub-Inspector had, after receiving bribes from them, sent up innocent people. As regards the charge of murder of Lakshman Sing against Mangoo and Deoki, the pleader argued that it was admitted that when the latter met the former, they prostrated themselves before his feet, as he belonged to a superior caste. He argued that His Honor knew the superstition of the Hindus and the influence of the caste system among them (the *shahib* said "yes") and he asked the Court if it was possible to believe that Mangoo and Deoki should murder a man whom they almost worshipped as a God. The eloquent words of the defence pleader, delivered in fine and well chosen English, impressed the *shahib* very much ; on the side of the prosecution a muktear who did not know English had been engaged. When he rose to address the Court, the Court could not understand him nor could he understand what the Court ordered, and so the Court in a peremptory manner told him to sit down, and, when the muktear persisted in his speech-making, the Court enforced its authority by a loud *choprao*. The Magistrate then wrote on an order dismissing the case and making some unfavourable remarks on the conduct of Sham Chand as investigating officer.

Sometime after I received the following letter from Sham Chand :—

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Fourth letter.

Thana H.

3rd March 18—

DEAR RAM CHAND,

Why am I unsuccessful in everything that I take up? You know the particulars of the case on which I have been engaged for some time and that case has been dismissed and an unfavourable report about me sent to the District Superintendent by the Inspector—and why? simply because I did not do what law and morality forbade. I could have a confession made before the Magistrate by the prisoners ; but it could only have been done

by holding out to them some inducement or threat, and if the fact came out, the confession was inadmissible under the law. So what could I do? The lot of a Police Officer is, indeed, a hard one. Certain laws are made for his guidance, but if he is to succeed, he must break them; but escape detection—this condition must be fulfilled, else you will be hauled up before a not overkind Magistrate. So, when the world turns against us, we have to make shift for ourselves. Every day Police Officers, by offering threat or inducement, are getting confessions from prisoners and are, in fact, getting credit for them. Is not this sanctioning with the left hand what you forbid with the right? Then you know to what my misfortune are due. I have been reported against first, for inordinate and unreasonable delay in finishing the investigation, secondly, for sending up innocent people for trial. Well, it is said that I made an unreasonable delay in finishing the investigation. The fact is I did not follow the beaten track. Now-a-days detection does not count for much in the Police force; everything is pushed on with a rapidity in which the end itself is lost sight of, and more attention is paid to the procedure than to the result. The contagion has spread to all departments of the public service; a high official once asked an experienced Deputy Magistrate. "How many cases can you try in a day, Babu?" The Deputy Babu replied, truly enough, I think) "Sir, I cannot try a single case in one day, but I am disposing of a good many every day." So, if I finished the investigation of the burglary case in two days, and sent up a long report which did not carry things a whit beyond where they were before. I would have been called a smart and quick officer, but because I cared to look closely into things, every one turned against me. What is the police good—for, if it cannot detect burglaries? But as I have said before, people now lose sight of the end and clamour about what has nothing to do with it; you know I am no lover of pen and ink, and the less I have to do with them, the better. They want a Police Officer to keep the peace; but it seems that they care less about that than they do about his connection with pen and ink. If a diary is delayed by a few hours, you have to explain the delay at least thrice, the first two explanations being returned as unsatisfactory and the third is followed by a fine of five rupees, and there is no room for truth in the diary. If you put down there what was actually done, there would be no end of your troubles. You will first of all, have to explain, then get fined and degraded, and last of all, dismissed. Old police officers say that they have to begin lying

after the words Sri Durga, which they put at the top, and they hope the goddess will pardon them for the sins they commit simply to retain their *chakri*. The public expect that people trained in such a school will turn out as virtuous as Raja Judhisthir, and then there is no one in the world, whose sympathy a Police Officer can expect. The men under whom he is placed, look down upon him with contempt, the public have nothing, but hatred for him, and regard him as a necessary evil inflicted on him by the law. The Police Officer cannot expect any one to help him in his work, but will find too many ready and willing to thwart him. Well, no one likes to be robbed or murdered, I think, but you will find that in our country, many people (and good and honest people, too) trying their best to screen a robber or a murderer from the vengeance of the law, forgetful of the fact that the same robber and murderer can any day turn against him. This, no doubt, is the result of too much good nature, but, as the proverb says "too much of nectar is poison," and we must learn to look upon criminals as public enemies before any effectual improvements in the administration of criminal justice can be hoped for. I sent you an account of the trial in the burglary case before Mr. B—. Mr. B—, I believe, is yet in his teens, and hard is the lot of some two millions of people in the Sub-division over whose destiny presides a boy who had been robbing birds' nests only a year ago; but he has passed a good examination, and out has he been sent to rule millions of black men in the best way he can. The language of the people are to him little better than Egyptian heroglyphics, their manners and customs are looked upon by him as something inexplicable and barbarous and he has been carefully taught to feel a supreme contempt for the people and everything belonging to them; and on Indian soil Mr. B—is "monarch of all he surveys" and there is no one to question his authority. Is there anything to wonder at, if such a training even for a year, is sufficient to turn the bright and clever young undergraduate at Oxford—open, generous and good natured—into a hot headed self-willed and narrowminded Indian despot? I pity the Englishmen who come out to India, for while they acquire wealth and power, they often lose much which adorn a man; then, if you saw the hurry with which Mr. B—tried the case, you would have been simply astounded. In his hurry he often lost sight of important statements from the witnesses, but he had somehow to dispose of the case, and this he did. Well as it reminds me of an old story—Babu Jogendra Nath Mukherjee, who was a pleader at B—, had, as you probably remember, a servant called



Kalachand who had the reputation of being exceedingly smart and quick. Once Jogendra Babu sent him to call his mohurer Indur Babu, soon Kalachand went to Indur Babu's house and called him by name; Indur Babu was inside the house and was coming out, but Kalachand only waited five seconds, as he was quick, and finding none, concluded that Indur Babu had gone out, and went on to another house, so that when Indur Babu came outside, Kalachand was one hundred yards off. The same process was followed at the next house and no Indur Babu was found. Indur Babu followed Kalachand for some distance and bawled out to him to stop, but he was too busy about the search to be able to hear or see him. Kalachand then went quickly over all the houses in the neighbourhood in half an hour and returned to Jogendra Babu with the message that Indur Babu could not be found in the neighbourhood. In the meantime Indur Babu had been to Jogendra Babu's house and seen him and the latter had a good laugh over Kalachand's quickness. I found that in many cases in his hurry Mr. B—lost sight of what he was in search of and what the very first witness could tell him. But no, he could not wait—his business was to dispose of the case and he did it quick enough.

I have sent a report, asking for the retrial of the case, to the District Superintendent, giving my reasons. Let me see what turn things will take.

Yours ever,  
SHAM CHAND.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### SHAM CHAND'S CAREER IN THE POLICE DEPARTMENT—

*(Continued.)*

All the papers about Sham Chand's case were put up before the District Magistrate, an officer of great experience and ability. On reading through the papers, he found that the clever Bengallee pleader had misled the young inexperienced Sub-Divisional Officer, and he, therefore, ordered a retrial of the cases before a Senior Deputy Magistrate at the district head-quarters.

He, after making a full enquiry, committed the cases to the Court of Sessions, where the Jury convicted Mangoo and Deoki of murder and the other prisoners of theft, and the Judge sentenced the first two to death and the other's to long terms of imprisonment. The District Magistrate promoted Sham Chand and transferred him to the more important Thana of J.—

The next year was one of distress and there were many cases of theft in the district. One day a young man, once strong

and powerful, but now lean and dejected, was brought to the Police Station and charged with theft of a cow. It appeared that there was an almost total failure of crops in the village, and the young man, who had a family of six persons to support, found himself in utter want. In an evil moment he stole the cow of a neighbour and sold her in a market for Rs. 10. The cow was found in the market by the owner, the thief was traced, arrested and brought to the Police Station. The thief with tears in his eyes related the story of his distress, and stated how the cries of his hungry children had prompted him to crime. It appeared to Sham Chand that the man was more deserving of pity than punishment, but under the law he was bound to send up the man for trial and he did so. When the man was sent up, he cried out and said that his wife and children would starve in his absence, and that if he were sent to jail, they would die. But the inexorable law must take its course—the man was brought before the Magistrate. He related his story before the Magistrate and pleaded most piteously for his family and children who depended on him for support and begged the *huzur* for their sake not to send him to jail. The *huzur* had the reputation of being a strong Magistrate, and, true to his instinct, he passed a sentence of rigorous imprisonment for six months on the poor criminal. Sham Chand, who was present, urged that the man might be let off with whipping, but the *huzur* sternly put him down by saying that cattle theft was a serious crime and a sentence of six months' hard labour erred, if at all, on side of leniency. Sham Chand again urged that the peculiar circumstances of the case might be considered, but the *huzur* bade him keep quiet. The poor fellow cried most piteously, when being taken to the jail and appealed to people to see that his family and children did not starve. Sham Chand was moved.

Sometime after, Sham Chand wrote to me the following letter.

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Fifth letter.

Thana J.—  
20th May 18—

RAMCHAND,

Can you tell me why Magistrates send young thieves so indiscriminately to jail? I should think whipping was much better, but people have an antipathy to it, which I do not know how to explain, but the present system of sending young people

to jail often completes their ruin. The object of all punishments in criminal law is twofold, first, that the punishment should act as a deterrent to the criminal, secondly, that it should act as a deterrent to others. Most people will, I think, agree with me that except in the case of hardened offenders, whipping is a *better* deterrent than even a long term of imprisonment. The classes from which the criminals come are used to hard physical labour and have consequently very little fear for jail life, but whipping they regard with a sort of dread.

Then, it is very undesirable that persons who have committed thefts for the first time, who may have done so without much thought and who are capable of reform, should be brought in contact in the jail, with old offenders, learn all their trickeries and become hardened, as it were, in their ignoble craft. From all these evils a thief may be saved if he is whipped, instead of being sent to jail for his first offence. Then, when a thief is sent to jail and it is thought that he is better off than if he were to be whipped, no one seems to think that the thief, like other men, has got a family to support. If he is sent to jail for a long term, who will support his family in the meantime? The chances are that they will live by begging and borrowing, and the thief, when he returns from the jail, will repay the loan by taking to thieving again—this time, with less chance of being caught, for in the jail he has learnt all the tricks of the craft from his companions. If the thief is a cultivator, which in many cases he is, detention in jail at a particular time of the year, even for a short period, means that his lands will remain uncultivated and no crops will be grown. He will, on his return from jail, find his lands fallow, the season for sowing gone, an empty stomach and an empty hearth at home and the *mahajan* and the *semidarínagdi* knocking at his door for their dues and all this may be due to the fact that in a moment of weakness he did what the law forbade. But from all this a thief may be saved, if he is whipped instead of being sent to jail, for his first offence. Fifteen or twenty stripes, inflicted with a steady, strong hand, are more likely to reform a thief, if he is capable of reform, than six months in a jail, with the result I have indicated. Some people call whipping a "barbarous" sort of punishment, but this is the objection of purely sentimental people and whipping is often the more merciful punishment, if all the circumstances be considered.

Yours ever,  
SHAM CHAND.

## CHAPTER VII.

A ROMANCE IN SHAM CHAND'S LIFE—SHAM CHAND  
RESIGNS HIS APPOINTMENT.

Sham Chand was never unhappy—always sprightly and merry, he never knew what sadness was. Sham Chand invited me to spend the Christmas holidays with him, and I readily accepted his invitation although my heart yearned for home and sweet—, but not having met Sham Chand for a long time, I waged a fierce battle with my longing for home, and at last forced it into submission. Even when going to the Howra Station to catch the train the subdued enemy made an unexpected attack and forced me to retreat towards the direction of sweet—, but I rallied myself and driving the enemy before me, forced my march towards the Howra Station. But lo! the shrill whistle sounded when I was more than a hundred yards from the station, and I was too late for the train, and had to wait for another. My enemy wanted to make another attack on me during the interval, but I was on my guard, and jumped into the next train which soon *started*. I met many merry faces in the train, but I was myself sad—I did not know why. It was a beautiful moon-lit night, and the glorious stars were shining above us, nature seemed to be smiling with joy, but I was unaccountably sad. Sweet—; was she sad, too? I did not know, but the smiling night seemed to tell me that she was. Now, years have gone by and those romantic days are past and can never be recalled. Sham Chand was unmarried and he never knew what love was. He could not imagine how a child-wife could love, and I could not convince him that it was possible. People with advanced notions think that when such a serious business as marriage is managed even without the couple knowing each other before, disagreement and unhappiness must be the consequence, but I defy such people to produce from the whole world anything purer, sweeter, or more beautiful than the child-like simple love of the Hindu girl for her husband. But Sham Chand took a very different view of the whole business. He used to say that young people had troubles enough of their own in this wicked world without these additional loads in the form of child-wives and the worst of the business was that the acceptance of one load brought others in the form of children, and they all pressed so hard on the young fellow that he could hardly keep himself up in the world. He used to say cynically "Fancy a girl of thirteen writing love letters to a boy of seventeen. I ask you why don't you carry the matter a little further and have a boy of eight

make love to a girl of five? Besides what do you mean by love in such cases? The poor thing does not know any thing about the business, but the boy has read novels and he makes the poor, helpless thing love him—she cannot help it; her ever anxious parents have made her a mere play thing of the boy and she must conform to his whims and caprices—whether she likes it or not.” But no more of philosophy—The train has stopped and I must get down. Sham Chand was waiting for me at the station. “Hallo, Sham Chand, here,” I cried out, and he instantly came to me, but I was surprised to find that he was no more the sprightly fellow he used to be, but looked sad and serious. I asked him what the matter was, to which he replied that he would let me know afterwards. The Thana of J—was about a mile and a half from the station, and we both walked together in the charming, beautiful night. We went on, talking all the way.

I said “Sham Chand, do you know why I missed the last train?”

S.—No, but I can very well guess what the matter was. I wonder how “on such a night as this” you could leave your Jessica alone.

I.—By good God what made you take to Shakspeare?

S.—Stop, not so fast, my good friend. You will know it by and bye. But I hope your partner is all right.

I.—Yes, I hope so. By the way, Sham Chand, why don’t you have a partner to adorn your side?

Sham Chand sighed and then said “No, I do not want one.”

I replied (drawing a thousand and one inferences from Sham Chand’s sigh)—

“I am not quite sure that you do not want a partner, if you get whom you want.”

Then Sham Chand said emphatically,

“No, Ram Chand, I do not want a partner even if I get whom I want.”

Sham Chand’s last words struck me a great deal. I asked, “may I know, why?”

Sham Chand replied,—

“well, it is a long story and I have never told it to any body. But why do you want to know it?”

I replied, “I hope to show you that you are wrong.”

Sham Chand said; “I do not believe that, but I shall tell you the story as you are anxious to hear it. Just recall to mind the good old days we passed as B—. Happy days were those when no serious

thoughts troubled my young mind and when the only thing that gave me any cause of anxiety was the dread of the school-master. But even young chaps have their histories and so I had mine. Do you remember the jolly chap M—?”

I replied in the affirmative, and Sham Chand went on:—

“Well, he was a very good fellow. I was a constant visitor at their house,—I liked them so well. Besides, my uncle had married M—’s sister, and so I was always a welcome visitor. I do not know why in the course of these visits I came to love M—’s sister, but that I loved her without ever knowing whether I was loved in return, is true enough. She was of a modest disposition, and scarcely, if ever, talked with me. Beautiful she no doubt was, but I have seen many more beautiful girls without loving them. However, I was too young at the time to understand my own feelings. The ladies of the house sometimes talked about the possibility of an union between me and her, and I thought so too. As I grew older, I began to understand that a marriage with her was not possible, unless I wished to prove a disobedient child. Her family was Christian and mine was strictly orthodox. My father had been extremely hurt in mind because my uncle had become a Christian and I did not like to wound his feelings further by any injudicious conduct. I, therefore, tried to bury my feelings in oblivion, but alas! I found that it was not possible to do so. S—(that was her name) had taken possession of my heart stealthily and would not on any account vacate it. After the death of my father my mother has been continually pressing me to marry, but I feel that it is sheer cruelty to drag another into the misery which I feel myself.”

I said, “But how do you know that she loved you?”

Sham Chand replied, “I do not know that I never talked with her about my love. Indeed, she talked, but little with me—she was so modest and shy.”

I.—“Then why do you make yourself unhappy for a woman who probably never loved you?”

S.—“It is not in my power to do otherwise.”

I.—“You should try to forget her. It is my request that you should do so.”

S.—No, Ram Chand, it is not possible. I do not wish to possess her. I do not wish even to see her, but to forget her is an impossibility. Do not make a request, Ram Chand,<sup>1</sup> which I cannot fulfill. Heaven alone knows what I feel for her.

I.—I find that I have excited your feelings too much. Have you noticed, Sham Chand, that your constable is fast asleep? (I pointed out to that functionary, who was enjoying a quiet nap by the side of the road).

Sham Chand went up to the man and woke him up and asked the constable—“what do you mean by sleeping when on duty?”

The constable while rubbing his eyes said, “*Huzoor*, I was not asleep. I noticed two young fellows coming, and, as respectable people do not go out at this hour of the night, I thought they were *budmashes*, and so pretended to have fallen asleep for the purpose of watching their movements. But I did not know that it was *huzoor* who was coming. I beg your pardon.” I burst into a loud laugh and Sham Chand, in spite of his unwillingness, had to join.

Sham Chand turned toward the constable and said:—“Sure enough as I live, you shall get a week’s hard labour for this job. I shall send down a man, at once, from the *thana* to relieve you.”

The constable said:—

“I am an old man and I want to sleep [for twelve hours out of twenty-four. Then, if *huzoor* puts me on night watch, who is responsible for my falling asleep? But no thief could pass without waking me.”

Sham Chand said:—“But while we were passing you were snoring soundly.”

The constable—“I cannot believe unless I see it with my own eyes, that *huzoor* was going to commit theft.”

I.—“You see, Sham Chand, he is right and you are wrong. Let him go.”

S.—“Not I, but the system, no doubt, is. However, it is useless to have him punished, while there are hundreds like him. Said he turning to the constable “you better take care that you do not fall asleep again. The locality is full of *budmashes* and you shall come to grief if there are any burglaries.”

The constable replied "with *husoor's* kindness no burglary can take place in Sarba's beat without his knowing it."

*S*—That is literally true. Every burglar must give a share of his spoil to Sarba before he does thieving in his beat.

*I*—Is he a good constable?

*S*—Yes, he is in his own way. He is a very good detective. But I cannot really blame him. He must live, and a man like Sarba, cannot live on Rs. 6 per month, when the honour and liberty of every honest and dishonest fellow is in his hands for the night."

We walked on to the *thana* which was at a short distance.

I stayed for some days with Sham Chand, and we passed the time most happily. One day he asked me, "Ram Chand, I wish to resign my appointment. What do you think of it?"

I asked, "Why do you want to resign?"

*S*—Well, it is a difficult thing to explain to another why I want to do it, but the main reason is that one cannot work with a clear conscience if he is to make his mark in the service,

*R*—That seems to be strange.

*S*—But it is a fact. I have been a Police officer for about two years and I hope you will believe me that I have tried to do my duties conscientiously, but instead of getting credit for it, I have often been taken to task for omitting what are mere matters of form, while others who did not care a bit about doing their work conscientiously, but attended most scrupulously to mere matters of form, were highly spoken of. The contagion has spread even to our *hakims*. They all seem intent not on doing justice, but on disposing of cases like so many machines and the man who can dispose of the largest number is looked upon as the best Magistrate. The sole pervading idea is to show nice figures in the returns, work being judged by them and them only. Nothing can be more demoralising than such a system. Sham Chand cannot work under such a system; and I must resign.

*R*—Just now there is a row in the newspapers about the subordination of the Judicial to the Executive. It is said that Magistrates are compelled to con-



vict on insufficient evidence for fear of losing their promotion and that pressure is brought to bear upon them if they do not do so. What do you know of it?"

S—Well, it is the same story, the result of a system of judging by figures and percentages. The quality of a Magistrate's work is judged by the percentage of convictions and he is called upon to explain when the percentage is lower than 50.

So he has an *invisible* unconscious tendency to convict which often gets the better of his judicial conscience. As regards pressure from others, it is often the Magistrate's own fault if pressure is brought to bear upon him. If he conducts himself in such a way as to show that he has an individuality of his own, the District Magistrate rarely meddles with him, and though he may not be liked, he is left alone. But if he shows himself only to be a machine for carrying out orders, it is no wonder that with many reasonable orders he will sometimes get some which are not so. But the tendency now is to discourage even independent thinking and to convert all subordinates into machines. I shall tell you a funny story in this connection:—Mr. G—was a strong District Superintendent of Police. M—Babu was an old Inspector—very shrewd and very intelligent, a capital man in every way. The District Superintendent while inspecting his office remarked that he might have put his seat near the verandah so as to allow more ventilation. The Inspector replied—"I thought—." He was going to add "the noise outside would disturb me while at work." When the strong District Superintendent bawled out:—"Babu, you are not to think, but to carry out orders."

The shrewd Inspector replied, "All right, sir." Next day both the Inspector and the District Superintendent had gone out to visit a *thana*. The latter was puzzled over a somewhat difficult case, and asked the Inspector what he thought about it. The Inspector true to his instructions, replied.

"Your honor told me not to think."

The District Superintendent had no option but to burst into a laugh. He said:—

"Yes, Babu, but I again give you liberty to think."

The conversation then dropped.

Some days after Sham Chand informed me that he had resigned his appointment.

## CHAPTER VIII.

SHAM CHAND TURNS TO BUSINESS.—A NEW CHAPTER IN HIS LIFE.

Sham Chand came down to Calcutta to see me after his resignation. We had a long talk about what he should do. Sham Chand was determined not to enter service any more—be it good, bad or indifferent. I asked him “what do you want to do?” Sham Chand replied, “I have had too much of *chakri*. I shall try my luck at business.”

I asked, “whence is the capital to come from?”

Sham Chand replied, “Fools will supply it.”

I—What do you mean?

S—My idea is to form a company for a tea garden. Why should these Europeans only, coming from thousands of miles off utilise our lands and our men for making money?

I—Simply because they have the powers to do it.

S—We have the power, but not the will.

I—It may be so, but who will infuse this spirit of adventure into the Bengalee?

S—Well, the tea garden is a tried experiment and there is not much of the spirit of adventure shown in a Bengalee starting a tea garden in Assam.

I—But we want the energy even for that.

S—We prefer *chakri* and the bother and trouble consequent on it to an independent life, but I hope to open the eyes of people to the fact that while the Europeans are making money with our lands, our things and our men, we are content simply with working as their coolies and servants and getting cuffs and blows from them occasionally in return for the hard service rendered.

I—I hope you will succeed, but it is rather a hard thing to convince those who are determined not to open their eyes.

S—Yes they have been sleeping too long.

Sham Chand proceeded to Assam after some days and after five or six months I got the following letter from him:—

Sixth letter.

S.—Tea garden,  
12th November 18—

DEAR RAM CHAND,

I am now the manager of a tea garden; I do not know if it is a change for the better, but I have the satisfaction of feeling that

I am now taking a part, small though it is, in developing the resources of my country. It is a noble mission, and I regret that my countrymen hanker after *chakri* and pay so little attention to it. Ram Chand, you are not to suppose that the work of forming this company was an easy one. The first gentleman I saw about the subject was Babu B—, an elderly gentleman, an influential pleader and a man of position, and the interview I had with him convinced me that I had taken a Herculean job in hand. I went to B—Babu's house one Sunday morning. I had to wait long before the gentleman came out of his *bhitar hari*, and I waited for a good hour without the gentleman's taking the slightest notice of me. He was engaged in conversation with people who had gone to see him. He did not do professional work on Sunday, and so there were no clients. I give below a specimen of the conversation held. As I did not know any of the people present I have called them X, Y, Z. Babu B—began the conversation.

B—Well, now-a-days I am always in ill health. I have been suffering from acidity since yesterday.

X—Sir, you have to work too hard, and so you cannot but fall ill.

B—Well, how am I to live without working hard? There is no want of occasion for expenditure, but the income is limited.

Y—Your son has secured a good appointment and you have acquired some landed property. You have grown old and health is failing. It would be the best now to retire from the profession.

B—I wish I could do it. But what am I to live on? Besides, there are other than personal expenses, and even with my professional income, I can only make both ends meet.

Y—But health is the first consideration. One should not ruin his health for money.

B—(With a laugh)—I shall try to do it, but do not hope to succeed till I see the grave, and that day is not far distant.

Y—I have come to speak to you about the mismanagement of certain municipal matters. Have you time now for discussing them?

B—That is one of my plagues of life. I said that I would not have time for it, but those people forced the chairmanship upon me.

*Y*—But as you have accepted the post, you cannot escape the responsibilities attaching to it.

*B*—The only good that I derive from the post is the frequent necessity of dancing attendance on officials. It brings no money. However, you see, I am unwell to-day. We shall talk about those matters on some future occasion.

*Y*—Then I am going away at present. When, do you think you will be able to talk about those matters with me?

*L*—Why are you so anxious to go away? This is Sunday and I do not think you have got any professional work.

*Y*—No, but I have got other works which I can attend to only on Sunday. I wish to see the condition of the roads in the north western portion of the town and I have got to see several people about their arrears of subscriptions to the charitable dispensary, and all this I must finish before going back home.

*B*—Our friend is always after, as they say, chasing buffaloes in the forest after taking his meals at home,—but won't you stop for a pull at the *huka*?

*Y*—(Looking at his watch)—No, thanks, I shall be too late. It is ten minutes past nine. I have been delayed here too long by your untimely hour of rising from bed.

Then he drove off in his carriage.

*B*—He is dissatisfied because he has not got the Chairmanship and he always tries to find fault with me. But people know how to value people at their proper worth.

*Z*—There is no comparison between you and him. If it were not for you, it would have been a hard matter for municipal servants to retain their posts under him.

*X*—(To *Z*) Sir, are you not the newly appointed municipal clerk?

*Z*—Yes.

*B*—He is a cousin of my wife. I have brought him down here as the municipal clerk. You see the pay is poor, and you cannot get a good and honest clerk here for the pay.

I waited for a good hour, listening to conversation like this, till I found it necessary to interrupt the harmony. I said to B—Babu, "Sir, I came to you."

*B*—What for?

*I*—I wish to form a company for starting a teagarden, and I have come to request you to take some of the shares.

*B*—I believe I have better uses for my money than that.

*I*—Why sir, do you think that tea garden shares are bad investments?

*B*—I did not say so.

*I*—May I ask, sir, what then makes you unwilling to take the shares?

*B*—The plain truth is that I do not want to be made a food of by an adventurer who wants to make his fortune.

I was indignant, but I found that I must put up with such insults if I wanted to succeed in my mission. I said to B—Babu,—

"I have no fortune to make by this work. I wish to have nothing to do with the management of the company if any one will kindly take charge of it. I have been working for the company simply because I feel, as every one of my countrymen should feel, that it is a noble mission to try to develop the resources of my own country. At present Europeans with our lands and our men are making money out of a tea garden, while we are content with simply working for them as slaves."

*B*—It is a good idea, no doubt, and I hope the project will be successful, but I have no money at present to spare for it.

*I*—But it is not necessary to pay the money just at present and you can take as many shares as you like. It is just as well to take a few shares if only for encouraging us.

*B*—"Well, I am sorry that I cannot take any of the shares. Good morning to you."

Seeing that the case was hopeless, I came away. Babu Y—seemed to me a peculiar man, but it somehow struck me that he was a man who would sympathise with the project. I inquired about his whereabouts and saw him in the afternoon. He was seated near his writing table, and dealing with some municipal papers. It was his office room and its very appearance showed that its owner knew how to combine usefulness with beauty.

Babu Y—welcomed me and asked me what he could do for me. I explained the object of my visit to him. He listened to me very patiently and said, "I have every sympathy with your project, and I hope you will accomplish it and I am willing to do all in my power to help you, but as you know there are good men and there are bad men in this wicked world, and so you must not be surprised if people refuse to untie their purse-strings for fear of being deceived."

*I*—How can we overcome this feeling? My motives are nothing but honest, but how can other people be made to believe it?

*Y*—You are comparatively unknown here. People do not easily put faith in a stranger. Can't you get hold of a local man to be Secretary to the business?

*I*—I do not know any of the men, but I think I shall not be far from the mark if I hope to find such a man in you.

*Y*—I have no objection really, but to be frank with you, we must know more of each other before I can accept the responsibility. I am rather busy to-day. Can you kindly come over at some other time?

*I*—What time will suit you?

*Y*—Will you come on Tuesday evening at 8 P.M.?

*I*—All right, sir.

On the appointed day I again met Babu Y—and discussed the project for a long time and when he was satisfied that I was really in earnest about it, he consented to be the Secretary and promised to try for the support of others. It will be a tedious task to relate subsequent details, how many disappointments we encountered, how difficult a matter it was to convince people that even Bengalees could form a company for a successful tea garden and how after all our efforts we have been able to start one, though on a much smaller scale than I hoped. However, it is good as a beginning and I hope for much better results in the future. But I am not entirely without misgiving.

Even within this short space of time there are signs of disagreement among the Directors. It seems that to work in harmony for a common object is foreign to our nature, and every Director wants to get the supreme control of affairs and is dissatisfied if he does not get it. Babu Y—has been trying his best to make the scheme work, but his attempts may be frustrated by the doings of people who understand the process of

destruction very well, but do not know how to construct. But how is it that we can never act unitedly? Very few nations in the world get such a good training for united action in early life as we do. In our joint family we see the advantage of united action on a small scale from our very infancy, but in real life we hardly meet the spectacle of even two men acting together. If one pulls to the right, the other will assuredly pull to the left. But alas! for the joint family.

It is a thing of history, now. In my childlike simplicity I once asked my father during infancy what the advantage of living jointly was. He at once impressed the advantage on me by the following apt illustration. Suppose there are ten persons in a family. If every one wants to boil his milk separately, he will require at least half a seer, but two seers of milk boiled together will suffice for the whole family of ten. Then, the quantity of wood required for boiling the milk will be nearly ten times as much, and we shall require ten times as much space and ten vessels for boiling the milk separately for each person. Well, it is a pity that modern Europeanised ideas are gradually undermining the system—a grand structure which the wisdom of ages had built up. Our interest has now centred in self instead of in the family, and we are fast degenerating into a race of men who care for self and self only. Are we progressing? If progress means development of the baser feelings and deadening of the finer sentiments which belong naturally to a human mind, then we are on the very high road to progress. But I would rather wish for a return to that stage when the rich man looked upon his poor brother as one to whom he was bound by a sacred, unalterable tie of affection and not as a useless burden whom he wished to get rid of.

Yours ever,  
SHAM CHAND.

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## CHAPTER IX.

### LIFE IN A TEA GARDEN.

The garden was improving every day under the able management of Sham Chand. He had no thought of self. His sole thought was how to make the concern a successful one, and he applied himself to the work with the energy peculiar to himself. He treated his labourers not as other people treat their men, but like men who were jointly engaged with him in a noble work. He had a kind word for every one of them; and all their little grievances and complaints had a patient and sympathetic hearing;

and redress was always ready at hand whenever practicable, and even when requests were refused, kind words and clear reasoning compensated for disappointments and prevented heart-burnings. If the men complained of discomfort, Sham Chand pointed out that he himself was hardly better off; if they complained of over work, he said that he himself was incessantly busy from morn till eve; if they asked for higher wages, Sham Chand promised that with the improvement of the concern they would get better wages, but that at present he himself got just what was barely sufficient for his wants. The men knew of the hard words and rough usage meted out to labourers at other gardens, and Sham Chand almost made them forget that they were working for others and not for themselves. He entered into all their joys and sorrows, and made them feel that he was one of themselves. Sham Chand related to me a pretty little incident in his life in the tea garden in a letter he wrote to me.

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Seventh letter.

S—Tea garden,  
17th March 18—

DEAR OLD BOY,

I am no longer an idler though the world will still call me so. I am now in charge of a flock, and like the shepherd I must now keep constant watch over it. One would call life in a tea garden monstrously dull, but I must say that they are mistaken, for I have never found my life more charming and more romantic than now. To be busy all day with prosaic occupations, and to feel at the end of it that you have worked for a noble cause is a piece of poetry which falls but to the lot of few mortals. I have now one consolation which I never had before, and that is freedom from restraint. At school the overanxious teacher had his way and at the *thana* red tape had its way, but Sham Chand never knew what it was to follow his own ways. Here I am practically left to myself. I am now trying to put into practice the dreams of the past. Our garden is situated on a little bit of hillock, the scenery around is simply enchanting, the vegetation covering the earth on all sides, appearing more beautiful than many finished works of art. Men; women and children,—healthy and strong, are found working in the open air. There are very few idlers on my garden, and I have almost succeeded in putting a stop to the evil habit of drinking by teaching them to appreciate other joys and pleasures. I have started a Savings Bank for the coolies and every one has been able to lay by something.



The Excise people are very hard on me and consider me as out of place in a country where the employer thinks it beneath his dignity to look to the moral welfare of the employed. The neighbouring gardens are all owned and managed by Europeans and they do not look upon me with a favourable eye. Mr. B—manager of the D—Tea Estate once fell into a scrape, and I rescued him, and from that time my European neighbours have become better disposed towards me. It was a queer incident and I shall relate it to you. One morning when I was going from the bungalow to the *godown*, a man from Mr. B—came and handed to me a letter. It was an invitation for joining him in a hunting party. It was a very unusual thing for him to be so kind to me, but I accepted the invitation, specially as it came from one of the conquering race. It was arranged that I should go over to him in the following morning and then form one of his party. I went over to Mr. B—'s bungalow as arranged, and found a number of other European gentlemen who had come to join the party. Mr. B—very kindly introduced me to them, and I was the only *kala admi* among a lot of *shahibs*, and somehow I did not quite feel at ease. Mr. B—sent an elephant on which I was duly mounted and went on the hunting excursion. After a journey of full three hours we arrived at a place thickly covered with tall grass with a few trees here and there. Then began the beating of the grass, at first nothing was visible, but after some time one part of the grass began to move and immediately afterwards followed the terrific howl, announcing a huge tiger. As a *kala admi* I had been shifted to a place behind the *shakeb lokes*. Mr. B—was kind enough to ask me to be there. The grass began to move and from the movement it appeared that the tiger was going in the direction of a small hillock in front of us. It seemed as if it was escaping from us. Mr. B—was very excited and he told his *mahout* to lead him to the hillock, so that, he might get a shot at the tiger. I cried out to him to stop as the ascent up the hillock was steep and dangerous; he replied to me in a tone of superiority that it was nothing. I warned him again, but John Bull as he was, he did not hear the warning. The ascent was attempted, the foot of the elephant slipped, and down rolled Mr. B—to the bottom of the hill, stunned by the fall and at the mercy of the tiger who was advancing towards him. All the Europeans fired at the tiger, but none of the bullets hit him. The case seemed hopeless. I dismounted from the elephant, and went on foot to the place where Mr. B—was ying senseless. The tall grass covered me

from the view of the tiger. The Europeans thought me mad. Unperceived by the tiger I crept on to the place where Mr. B— was. The tiger was drinking the water of the rivulet at the foot of the hill at a short distance. You know your friend has some strength, and I carried Mr. B—on my shoulders back through the thick grass to the place where I had left my elephant. It was a rugged path, but God helped me, and my foot did not slip. I carried him to my *howdah*, and restored him to his senses. Since that incident my European neighbours have changed their opinion of me, and if they have no sympathy for me, it is certain that they have no contempt either. Every phase of life has its romances, and I find that my men have got their share of it, too. Two young men came to the garden and began to work as coolies. They seemed very friendly with each other, and did not want any other society. The other men grew curious and looked upon the new comers with suspicion. I had to send one of the coolies to head-quarters on an errand; the other was very restless and absent-minded, and could not do his work regularly. On the return of the other man, he was full of joy. Whenever not at work, they were always in the company of each other. They worked in this way for about six months in the garden. One day they were both found absent from work. On enquiry one of the men was found with his throat cut in the hut occupied by them, and the other man could not be found. A letter, written by the person who had committed suicide explained everything. The two friends were brothers, and sons of poor parents. They were very fast friends since infancy. On growing up they found that they both loved a girl. They saw that this would change friendship into jealousy, and love into enmity. They determined to leave their home and both came to my garden. They agreed also never to mention the name of the girl whom they loved in any talk between themselves, and as a penalty, it was arranged that whoever first broke the promise should thereupon agree to forego all hope of marrying the girl, and allow the other to return home, he himself remaining absent from home through life. The brother, who had committed suicide, had accidentally mentioned the name of the girl, and thereupon the other brother claimed that the compact should be carried out. The delinquent had to agree; the other brother, however, generously offered to allow him to return home; the man who remained, declined, but allowed his brother to go home with the money they had lain by. He then thinking that life would thenceforth be a burden to him, put an end to it to terminate all

his miseries. But my long letter must come to a close. More at another time.

Yours ever,  
SHAM CHAND.

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#### CHAPTER X.

##### THE DISAPPOINTED LOVER BECOMES A DISAPPOINTED HUSBAND.

Sham Chand affected great unwillingness to marry. I knew his reason but then considered him to be a very queer fellow. Matrimony is considered a great virtue in our Society, and every one who does not marry or has not got a son is told that he will find his way into hell after his death. With a sparse population, and a rich, virgin soil to support it, this was probably a wholesome doctrine, but the belief still prevails, and a Hindu who has not even got enough to support himself is considered a sinner if he does not marry or beget children. We had a very very poor raiyat of the name of Sobharam. His wife was very prolific in giving birth to children, and she presented her husband with three sons and four daughters. Well, as I have said, Sobharam was a poor man, and he and his children often had to live on one meal a day and not infrequently had to do without any meal at all. We helped this poor family at times. When Sobharam's eldest son was fourteen years, he got him married, and had to run into debt, and to mortgage his lands to be able to see the sweet face of a daughter-in-law. How glad they were but the daughter-in-law soon showed that she was not less prolific than her mother-in-law, and the family soon got some addition in the form of two of Sobharam's grand-children—twins. The mother died in childbirth, and the two babes followed her from want of proper nourishment, Sobharam being too poor to get milk for the babes. I accused Sobharam of being in a way the murderer of his grand-children, and was furious at his folly, but I was unable to convince Sobharam that he was wrong. Sobharam was an ignorant, uneducated rustic, but there are many intelligent and educated men who are committing the same folly every day, and it was hardly reasonable to find fault with Sobharam. Discussions apart, marriage is a virtue among us, and Sham Chand's friends and relations tried to convince him of this truth; but Sham Chand had a will of his own, and did not listen to any one for some time, and it was an evil day when Sham Chand was induced by the urgent entreaties of his friends and relations to marry. He was himself, miserable, and made another, a sweet and innocent young creature, miserable, too.

Two years after his marriage, Sham Chand wrote to me as follows :—

MY DEAR RAM<sup>CHAND</sup>,!

I have not written to you for a long time. You must excuse me for it, but you will kindly remember that of late I have been very unhappy, and I have not even the consolation of thinking that I owe my unhappiness to any one else. I acted under a foolish impression that I could subdue my heart, and now I have discovered my mistake—rather too late. You know my ideal of a wife; I want a companion, a help-mate, who could enter into and reciprocate your thoughts and feelings; I have got, indeed, a poor loving wife, but she, poor, little thing, is very far short of my ideal. It is a mistake to make a girl who has not even passed her childhood to enter into such a grave and solemn thing as marriage. Here I am Sham Chand, a would-be deliverer of his country from all sorts of prejudices and backwardness, wedded to a sweet innocent creature whose age makes her think of her toys only. We shall never rise as a nation until we elevate our women, and have done away with the present system of child-marriage. It is spreading misery all round, and I am not the only victim.

Yours ever,  
SHAM CHAND.

The subsequent events in Sham Chand's life were of a dull and prosaic nature and are not likely to interest the reader. So, I bring my story as a close.

RAM CHAND.

*AN ABRIDGEMENT OF TAINÉ'S HISTORY OF  
ENGLISH LITERATURE.*

(I).

CHAUCER.

Literature serves to record in a durable way the history of nations, their manners, customs, religions, the productions of art, science and philosophy, and their thoughts and sentiments expressed either in prose or poetry. The civilisation of a nation depends upon the excellence of its literature, and no nation can hold its own in the scale of civilised nations without literary distinction. England is now one of the foremost and civilised countries in the world. It is worthwhile, therefore, to enquire, how much of her civilisation is due to the influence of her literature. To begin with Chaucer the father of English literature. Amid many barren endeavours throughout the long impotence of Norman literature which was content to copy, and of Saxon literature which bore no fruit, a definite language was nevertheless attained, and there was room for a great writer. Geoffrey Chaucer appeared, a man of mark, inventive though a disciple, original though a translator, who by his genius, education and life was enabled to know and to depict a whole world, but above all, to satisfy the chivalric world. He belonged to it, though learned and versed in all branches of scholastic knowledge and he took such part in it that his life from end to end was that of a man of the world, and a man of action. His experience of business, travel, war, the court, was not derived from books. He was at the Court of Edward III, the most splendid in Europe, amidst tourneys, ground entrances, displays; he took part in the pomps of France and Milan, conversed with Petrarch, perhaps with Boccaccio and Fraissart; was actor in, and spectator of, the finest and most tragical of dramas. Like Fraissart, better than he, Chaucer could depict the character of the nobles, their mode of life, their amours, even other things, and please them by his portraiture.

Two notions raised the middle age above the chaos of barbarism: one religious and the other secular, the one had produced

the adventurous hero, the other the mystical monk, the one the belief in God, the other the belief in self. Both, running to excess, had degenerated by expenditure of force: the one had exalted independence into rebellion, the other had changed piety into enthusiasm: the first made man unfit for civil life, the second drew him back from natural life; the one dissolved society, the other perverted intelligence. Chivalry had need to be repressed before issuing in brigandage; devotion restrained before inducing slavery. Insensibly the serious element declined in books as in manners, in works of art as in books. Architecture instead of being the handmaid of faith became the slave of phantasy. What becomes of Christian sentiment before scenic ornamentations? In like manner literature sets itself to play. It is no longer the over-flowing of a true sentiment producing grand architecture and the old simple literature, but the craving for excitement. Consider Chaucer, his subjects, and how he selects them. He goes far and wide to discover them to Italy, to France, to the popular legends, the ancient classics. His readers need diversity; and his business is to provide fine tales: it was in those days the poet's business. Chaucer translated first that great store-house of gallantry the Roman de la Rosa. There is no pleasanter entertainment. His *Troilus* and *Cressida*, *Canterbury Tales*, and the *House of Fame* are equally interesting. If Chaucer was romantic and gay it was after a fashion of his own. He observes characters, notes their differences, studies the coherency of their parts, endeavours to bring forward living and distinct persons, a thing unheard of in his time, but which the renovators in the sixteenth century, and first amongst them, Shakspeare will do afterwards. It is the English positive good sense, and aptitude for seeing the inside of things, beginning to appear. A new spirit, almost manly, runs through literature, in painting, with Chaucer as with Van Eyck, with both at the same time; no longer the childish imitation of chivalrous life or monastic devotion, but the grave spirit of enquiry and craving for deep truths whereby art becomes complete. Not only does Chaucer bind his tales into a single history, but begins with the portrait of all his characters, each painted with his disposition, costume, turns of speech, &c., maintained in his character by his talk and subsequent actions, so well, that we discern here the germ of modern novels.

Chaucer may also justly be said to be the precursor of the Reformation. He is not far from conceiving an idea of truth and life. He is on the brink of independent thought and fertile

discovery. At the distance of a century and a half, he has affinity with the poets of Elizabeth by his gallery of pictures and with the reformers of the sixteenth century by his portrait of the good person. In love and satire, he has experience and he invents; in what regards morality and philosophy, he has learning and remembers. For an instant by a solitary leap, he entered upon the close observation and the genuine study of man; he could not keep his ground, he did not take his seat, he took a poetic excursion; and no one followed him. The level of the century is lower; he is on it himself for the most part. He is in the company of narrators like Fraissart, of elegant speakers like Charles of Orleans, of gossip and barren verse-writers like Gower, Ludgate and Oecleve. Alternately he is an observer and *trouveur*; instead of the step he ought to have advanced, he has, but made a half-step.

Beneath every literature there is a philosophy. Beneath every work of art there is an idea of nature and of life; this idea leads the poet. Whether the author knows it or not he writes in order to exhibit it; and the characters which he fashions like the events which he arranges, only serve to bring to light the dim creative conception which raises and combines them. Underlying Homer appears the noble life of heroic paganism and of happy Greece. Underlying Dante the sad and violent life of fanatical catholicism and of the much-hating Italians. From either we might draw a theory of man or of the beautiful. It is so with others; and this is how according to the variations, the birth, blossom, death or sluggishness of the master-idea, literature varies, is born, flourishes, degenerates, comes to an end. The writings of Chaucer and his contemporaries are marked by two great features: the hatred of the ecclesiastical hierarchy, which is the Reformation; the return to the senses and to natural life, which is the Renaissance.

KAILAS CHUNDRA KANJILAL, B.L.

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*NOTES ON FRENCH SCIENCE AND ART.*

SCIENCE.—Are there any parts of our organism useless? That is the present fashionable question for discussion. We do not yet know the utility of our spleen. That of the blind intestine, or *appendicite*, is equally a puzzle; it is only a good two inches long. It gives, and especially of late, work to the doctors. Occasionally it inflames its microbes, and, in some hours, compels the owner to join the grand majority. That was the disease of which Gambetta died. And the "end of a tail" that children possess five or six weeks before their birth is a vestige of our ancestors and our rudimentary mammals or breasts. At birth, all infants, irrespective of sex, give milk. There is a male goat in Germany that yields nearly a pint of milk daily—Aristotle signalled a similar case. These are small events; but to affirm that our stomach is unnecessary, sets me a thinking. Washing the stomach well has been a cure for dyspepsia. Matters have advanced, as it is considered better to remove the stomach altogether; the stomach which secretes pepsine, and transforms meat, eggs, cheese, &c., into peptones, passing them on the intestines to be absorbed and rendered assimilable by our system. Professor Schlatter of Zurich has removed the stomach from one of his patients, a lady aged 56; it had ceased to function. The professor did not solicit the aid of the X rays; he opened the abdomen, an operation as unattended with danger as cutting the hair he



examined her stomach, saw it was cancered from entrance to exit he removed the organ, but as the place could not be left empty, he connected the œsophagus with the digestive tube. All wounds were sewn up and the patient awakened. Since five months the old lady digests without a stomach as in her best days. She has even increased  $3\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. in weight. Digestion takes place in the intestine, where the pancreatic juice performs the same service as did the stomach. The operation has also shown that it is not necessary to have a stomach retchings, since the latter have several times occurred with the lady since the removal of the stomach. We know now that *vomissement* is caused by the contractions of the abdomen and the diaphragm, pressing on the mass of the viscera, compress the stomach and force it to empty itself. To cure cancer in the stomach by extracting that organ, is an heroic cure. Taking the average death rate of Paris at 1,000 per week, the causes of death include generally 50 to 60 cases of cancer.

The clemency of the writer cannot be better illustrated than by the number of butterflies, the lemon colored variety, that have been encountered in sunshiny spots. Already the butterflies; for the popular error hold, have just left their chrysalis. These are no spring butterflies; it is only in the early days of July that the new butterflies appear; all preceding them are of the last season, which have hibernated in hollow or sheltered crevices; the citron colored variety is the hardiest, and can be met with every month in the year; in winter even, on a bough of a tree covered at once with hoar frost and sunshine.

It seems that the days of comfetti are numbered. The multicolored paper dots are made out of paper whose origin is anything but correct: they are the home and breeding ground of the pathogenic microbes, so when a handful is thrown at the eyes or down the neck, the enemy is quite at home. If the public be allowed to indulge in the tomfoolery, select another kind of amicable ammunition. One man has patented oaten cheef, that he washes, plunges in an antiseptic bath, and dries. That will cost too dear to be popularly welcome as an aid to hygiene.

A new disease is announced—"Fabism." It can be contracted, especially by ladies, or individuals of a weakly constitution, in pass near beans when in flower or by eating them. A few eaten raw can entail infection. The disease can arise or develop in two or eight hours, like bay fever or catarrh. It commences by a violent shivering, then fever, next headache, sleeplessness, and prostration. It does not generally produce

death, but can do so within twenty-four hours. In ordinary cases, the fever disappears within five days, after abundant transpirations; convalescence does not quickly arrive; the whole body is weak and anemia is difficult to shake off. Accidents in France have been registered from time to time as a consequence of eating beans. Are "bean feasts" to be given up? Pythagorus warned the Greeks against the vegetable.

One demands always, why make such long voyages and such immense preparations to see an eclipse of the sun? The reason is very simple; the constitution of the sun remains an enigma, and we have no chance to solve the difficulty, only when we are no longer blinded by the *eclat* of the star; that is to say, during the eclipse. When the sun sets, there is a part we cannot distinguish, but which is as large as that we know. The Solar atmosphere extends to move them two-thirds of the incandescent region. The sun is accepted as an immense gaseous globe, whose mean density is not much superior to that of water: the materials are the same as those of the earth in full ebullition; it is a furnace having a minimum temperature of 6,000 degrees. The Kernel ought to have an immense density, and the superficial layers of gas have a very feeble density; the gases ascend and in cooling fall back upon the surface. It is in this zone that the famous "spots" occur. The jets of flame shot up, are higher than 23 times the diameter of our planet and it is only during an eclipse that one can distinguish these jets. The spectroscope now daily aids in the task. Inside or behind these inflammable atmospheres, is the "solar crown," of admirable beauty, recalling as it were the halo round the head of a saint. Now it is that zone habitually invisible, about which physicians desire to have some information.

ART.—The artists are not pleased to have to hold their two salous this year in the distant and bleak Machinery Hall of the Champ de Mars. Only the public will not visit the Exhibitions so frequently, or will await till the leafy month of June, when the season will be finer and above all name. The show of individual works of arts, that is to say, the collections of individual are less this year than formerly. The art world seems to be wholly absorbed in the magnificent painting the Laurel has secured, the *madone* attributed to Piero della Francesca. It is a work of art of the first order—all admit, but the difference commences when the artist is named. The magnificent landscape of river and mountain, which decorates the scene with such effects is said to recall the talent of the painter Aretto. The design is

graceful and tender, modelled patiently, by light and careful caresses, where light and shade reveal the painter as the premier of luminists. Others assert the type of the virgin is exactly the same as that in the *Annunciation* by Baldovinetti at Florence. The costume too is similar, and both virgins wear the same blue mantle ornamented with fur. There is identity also, in the peculiar form of the anvole. Be the painting by Pierio della Francesca or by Baldovinettia it is worthy of its present place of honour.

The Volney Club's Second Exhibition consists of water colours and pastets. The *clou* of the show is an exhibition of some pithy designs by M. Tomnier in China with, for the illustration of *Coppies Passant*. The artist has been left perfectly free, and hence the unity of the work, and the personal domineering note. The labor must have been immense; before commencing the artist went to Florence, to refresh his memory about architecture, upholstery and costumes. M. Bridal contributes half a dozen of pastets full of grace and softness. The gallery Durand—Ruel has a collection of the works of John Lewis Brown, that amateurs will relish with pleasure; the tiny pictures, so full and complete in detail, and so exquisitely neat and light.

A FRENCHMAN.

*DEIFICATION OF MAN.*

## I.

In the February number of this Magazine, we published an article which contained a faithful report of the conversation that took place, in 1884, between Ram Krishna Paramhansa and Pandit Sashadhar Tarkachudamani on the utility of Yoga and the efficacy of preaching in this age. Owing to lateness of hour and hurry of work supplemented by serious illness, we could not then manage to append to it an explanatory note to make it sufficiently intelligible to our readers. Hence, we were compelled to allow it to go forth without that necessary appendage to which we now wish to devote the following lines.

tion. Loftiest flights of imagination cannot compass the wickedness and tomfoolery, exhibited most shamelessly on that occasion, by the Hindu Salvationists, with this Pandit at their head.

All this was due to the lamented death which overtook a poor Hindu girl, brought about by her wicked husband by the forcible consummation of marriage. Poor Phoolmani cannot be forgotten too soon. The inhumane attempt on the part of her wicked husband to exact from his child-wife his conjugal rights which she was physically incapacitated to fulfil, not only fired the noble indignation of the educated community, which at last bursting forth into a dreadful conflagration, did something to protect immature girls from the barbarous lust and malignant passions of their husbands, but also added a word of sinister import into the Anglo-Indian vocabulary—*Harimaitism*. The subsidence of the first effervescence and the passing of a sufficient interval of time to allow all sediment of religious fanaticism to fall to the bottom, will bring home the efficacy of the measure enacted more and more to the minds of those who were so loud in their opposition when the measure was on the legislative anvil.

the "Gospel" its importance and which is also our justification for giving them publicity in these columns.

We are no Paramhansites ; we do not profess any sectarian religion. In its stead, we worship truth, morality and moral responsibility more reverentially than the gods of Hindu pantheon. The Paramhansites may idolise their saint into a diety, but impartial critics will be arrested by the scruples of their conscience and the profound sense of moral responsibility and the sacredness of its laws on the way to their attributing to him that divine character which his disciples are in the habit of ascribing. As a noble sample of humanity, as a shrewd, practical, plain-spoken man of the world who studied human nature with minuteness and observed the affairs of the world with closeness though not one of the vindicators of right or saviours of nations, purifiers of private life or martyrs of truth, he certainly demands our respect and veneration. There might be something unique in the personality of the Mahatma enough to kindle the fervours of aspiration and enthusiasm and bring individuals down to his feet as devotees, but there was absolutely nothing in him which might justify the thinking and knowing world to worship him as much reverentially as those modellers, patterns and in a wide sense, creators of whatsoever the general mass of men contrived to do or to attain. The ubiquitous advertisement of his name from the press and the platform which have managed by their importunity to stamp themselves favourably on the memory of the ago-ahead Trans-Atlantic people and the Continental dives, the industry displayed by his disciples in the circulation of false and fabulous stories, and the repetition of the same story in season and out of season without any earthly reason in the hope that, by a kind of ventriloquism, they would sound like truth, may sprinkle some doubts on the integrity of character of the man whom these grasshoppers claim as their mentor, but also on the reality of the propaganda. Professor Max Muller's utterances of gibberish in the *Nineteenth Century*, Mr. Librarian Tawney's unmitigated nonsense in the *Imperial and Asiatic Quarterly Review*, have whispered into the public ear the report of a disgraceful state of affairs which have cropped up from the *chelas'* clamorous chink and importunate buzzing, here, there and everywhere. The investiture of Ram Krishna's personality with "miraculous" idiosyncrasies utterly wanting in harmony with physical and moral laws of nature, thus manumitting themselves from sacred restrictions of truth and even of probability, does not, in the least, add to the divinity of the man. The ascrip-

tion of "immaculate birth" to Paramhansa by his Doctor-biographer in the hope that it would contribute to his greatness and pave the path to his deification, thus utterly losing sight of the true nature of man is nothing short of a culpable crime. Those who have recourse to such means to see the huge bulk of Paramhansa rolling down the stream of time "pursing the triumph and partaking of the gale" are not worthy to be disciples of a man who was devoid of glare and pretention in life. They seemed to feel that they were wielding the club of Hercules; but the club was hollow and the blow resulted in nothing but sound. Neither the instrumentality of rich efflorescence of fancy, nor cautious dealing in genuine milk of wholesome morality, nor professions of supernatural virtue, nor indulgence in Utopian dreams can translate this fragile piece of ingenious mechanism of man into a divine form pregnant with celestial fire and invest it with divine attributes. To deify a man who is subject to all the infirmities that flesh is heir to, is, indeed, a hasty action hastened by the ignorance of nature's laws—an unwarrantable assumption for which there cannot be any adequate justification. If the mere dealing in salvation and the spiritual happiness of the soul after death, its immortality and transmigration, which puts the dealer in no sort of risk, if the indifferent attitude towards world and worldly comforts and filthy lucre be the criteria by which the divinity of a man is to be measured, then to become God is the easiest thing in the world. The credulity of the multitude which is so invaluable a treasure to crafty politicians for rising in the world, is the same instrument which is taken advantage of by autocratic and ambitious teachers who, by a skilful practice of theocratic art and trying to educate the people, bring honour and riches. These men of religion, with all their sneers at wealth and women and world in their apprenticeship, cast on them, the same wistful longing look with which the fox dismissed the grapes as sour. But no sooner does he find his power established, and himself surrounded by an army of disciples, than he displays a morbid craving for luxurious living and an amount of avarice that cannot be found even in the greatest secular rulers. Deluding the ignorant with professions of ingenious paradoxical morality that are not only dissonant and jarring but highly incompatible with the practices of this "vale below" at the commencement of their lucrative concern, they afterwards incense them by practices below the level of vulgar rectitude, when they find their business, paying, settled and determined.

It is, indeed, curious to see that although our earth is a speck when compared with the totality of the universe, yet this is the orb where God Almighty delights to make long sojourns in living human morocco. The polytheistic philosophers of yore explained the mystery by offering the plea that the world requires the intervention of God for its readjustment; that forces of nature once created and set agoing by the divine will continue to go on henceforth of themselves as the wheel once set revolving by the human hand goes on for a time by its own impetus, requiring only a *concursus divinus*-application of divine force now and then to keep them from going wrong. A certain section of Indian philosophers are of opinion that for the deliverance of the pious, for the destruction of the wicked, for the preservation of truth, God takes birth in different cycles of time.

This polytheistic doctrine that from time to time world requires the intervention of God for its readjustment, is cleverly utilised by religious instructors. This is not easily perceivable to the general run of men. Many problems of human life appear to us to be plain and simple and even indubitable when we walk the high road of plain common sense and are governed by the dictates of nature. But no sooner do we descend from the ground of common place and depart from sense and instinct to follow the light of first principles—to reason, meditate and reflect on the nature of things, but a thousand scruples arise in our minds concerning those things which were clear and distinct to us. As soon as we lose the films of prejudices and errors of sense by acquired culture, the very problems appear to us to be full of irreconcilable inconsistencies, and absurdities. The more we dive deep into the nature of things, the more we are brought face to face with uncouth paradoxes, difficulties and doubts, which have so long blocked up the way to knowledge. Ignorance, the child of credulity, never raises doubts in our mind; it is only when we look at a particular matter with closeness and examine its different departments, with scrutiny, that we come to light on its defective parts, and try to mend them by the exercise of reason. The second part of this article will be devoted to the philosophy of incarnation, and the benefit derived therefrom.

EDITOR.



*AN ABRIDGMENT OF TAINÉ'S HISTORY OF  
ENGLISH LITERATURE.*

(II).

THE RENAISSANCE.

A new strange overloaded style had been formed, destined to remain in force until the Restoration, not only in poetry, but also in prose, even in commercial speech and theological discourse so suitable to the spirit of the age that we meet with it throughout Europe. Luxuriance and irregularity were the two features of this spirit and this literature—features common to all the literatures of the Renaissance. We select a typical poet of this period who will exhibit by his writings as well as by his life, the greatness and folly of the prevailing manners and the public taste: Sir Philip Sidney, nephew of the Earl of Leicester, a great lord and a man of action, accomplished in every kind of culture. He was a cavalry officer and had saved the English army at Gravelines. Shortly after mortally wounded and dying of thirst, as some water was brought to him, he saw by his side a soldier still more desperately hurt, who was looking at the water with anguish in his face. "Give it to this man," said he, "his necessity is yet greater than mine." The savage energy of the preceding age remains intact, and it is for this reason that poetry took so firm a hold on these virgin souls like that of Sidney. His *Arcadia*, a pastoral epic, is but a recreation, a sort of poetical romance written in the country for the amusement of his sister, a work of fashion which like *Cyrus* and *Clelic*, is not a monument, but a relic. This kind of books shows only the externals, the current elegance and politeness, the gargon of the world of culture,—in short that which should be spoken before ladies; and yet we perceive from it the best of the general spirit.

In Sidney's second work, the *Defence of Poesy*, we meet with genuine imagination, a sincere and serious tone, a grand commanding style, all the passion and elevation which he carries in his heart and puts into his verse. He is a muser, a Platonist,

who is penetrated by the ancient teaching, who takes things from a high point of view, who places the excellence of poetry not in pleasing effect, imitation or rhyme, but in this creative and superior conception by which the artist dreams and embellishes nature. At the same time he is an ardent man, trusting in the nobleness of his aspirations and in the width of his ideas who scorns the brawling of the shoppy, narrow, vulgar Puritanism and glows with the lofty irony, the proud freedom, of a poet and a lord. In his eyes, if there is any art or science capable of augmenting and cultivating our generosity it is poetry. He draws comparison after comparison between it and philosophy or history, whose pretensions he laughs at and dismisses. He fights for poetry as a knight for his lady. He prefers the elegance and refinement of poetry to the dust and cobweb of metaphysics.

Among the poems of the age, there is one truly divine, so divine that the resources of succeeding ages have found it wearisome, that even now, but few understand it—Spenser's *Fairie Queen*. Spenser belonged to an ancient family allied to great houses; was a friend of Sidney and Raleigh, the two most accomplished knights of the age—a knight himself, at least in heart, who had found in his connections, his friendships, his studies, his life, every thing calculated to lead him to ideal poetry. Poor, not fit for court, and though favoured by the Queen, unable to obtain anything, but inferior employment; in the end tired of solicitations, and banished to dangerous Ireland, whence a revolt expelled him, after house and child had been burned; he died three months later, of misery and a broken heart. Expectations and rebuffs, many sorrows and many dreams, some few joys and a sudden and frightful calamity, a small fortune and a premature end; this indeed was a poet's life. But the heart within was the true poet—from it all proceeded. Circumstances furnished the subject only; he transformed them more than they gave him; he received less than he gave. Philosophy and landscapes, ceremonies and ornaments, splendours of the country, and the court, on all which he painted or thought he impressed his inward nobleness.

Before all, his was a soul captivated by sublime and chaste beauty eminently Platonic; one of those lofty and refined souls, most charming of all, who born in the lap of nature, draw thence their mother's milk, but soar above, enter the regions of mysticism, and mount instinctively in order to open at the confines of another world. Spenser leads us to Milton, and thence to Puritanism, as Plato to Vergil, and thence to Christianity. Sensuous

beauty is perfect in both, but their main worship is moral beauty. Spenser has an adoration for beauty worthy of Dante and Plotinus. And this, because he never considers it a mere harmony of color and form, but an emanation of unique, heavenly, imperishable beauty, which no mortal eye can see, and which is the prime work of the great Author of the worlds.

But what distinguishes Spenser from all others is the mode of his imagination. Generally with a poet his spirit ferments vehemently and by fits and starts; his ideas gather, jostle each other, suddenly appear in masses and heaps, and burst out in sharp, piercing, concentrative words; it seems that they need these sudden accumulations to imitate the unity and life-like energy of the objects which they reproduce; at least almost all the surrounding poets, Shakspeare at their head, act thus. Spenser remains calm in the fervour of invention. No modern poet is more like Homer. Like Homer, he presents noble and almost classical images. Like Homer, he is always simple and clear: he makes no leap, he omits no argument, he robs no word of its primitive and ordinary sense, he preserves the natural sequence of ideas. Like Homer again, he is redundant, ingenuous, even childish. He wrote essays on miscellaneous subjects. His *Shepherd's Calendar* is a pensive and tender pastoral, full of delicate loves, noble sorrows, lofty ideas, where no voice is heard, but of thinkers and poets. His visions of Petrarch and Du Bellay are admirable dreams. Spenser's characteristic is the vastness and the overflow of picturesque invention. Like Rubeus he creates whole scenes, beyond the region of all traditions, to express distinct ideas. Spenser is superior to his subjects, comprehends it fully, frames it with a view to the end, in order to impress upon it the proper mark of his soul and genius. Each story is modified with respect to another, and all with respect to a certain effect which is being worked out. Thus a beauty issues from this harmony,—the beauty in the poet's heart, which his whole work strives to express; a noble and yet a taughing beauty, made up of moral elevation and sensuous seduction, English in sentiment, Italian in externals, chivalric in subject, modern in its perfection, representing a unique and admirable epoch, the appearance of paganism in a Christian race, and the worship of form by an imagination of the North.

From the beginning of the Seventeenth Century the enfeeblement of manners and genius grew apparent. Enthusiasm and respect declined. James I suffered himself to be bullied by his favorites, wrote to them like a gossip, called himself a Solomon

and aired his literary vanity. The dignity of the Government was weakened, and the people's loyalty cooled. Royalty declined and revolution was fostered. At the same time, the noble chivalric paganism degenerated into a base and coarse sensuality. Meanwhile, the literature underwent a change; the powerful breeze which had guided it, and which amidst singularity, refinements, and exaggerations, had made it great, slackened and diminished. With Carew, Suckling, and Herrick, prettiness took the place of the beautiful. What struck them was no longer the general features of things; what they tried to express was no longer the inner character of things. They no longer possessed that liberal conception, that instinctive penetration, by which man sympathised with objects, and grew capable of creating them anew. They were rather wits of the court, cavaliers of fashion who wished to try their hand at imagination and style. Agreeableness took the place of energy, and prettiness of beauty. Side by side with prettiness came affectation.

On this border line of a closing literature a poet appeared, one of the most fanciful and illustrious of his time, Abraham Cowley, a versifier like Pope. He was an author by profession, the oldest of those who observe the name. His prose is as easy and sensible as his poetry is contorted and unreasonable. A polished man, writing for polished men, pretty much as he would speak to them in a drawing room.

It is the idea which Cowley's Essays leave of his character; it is the kind of talent which the writers of the coming age take for their model; and he is the first of that grave and amiable group which, continued in Temple, reaches so far as to include Addison.

At the moment when art languished, science shot forth; the whole labor of the age ended in this. Every art ends in a science, and every poetry in philosophy. For science and philosophy do but translate in precise formulas the original conception which art and poetry render sensible by imaginary figures: when once the idea of an epoch is manifested in verse by ideal creations, it naturally comes to be expressed in prose by positive arguments. When enthusiasm is past, curiosity begins. The sentiment of beauty gives way to the sentiment of truth. From painting we pass to anatomy, from the drama to moral philosophy, from grand poetical divinations to great scientific truths. After Michael Angelo comes the school of anatomists, mathematicians, naturalists ending in Galilio; after Spenser, Ben Johnson and Shakspeare, the school of thinkers who surround Bacon and lead up to Harvey.

In this band of scholars and enquirers, appears the most comprehensive, sensible, originative of the minds of the age, Francis Bacon, a great and luminous intellect. In this age a thought did not seem complete until it had assumed a form and color. But what distinguishes him from others is, that with him an image only serves to concentrate meditation. He reflected long, stamped on his mind all the parts and joints of his subject; and then, instead of dissipating his complete idea in a graduated chain of reasoning, he embodies it in a comparison so expressive, exact, transparent, that behind the figure we perceive all the details of the idea like a liquor in fair crystal vase. His mode of thought is by symbols, not by analysis; instead of explaining his idea, he transposes and translates it, — translates it entire, to the smallest details, enclosing all in the majesty of a grand period, or in the brevity of a striking sentence. Thence springs a style of amirable richness, gravity, and vigor, now solemn and symmetrical, now concise and piercing, always elaborate and full of color. There is nothing in English prose superior to his diction.

Thence is derived also his manner of conceiving things. He is not a dilectician like Hobbes or Descartes, apt in arranging ideas, in educing one from another in leading his reader from the simple to the complex by an unbroken chain. He is a producer of conceptions and of sentences. *Cogita et nissa*, this title of one of his books might be the title of all. The most admirable, the *Novum Organum* is a string of aphorisms, — a collection as it were, of scientific decrees, as of an oracle who foresees the future and reveals the truth. And to make the resemblance complete, he expresses them by poetical figures, by enigmatic abbreviations almost in Sebilline verses: *Idola Speens*, *Idola Tribus*, *Idola Fori*, *Idola Theatri*, every one will recall these strange names, by which he signifies the four kinds of illusions to which man is subject. Shakspeare and the seers do not contain more vigorous or expressive condensations of thought, more resembling inspiration, and in Bacon they are to be found everywhere. In short, his process is that of the creators; it is intuition, not reasoning.

He seeks to better the condition of men, to labor for the welfare of mankind, to enrich human life with new discoveries and new resources, to equip mankind with new powers and new instruments of action. His philosophy itself is but an instrument, organism, a sort of machine or lever constructed to enable the intellect to raise a weight, to break through obstacles, to

open up vistas, to accomplish tasks which had hitherto surpassed its power. He recommends moralists to study the mind, the passions, habits, endeavours, not merely in a speculative way, but with a view to the cure or diminution of vice, and assign to the science of morals as its end the amelioration of morals. For him, the object of science is always the establishment of an art, that is, the production of something of practical utility. Descartes superseded Bacon; the classical age obliterated the Renaissance; poetry and lofty imagination gave way before rhetorical eloquence, and analysis. In this transformation of mind, ideas were transformed. Everything was sobered down and simplified. The universe like all else, was reduced to two or three notions; and the conception of nature, which was poetical, became mechanical.

#### THE THEATRE.

It was the theatre especially which was the original product of the English Renaissance and it is the theatre especially which will exhibit the men of the English Renaissance. The drama extended over all the provinces of history, imagination, and fancy,—extended so as to embrace comedy, tragedy, pastoral and fanciful literature—to invention—to express all the sensitive details of actual truth, and all the philosophical grandeur of general reflection; the stage disencumbered of all precept and freed from all imitation, given up and appropriated, in the minutest particulars, to the reigning taste and the public intelligence: all this was a vast and manifold work capable, by its flexibility, its greatness, and form, of receiving and preserving the exact imprint of the age and of the nation.

When an original and national drama springs up, the poets, who establish it, carry in themselves the sentiments which it represents. They display, better than other men, the public spirit because the public spirit is stronger in them than other men. The passions, which surround them, break forth in their heart with a harsher or juster cry, and hence their voices become the voices of all. Shakspeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, Jonson, Webster, Massinger, Ford, Middleton, Heywood, appear together, or close upon each other, as a new and favored generation flourishing largely in the soil fertilised by the efforts of the generation which preceded them. Thenceforth the scenes are developed and assume consistency; the characters cease to move by clock-work, the drama is no longer a piece of statuary. The poet who just before knew only how to strike or kill, introduces now a sequence of situation and a rationale by intrigue. He begins to have

the way for sentiments, to forewarn us of events, to combine effects, and we find a theatre at last, the most complete, the most life-like and also the most strange that ever existed.

#### BEN JONSON.

The first dramatist, who answers to this typical representation, is Ben Jonson. Few writers have labored more, and more conscientiously; his knowledge was vast, and in the age of great scholars he was one of the best classics of his time, as deep as he was accurate and thorough, having studied the minutest details of ancient life. Classical erudition and education made him a classic, and he writes like his Greek models and his Roman masters. From the first thought to the final conclusion, he conducts the reader by a continuous and uniform ascent. The track never fails with him as with Shakspeare. He does not advance like the rest by sudden intuitions, but by consecutive deductions. Other poets for the most part are visionaries; Jonson is all but a logician. Hence his talent, his success, and his faults: if he has a better style and better plots than others, he is not like them, a creator of souls. He is too much of a theorist, too pre-occupied by rules. Argumentative habits spoil him when he seeks to shape and impart motion to living men. No one is capable of fashioning these unless he possesses, like Shakspeare, the imagination of a seer. The human being is so complex, that the logician who perceives his different elements in succession can hardly study them all, much less gather them all in one flash, so as to produce the dramatic response or action in which they are concentrated, and which would manifest them. To discover such actions and responses, we need a kind of inspiration and fever. But Ben Jonson possesses the great faculty of his age and race—the sentiment of nature and existence, the exact knowledge of details, the power in frankly and boldly handling frank passions. Nearly all his work consists of comedies, not sentimental and fanciful as Shakspeare's, but imitative and satirical, written to represent and correct follies and vices. No more vengeful comedy than his *Volpone* has been written, none more persistently athirst to make vice suffer, to unmask, triumph over, and punish it. He introduced a new model; he had a doctrine, his masters were Terence and Plautus; he observes the unity of time and place almost exactly. He was not a philosopher like Moliere, able to grasp and dramatise the crisis of human life, education, marriage, sickness, the chief characters of his country and century, the courtier, the tradesman, the hypocrite, the man

of the world. He remained on a lower level, in the comedy of plot, the painting of the grotesque, the representation of too transient subjects of ridicule, too general vices. If at times, as in the *Alchemist*, he has succeeded by the perfection of plot and vigor of satire, he has miscarried more frequently by the ponderousness of his work and the lack of comic lightness. The critic in him mars the artist; his literary calculations strip him of spontaneous invention; he is too much of a writer and moralist, not enough of a mimic and an actor. He had cumbered himself with science, clogged himself with theories, constituted himself a theatrical critic and social censor, filled his soul with unrelenting indignation, fostered a combative and morose disposition; but heaven's dreams never deserted him. He is the brother of Shakspeare.

#### SHAKSPEARE.

Shakspeare needs no praise, but comprehension merely; and he can only be comprehended by the aid of science. As the complicated revolutions of the heavenly bodies become intelligible only by use of a superior calculus, as the delicate transformations of vegetation and life need for their comprehension the intervention of the most difficult chemical processes, so the great work of art can be interpreted only by the most advanced philosophical systems; and we need the loftiest of all these to attain to Shakspeare's level—to the level of his age and work, genius and art. No writer, not even Moliere, has penetrated so far beneath the semblance of common sense and logic in which the human machine is enclosed in order to crush the brute powers which constitute its semblance and its mainspring. Of Shakspeare, all came from within—I mean from his soul and his genius; external circumstances contributed, but slightly to his development. He was intimately bound up with his age; that is he knew by experience the manners of his country, court, and town; he had visited the heights, depths, the middle regions of the condition of mankind; nothing more.

Shakspeare imagines with copiousness and excess; he spreads metaphors over all he writes; every abstract ideas are changed into images; it is a series of paintings which is unfolded in his mind. He does not seek them, they come of themselves, they crowd within him, covering his arguments; they dim with their brightness the pure light of logic. He does not labor to explain or prove; picture on picture; image on image, he is for ever copying the strange and splendid visions which are engendered one within another, and are heaped up within him.



Shakspeare's style is a compound of furious expressions. No man has submitted words to such a contortion. Mingled contrasts, ravaging exaggerations, apostrophes, exclamations, the whole fury of the ode, inversion of ideas, accumulation of images, the horrible and the divine jumbled into the same line. Objects were taken into his mind organised and complete; they pass into ours disjointed, decomposed fragmentarily. He thought in the lump, we think piecemeal; hence his style and our style—two languages not to be reconciled. We attain justness and clearness, not life. Shakspeare lets justness and clearness look for themselves and attains life. He had the prodigious faculty of seeing in a twinkling of the eye a complete character, body, mind, past and present, in every detail and depth of his being, with the exact attitude and expression of face which the situation demanded.

#### THE REFORMATION.

A society cannot be founded only on the pursuit of pleasure and power; it can only be founded on the respect for liberty and justice. In order that the great human renovation which in the sixteenth century raised the whole of Europe, might be perfected and endure, it was necessary that meeting with another race, it might develop another culture, and that from a wholesome conception of existence, it might educe a better form of civilisation. Thus side by side with the Renaissance, was born the reformation. It also was in fact a new birth, one in harmony with the genius of the Germanic peoples. In the universal Renaissance and in the mighty growth of all human ideas, the German idea of duty blooms like the rest. As soon as conscience discovers the idea of the perfect model, the least feelings appeared to be crimes, and man condemned by his own scruples falls prostrate and as it were swallowed up with horror. "I who lived the life of a spotless monk," says Luther, "yet felt within me the troubled conscience of a sinner without managing to assure myself as to the satisfaction which I owed to God."

All religion depends upon the renovation of the heart; it is a personal affair, a secret dialogue between man and God, where there are only two things in question: the very word of God, and the emotions of the heart of man, as the word of God excites and maintains them. Let us do away with the rites that appeal to the senses, wherewith men would replace this intercourse between the invisible mind and the visible Judge,—mortifications, fasts, corpórial penance, laws of chastity and and poverty, rosaries, indulgences; rites serve only to smother

living piety beneath mechanical works. Away with the mediators by which men have attempted to impede the direct intercourse between God and man,—namely saints, the Virgin, the Pope, the priest; whosoever adores or obeys them is an idolater. An austere and free religion purged from sensualism and obedience, interior and personal, set on foot by the awakening of the conscience, could only be established among races in which each man found within his nature the persuasion that he alone is responsible for his actions, and always bound to the observance of his duty. Chillingworth maintains that reason applied to scripture alone ought to persuade men; that authority has no claim on it; that 'nothing is more against religion than to force religion;' that the great principle of the Reformation is liberty of conscience; and that if the doctrines of the different Protestant sects are not absolutely true, at least they are free from all impiety and from all error damnable in itself or destructive of salvation. Thus is developed a new school of polemics, a theology, a solid and rational apologetics, rigorous in its arguments, capable of expansion, confirmed by science, and which authorising independence of personal judgment at the same time with the intervention of the natural reason, leaves religion in amity with the world and the establishment of the past.

A writer of genius appears amongst these, a prose-poet, gifted with imagination like Spenser and Shakspeare,—Jeremy Taylor, who from the bent of his mind as well as from circumstances, was destined to present the alliance of the Renaissance with the Reformation, and to carry into the pulpit the ornate style of the court. There was never a better or more upright man, more zealous in his duties, more tolerant in principle; so that preserving a Christian gravity and purity, he received from the Renaissance only its rich imagination, its classical erudition and its liberal spirit. But he had these gifts entire, as they existed in the most brilliant and original of the men of the world, in Sir Philip Sidney, Lord Bacon, Sir Thomas Browne with the graces, splendours, refinements which are characteristic of these sensitive and creative geniuses, and yet with the redundancies, singularities, incongruities inevitable in an age when excess of transport prevented the soundness of taste. Like all these writers, like Montaigne, he was imbued with the classic antiquity; in the pulpit he quotes Greek and Latin anecdotes, passages from Seneca, verses of Lucretius and Euripides, and this side by side with texts from the Bible; from the Gospels and the Fathers.

After the Bible, the book most widely read in England is the *Pilgrim's Progress* by John Bunyan. The reason is that the basis of Protestantism is the doctrine of salvation by grace, and that no writer has equalled Bunyan in making this doctrine understood. To treat well of supernatural impressions, one must have been subject to them. Bunyan had that kind of imagination which produces them. Powerful as that of an artist, but more vehement, this imagination worked in the man without his co-operation, and besieged him with visions which he had neither willed nor foreseen. The *Pilgrim's Progress* is a manual of devotion for the use of simple folk, whilst it is an allegorical poem of grace. As children, countrymen, and all uncultivated minds, Bunyan transforms arguments into parables; he only grasps truth when it is made simple by images; abstract terms elude him; he must touch forms and contemplate colors.

#### MILTON.

On the borders of the licentious Renaissance which was drawing to a close, and the next school of poetry which was springing up, between the monotonous concerts of Cowley, and the correct gallantries of Waller, appeared John Milton, a mighty and superb mind, prepared by logic and enthusiasm for eloquence and the epic style; liberal, Protestant, a moralist and a poet, adorning the cause of Algernon Sidney and Locke with the inspiration of Spenser and Shakspeare; the heir of a poetical age, holding his place between the epoch of unbiassed dream-land and the epoch of practical action; like his own Adam, who entering a hostile earth, heard behind him, in the closed Eden the dying strains of heaven.

Vast knowledge, close logic, and grand passion: these were his marks. His mind was lucid, his imagination limited. He was incapable of disturbed emotion or of transformation. He conceived the loftiest of ideal beauties, but he conceived only one. He was not born for the drama, but for the ode. He does not create souls, but constructs arguments and experiences emotions. Emotions and arguments, all the forces and actions of his soul, assemble and are arranged beneath a unique sentiment, that of the sublime; and the broad river of lyric poetry streams from him, impetuous, with even flow, splendid as a cloth of gold. He believed in the sublime with the whole force of his nature and the whole authority of his logic; and with him the cultivated reason strengthened by his tests the suggestions of the primitive instinct.

Milton carried the splendour of the Renaissance into the earnestness of the Reformation, the magnificence of Spenser into the severity of Colvin, and with his family, found himself at the confluence of the two civilisations which he combined.

Two special powers lead mankind—impulse and idea: the one influencing sensitive, unfettered poetical souls capable of transformations like Shakspeare; the other governing active, combative, heroic souls capable of immutability, like Milton. The first are sympathetic and effusive; the second are concentrative and reserved. The first give themselves up, the others withhold themselves. With men generally, the source of devotion dries up when in contact with life. Gradually by dint of frequenting the world, we come to acquire its tone. We do not choose to be dupes and to abstain from the liberty which others allow themselves; we relax our youthful strictness; we even smile, attributing it to our heat of blood; we come to know our own motives, and cease to find ourselves sublime. We end by taking it kindly, and we see the world wag, only trying to avoid shocks, picking up here and there a few little harmless pleasures. Not so with Milton. He lived complete and untainted to the end, without loss of heart or weakness; experience could not instruct nor misfortune depress him; endured all, and repented of nothing. As he says in his 17th Sonnet:—

Cyriac, this three years' day these eyes, though clear,  
To outward view, of blemish or of spot,  
Bereft of light their seeing have forgot,  
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear  
Of sun, or moon or star, throughout the year,  
Or man or woman. Yet I argue not  
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot  
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer  
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?  
The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied,  
In liberty's defence, my noble task,  
Of which all Europe talks from side to side.  
This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask  
Content though blind, had I no better guide."

That thought was, indeed, his guide; he was armed in himself, and that 'breast-plate of diamond which had protected the strong man against the wounds in battle, protected the old man against the temptations and doubts of defeat and adversity.'

Force and greatness are manifested in Milton, displayed in his opinions and his style, the source of his belief and his talent. A Puritan as against bishops, an independent as against Prés-

byterians, he was always the master of his thought and the inventor of his faith. No one better loved, practised, and praised the free and bold use of reason. He revolted against custom the illegitimate queen of human belief, the born and relentless enemy of truth, raised his hand against marriage, and demanded divorce in the case of contrariety of tempers. He declared that 'error supports custom, custom countenances error; and these two between them, with the humerous and vulgar train of their followers, envy and cry down the industry of free reasoning, under the terms of humour and innovation.' He showed that 'truth never comes into the world, but like a bastard, to the ignominy of him that brought her forth, till time, the midwife rather than the mother of truth, have washed and salted the infant: declared her legitimate.' His idea of virtue is Platonic. There is one phrase which for manly beauty and enthusiasm, recalls the tone of the Republic. 'I cannot praise a fugitive and claustrated, unexercised and unbreathed virtue, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race when that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat.'

'Milton has acknowledged to me,' writes Dryden, 'that Spenser was his original.' In fact by the purity and elevation of their morals, by the fulness and connection of their style, by the noble chivalric sentiments, and their fine classical arrangements, they are brothers. But he had yet other masters.—Beaumont, Fletcher, Burton, Drummond, Ben Jonson, Shakspeare, the whole splendid English Renaissance, and behind it the Italian poesy, Latin antiquity, the fine Greek literature, and all the sources whence the English Renaissance sprung. Spenser is a smooth glass, which fills us with calm images; Shakspeare is a burning mirror, which overpowers us, one after another, with multiplied and dazzling visions. The one distracts, the other disturbs, us. Milton raises our mind. The force of the objects which he describes passes into us; we become great by sympathy with their greatness.

Milton was born with the instinct of noble things; and this instinct, strengthened in him by solitary meditation, by accumulated knowledge, by stern logic, becomes changed into a body of maxims and beliefs which no temptation could dissolve and no reverse shake. Thus fortified, he passed life as a combatant, as a poet, with courageous deeds and splendid dreams, heroic and rude, chimerical and impassioned, generous and calm, like every self-contained reasoner, like every enthusiast, insensible to ex-

perience and enamoured of the beautiful. Thrown by the chance of a revolution into politics and theology, he demands from others the liberty which his powerful reason required, and struck at the public fetters which impeded his personal energy. By the force of his intellect, he was more capable than any one of accumulating science; by the force of his enthusiasm, he was more capable than any of experiencing hatred. Thus armed he threw himself into controversy with all the clumsiness and barbarism of the time; but this proud logic displays its arguments with a marvellous breadth, and sustains its images with an unwonted majesty; this lofty imagination after having spread over his prose an array of magnificent figures, carries him into a turrent of passion even to the height of the sublime or excited ode—resort of archangel's song of adoration or vengeance. In the first, a lyrist and a philosopher, with a wider poetic freedom, and the creator of a stranger poetic illusion, he produced almost perfect odes and choruses. In the second, an epic writer and a Protestant, enslaved by a strict theology, robbed of the style which makes the supernatural visible, deprived of the dramatic sensibility which creates varied and living souls, he accumulated cold dissertations and transforms man and God into orthodox and vulgar machines, and only regains his genius in endowing Satan with his republican soul, in multiplied grand sceneries and colossal apparitions, in consecrating his poetry to the praise of religion and duty.

#### THE RESTORATION.

When we alternately look at the works of the court painters of Charles I and Charles II, the contrast is sad, indeed. Instead of the proud and dignified lords, at once cavaliers and courtiers, instead of those fine yet simple ladies who look at the same time princesses and modest maidens, instead of that generous and heroic company elegant and resplendent, in whom the spirit of the Renaissance yet survived, but who already displaced the refinement of the modern-age, we are confronted by perilous and importunate courtesans with an expression either vile or harsh, incapable of shame or remorse.

All this came by way of contrast; Puritanism had brought on an orgie, and fanatics had talked down the virtues. For many years the gloomy English imagination, possessed by religious terrors, had desolated the life of men. Conscience had become disturbed at the thought of death and the dark eternity; half expressed doubts swarmed within like a bed of thorns, and the sick heart, starting at every emotion, had ended by taking a

disgust at all its pleasures, and a horror at all its natural instincts. Thus poisoned at its spring, the divine sentiment of justice became a mournful madness. Men lived the life of the condemned, amid torments and anguish, oppressed by a gloomy despair, haunted by spectres. The philosophy of Hobbes shall give us the best characteristics of this society.

Hobbes was one of those powerful, limited, and, as they are called, positive minds so common in England, of the school of Swift and Bentham, efficacious and remorseless as an iron machine. He reduces man to a mere body, the soul to a function, God to an unknown existence. To morals he gives a mathematical aspect, by mapping out the incomplete and rigid construction of human life, like the network of imaginary forms which geometers have conceived. For the first time there was discernible in him, as well as in Descartes, but exaggerated and standing out more conspicuously, that species of intellect which produced the classic age in Europe: not the independence of inspiration and genius which marked the Renaissance, not the mature experimental methods and conceptions combined which distinguish the present age, but the independence of argumentative reasoning, which dispensing with the imagination, liberating itself from tradition, badly practising experience, acknowledges its queen in logic, its model in mathematics, its instrument in ratiocination, its audience in polished society, its employment in average truth, its subject-matter in abstract humanity, its formula in idiology, and in the French Revolution at once its glory and its condemnation, its triumph and its end. But whereas Descartes in the midst of a purified society and religion, noble and calm, enthroned intelligence and elevated man, Hobbes in the midst of an overthrown and a religion run mad, degraded man and enthroned matter. Through disgust of Puritanism, the courtiers reduced human existence to an animal licentiousness; through disgust of Puritanism, Hobbes reduced human nature to its merely animal aspect.

#### DRYDEN.

The theatre forbidden under the commonwealth had just reopened with extraordinary magnificence and success. Men indemnified themselves for the long abstinence imposed by fanatical puritans; eyes and ears disgusted with gloomy faces, nasal pronunciation, official ejaculations or sin and damnation, satisfied themselves with sweet singing, sparkling dress, the seduction of voluptuous dances. They wished to enjoy life and that in a new fashion; for a new world, that of the courtiers and

the idle, had been formed. The abolition of feudal tenures, the vast increase of commerce and wealth, the concourse of landed proprietors who let their lands and came to London to enjoy the pleasures of the town, and to court the favor of the king, had installed, on the summit of society in England as in France, rank, authority, the manners and tastes of the world of fashion, of the idle, the drawing-room frequenters, lovers of pleasure, conversation, wit and breeding, occupied with the piece in vague, less to amuse themselves than to criticise it. Thus was Dryden's drama built up; the poet greedy of glory and pressed for money, found here both money and glory, and was half an innovator with a large enforcement of theories and prefaces, diverging from the old English drama, approaching the new French tragedy, attempting a compromise between classical eloquence and romantic truth, accommodating himself as he could to the new public which paid and applauded him. His was a singularly solid and judicious mind, an excellent reasoner, accustomed to discriminate his ideas, armed with good long-meditated proofs, strong in discussion, asserting principles, establishing his sub-divisions, citing authorities, drawing inferences; so that if we read his dramas, we might take him for one of the masters of the dramatic art. He naturally attains a definite prose style; his ideas are unfolded with breadth and clearness; his style is well moulded, exact and simple, free from the affectations and ornaments with which Pope afterwards burdened his own; his expression is like that of Carneille, ample and periodic by virtue simply of the internal argumentativeness which unfolds and sustains it.

In the three poems of Dryden, *Absalom* and *Achitophel* *Medal*, and the *Hind and Panther*, the art of writing, the mark and the source of classical literature, appeared for the first time. A new spirit was born and renewed this art like everything else; thenceforth and for a century to come, ideas sprang up and fell. Under Spenser and Shakspeare, living words like cries or music betrayed the internal imagination which gave them forth. A kind of vision possessed the artist, landscapes and events were unfolded in his mind as in nature; he concentrated in a glance all the details and all the forces which make up a being, and this image acted and was developed in him like the external object; he imitated his characters; he heard their words; he found it easier to represent them with every pulsation than to relate or explain their feelings; he did not Judge, he saw; he was an involuntary actor and mimic; drama



was his natural work because in it the characters speak and not the author.

Under Dryden they became exact, almost scientific like numbers and like numbers they are arranged in a series allied by proportions,—the first more simple leading up to the next more composite,—all in the same order, so that the mind which enters upon a track finds it level and is never obliged to quit it. Thenceforth a new career is opened; man has the whole world resubjected to his thought; the change in his thoughts has changed all the objects and everything assumes a new form in his metamorphosed mind. His task is to explain and to prove; this in short is the classical style and this is the style of Dryden. His poetry is, but a stronger prose, closer ideas, more marked contrasts, bolder images only add weight to the argument. General truths acquire the definite form which transmits them to posterity and propagates them in the human race.

But if Dryden is a skilled politician, a trained controversialist, well armed with arguments, knowing all the ins and outs of discussion, versed in the history of men and parties, this pamphleteering aptitude practical and English, confines him to the low region of every day and personal combats, far from the lofty philosophy and speculative freedom which give endurance and greatness to the classical style of his French contemporaries. In his age, in England all discussion was fundamentally narrow. Except the terrible Hobbes, they all lack grand originality. Dryden had no personal philosophy to develop; he does but versify themes given to him by others. In this sterility art soon is reduced to the nothing of foreign ideas and the writer becomes an antiquarian or a translator. In fact the greatest part of Dryden's poems are imitations, adaptations or copies.

After having strayed in the debaucheries and pomps of the Restoration, Dryden found his way to the grave emotions of inner life; though a Romanist he felt like a Protestant, the wretchedness of man and the presence of grace; he was capable of enthusiasm. Here and there, a manly and effective verse discloses in the midst of his reasonings, the power of conception and the inspiration of desire. When the tragic is met with, he takes to it as to his own domain; at need he deals in the horrible. Born between two epochs, he had oscillated between two forms of thought, having reached the perfection of neither, having kept the faults of both; having found in surrounding manners no support worthy of his character and in surrounding ideas no subject worthy of his talent.

## THE REVOLUTION.

By a spirit of independence and determination to preserve individual rights, Englishmen have conquered and have preserved public liberty. This feeling, after they had dethroned Charles I, and James II, is shaped into principles in the Declaration of 1689, and is developed by Locke in demonstrations. "All men," says Locke, "are naturally in a state of perfect freedom also of equality. In the state of nature every one has the executive power of the law of nature, *i.e.*, of Judging, punishing, making war, ruling his family and dependents. There only is political society where every one of the members hath quitted this natural power, resigned it up into the hands of the community in all cases that exclude him not from appealing for protection to the law established by it."

When Englishmen come to France, they are deeply astonished to see the sway of the King's good pleasure, the Bastille, the letters de cachet; a gentleman who dares not live on his estate in the country for fear of the governor of the province; a groom of the King's chamber, who, for a cut with the razor, kills a poor barbar with impunity. In England, one man does not fear another. Converse with any of them, you will find how greatly this security raises their hearts and courage. A sailor who rowed Voltaire about, and may be pressed next day into the fleet, prefers his condition to that of the Frenchman, and looks on him with pity, whilst taking his five shillings. The vastness of their pride breaks forth at every step and in every stage. A Englishman, says Chesterfield, thinks himself equal to beating three Frenchmen. Men thus constituted become impassioned in public concerns, for they are their own concerns; in France, they are only the business of the king. In England political parties are as ardent as sects. Political life like religious life, wells up and overflows, and its outbursts only mark the force of the flame which nourishes it. The eagerness of parties, in state as in faith, is a proof of zeal; constant quiet is only general indifference; and if they fight at elections, it is because they take an interest in them. Every morning appear journals and pamphlets to discuss affairs, criticise characters, denounce by name lords, orators, ministers, the king himself. He, who wants to speak, speaks. In this hubbub of writings and associations, opinion swells, mounts like a wave, and falling upon Parliament and court, drowns intrigue and carries away all differences. After all, in spite of the rotten boroughs, it is opinion which rules. What though the king be obstinate, the men in power band

together? Opinion grows, and everything bends or breaks. The Pitts rose as high as they did, only because public opinion raised them, and the independence of the individual ended in the sovereignty of the people.

For the first time since the fall of the ancient tribune, it found a soil in which it could take root and live, and a harvest of orators sprang up, equal, in the diversity of their talents, the energy of their convictions, and the magnificence of their style, to that which once covered the Greek agora and the Roman forum. With Addison, Steele and Swift, taste and genius invade politics. Discourse succeeds in overcoming the dryness of special questions and the coldness of compassed action, which had so long restricted it; it boldly and irregularly extends its force and luxuriance; and in contrast with the fine abbes of the drawing-room, who in France compose their academical complements, we see appear the manly eloquence of Junius, Chatham, Fox, Pitt, Burke and Sheridan.

Edmond Burke did not enter Parliament, like Pitt and Fox, in the dawn of youth, but at thirty-five, having had time to train himself thoroughly in all matters acquainted with law, history, philosophy, literature, master of such a universal erudition, that he has been compared to Bacon. But what distinguished him from all other men was a wide, comprehensive intellect, which exercised by philosophical studies and writings, seized the general aspect of things, and, beneath text, constitution and figures, perceived the invisible tendency of events and the inner spirit, covering with his contempt those pretended statesmen, unfit to stand at the helm of a great state. He made himself everywhere the champion of a principle and the persecutor of a vice, and men saw him bring to the attack all the forces of his wonderful knowledge, his lofty reason, his splendid style with the unwearied and untempered ardour of a moralist and a knight.

#### ADDISON.

In the vast transformation of the minds which occupies the whole eighteenth century, and gives England its political and moral standing, two superior men appear in politics and morality, both accomplished writers,—Swift and Addison. It is no small thing to make morality fashionable. Addison did it and it remained in fashion. Formerly honest men were not polished and polished men were not honest; piety was fanatical and urbanity depraved; in manners as in letters, one could meet only Puritans or libertines. For the first time Addison reconciled virtue with elegance, taught duty in an accomplished style and made pleasure subservient to reason.

"It was said of Socrates," says Addison, "that he brought philosophy down from heaven to inhabit among men; and I shall be ambitious to have it said of me that I have brought philosophy out of closets and libraries, schools and colleges, to dwell in clubs and assemblies at tea-tables and coffee-houses. I would therefore in a very particular manner, recommend these my speculations to all well-regulated families and set apart an hour in every morning for tea and bread and butter; and earnestly advise them for their good to order this paper to be punctually served up and to be looked upon as a part of the tea-equipage."

Addison's humour contains an incisive good sense and a fundamental energy of invention. His education which loaded him with maxims had not destroyed his virgin sentiment of truth. He speaks of the worldly refinements to praise the simplicity of the old national ballads. He explains to his public the sublime images, the vast passions, the deep religion of *Paradise Lost*. It is curious to see him, compass in hand, kept back by *Bassu*, fettered in endless arguments and academical phrases, attaining with one spring by strength of natural emotion, the high unexplored regions to which Milton rose by the inspiration of faith and genius. He has a foundation of grand imagination which make him indifferent to the little refinements of social civilisation. He sojourns willingly amid the grandeur and the marvels of the other world. He is penetrated by the presence of the invisible, he must escape from the interests and hopes of the petty life in which we crawl. This source of faith gushes from him everywhere.

#### SWIFT.

In the hands of Jonathan Swift the newspaper in England attained its proper character and its greatest force. Literature entered the sphere of politics. To understand what the one became we must understand what the other was: art depended upon political business and the spirit of parties made the spirit of writers. The pamphlets of Swift seem to us half literary. For an argument to be literary, it must not address itself to an interest or faction, but to the pure mind: it must be based on universal truths, rest on absolute justice, be able to touch all human reasons; otherwise being local it is simply useful nothing is beautiful, but what is general. It must also be developed regularly by analysis and with exact divisions; its distribution must give a picture of pure reason; the order of ideas must be inviolable; every mind must be able to draw thence with ease a complete conviction; its methods, its principles must be sensible throughout and at all times.

This good taste and philosophy are wanting the most positive mind; it wishes to attain, not eternal beauty, but present success. Swift does not address men in general, but certain men. He does not speak to reasoners, but to a party; he does not care to teach a truth, but to make an impression; his aim is not to enlighten that isolated part of man, called his mind, but to move the mass of feelings and prejudices which constitute the actual man, whilst he writes his public is before his eyes. Swift speaks like a statue; his voice remains calm; not a muscle of his face has moved; no smile, flash of the eye, gesture; but his anger grows by constraint and burns the more that it shines the less. This is why his ordinary style is grave irony. It is the weapon of pride, meditation and force. The man who employs it is self-contained in the height of the storm within; he is too proud to make a show of his passion; he does not take the public into his confidence; he elects to be solitary in his soul; he would be ashamed to surrender; he means and knows how to keep absolute possession of himself. The positive mind is too solid and too dry to be gay and amiable. When Swift takes to ridicule, he does sport with it, superficially, he studies it; he goes into it gravely, master it, knows all its sub-divisions and its proofs. This deep knowledge can only produce a withering pleasantry. Swift's, at bottom, is, but a *reductio ad absurdum*, altogether scientific. He is excluded from great transports of imagination as well as from the lively digressions of conversation. He can attain neither the sublime nor the agreeable; he has neither the artist's rapture nor the entertainment of the man of the world. Excluded from poetry and philosophy by the farsightedness and narrowness of his common sense; deprived of the consolations offered by the contemplative life and the occupation furnished by practical life; too superior to embrace heartily a religious sect or a political party, too narrow-minded to rest in the lofty doctrines which conciliate all beliefs or in the wide sympathies which envelop all parties; condemned by his nature and surroundings to fight without loving a cause, to write without being attached to the art, to think without attaining a dogma, Swift was a condottiere against parties, a misanthrope against man, a sceptic against beauty and truth. But those very surroundings, and this very nature which expelled him from happiness, love, power, and science, raised him in this age of French imitation and classical moderation, to a wonderful height, where by the originality and power of his inventions, he is the equal of Byron Milton, and Shakspeare, and shows pre-eminently the spirit of his nation.

KAILAS CHUNDRA KANJILAL, B.L.

## DIALOGUES OF RAMKRISHNA PARAMHANSA.

It is thirteen years ago that our Lord was invited by one of his beloved disciples, Surendra a house-holder, to a feast at his garden-house at *Kankurgachi*. These invitations were invariably occasions for the meeting of his disciples friends, and admirers on which the name of God used to be chanted to the accompaniment of *mridangas* and other musical instruments. All the while the Master could be seen at his best, singing, dancing with the joy of the Lord and frequently lost in that blessed state of the soul in the enjoyment of God-Consciousness called *Samadhi*.

When the singing of devotional hymns and the spiritual excitement which came along were over, the company present were treated by the Master to be one of celestial gatherings bristling with sermons for the spiritual welfare of humanity—to a veritable ‘feast of reason and flow of soul’,—which will never die in the memory of those that had the rare good fortune, the privilege to listen to them.

*Master (to Mahima)*: Why is it that people are fed in a feast? Don’t you think it comes to *Ahuti*, i.e., offering a sacrifice to God (*Brahma*) who is the Living Fire in all creatures?

*Feeding bad men.—Master*: “But bad men, not God-fearing, guilty of adultery, fornication, etc., should on no account be entertained at a feast. Several cubits of the earth beneath the place where they eat become polluted.

“On one occasion *Hriday* gave a feast. A considerable number of those that were entertained were, as usual, bad men. I said to *Hriday* ‘Look that well you feed these bad people I leave the house at once.’

*Service of Holy Men* (a hint to Mahima).—*Master*: ‘Somebody said that formerly you used very often to give feasts. I dare say your household and other expenses have since been increased.’

*A Member of the Brahma Samaja*.—At about two P.M. came in Protapa, a member of a society of Hindus called the Brahma

Samaj. He saluted the Lord. The master, as usual, returned his salutations with his well known modesty, bowing down very low.

Protap said, "Sir, I have recently been at the hills" (meaning Darjeeling).

*Sree Ramkrishna* :—"But you don't appear to be much the better for the change. What's the matter with you?"

*Protap* :—"The same complaint to which he (Keshub Chunder Sen) succumbed *viz.*, diabetes."

*Keshub Chunder Sen*.—There was then a talk on Keshub's life. Protap took part in the conversation. "Keshub," said he "was in his youth marked by non-attachment to the world (*Vairagya*). He was seldom found merry and cheerful. While a student at the Hindu College, he formed a close friendship with Satyendra Nath Tagore. Thus it was that he came across S's revered father, Debendranath Tagore." "Keshub assiduously practised," continued Protap, "both communion by meditation (*Yoga*) and devotion (*Bhakti*). He was subject even to trance due to excessive *Bhakti*, but he always succeeded in keeping them in check. The great end of his life was to bring religion within the reach of the house-holder."

*The desire for fame*.—The conversation next turned on a certain Mahratta lady. Protap said that she had been to England and that she had embraced Christianity. He asked the Master whether he had ever heard of her. The Master said, "No, but from what I have heard from you I should think that she must be a woman who wants to make a name for herself."

*Egotism (Ahamkar)*.—Turning to the company He said, "*Ahamkar* (Egotism) of this kind is to be condemned. Those that seek for a name are under a delusion. They forget that everything is ordered by the Great Disposer of all things—the Supreme Being—and that all the credit is due to the Lord and to nobody else. It is the wise that say always, 'It is *Thou*, it is *Thou*, O Lord!', but the ignorant and the deluded say, 'It is *I*, 'It is *I*.'"

#### PARABLE OF THE CALF AND ITS FORTUNE.

*Or, the self (Ahamkar)*.—"The calf says, '*Hamba* or *Aham* (I).' Now look at the troubles caused by its self or *Ahamkar* which says 'I,' 'I.' In the first place, the calf is taken to the field where it is yoked to the plough. There it works from 'morn to dewy eve' in the sun and in the rain. Its troubles are not yet over. It is very often killed by the butcher. Its flesh is taken as meat; its skin tanned into 'ides. It is made into shoes. The sufferings of the calf in this

state know no bounds. But that is not all. Drums are made with the skin, which is thus mercilessly beaten, sometimes with the hand and sometimes with the drum-stick. It is only when out of its entrails are made strings for the bows used for carding cotton that the troubles of the poor creature are over. And that is because it no longer says, '*Hamba* (I), *Hamba* (I),' but says, '*Tuhum Tuhum* (It is *Thou*, O Lord!, It is *Thou*').

The parable teaches that *Mukti* (liberation of the Soul) is within the reach of him alone who being convinced that God is the Disposer of all things, has learnt the lesson of complete self abnegation—perfect forgetfulness of self.

*The Self after God-Vision.*—Master: "The truly wise man is he who has seen the Lord. He becomes like a child. The child, no doubt, seems to have an individuality, a separateness, of its own. But that individuality is a mere appearance, not a reality. The self of the child is nothing like the self of the grown-up man.

"The Lord he has seen and he is now a changed being.

"The steel sword has no sooner come in contact with the Touchstone than it is turned into gold. It goes on, no doubt, to have the appearance of a sword, but it does no harm to anybody. Our *Ahamkar* (the *Ego* or the *Self*) if purified by the realisation of God—if made pure by seeing God—cannot do harm to anybody."

"The Self (*Aham*) of the child is again like the face reflected in the mirror. The face in the mirror looks exactly like the real face; only it does nobody any harm.

*Signs of God-vision.*—Master: "The signs of one who has seen God are as follow:—1. His conduct is like that of a child. 2. He sometimes looks like an unclean spirit (*pisacha*). He seems to make no distinction between purity (*suchi*) and impurity (*asuchi*); for he sees God in and through every thing. 3. Such a person looks like a mad man, now laughing, now weeping, and the next moment talking to himself; now dressed like a *Babu* and now taking his only bit of cloth under his arm and thus getting quite naked like a child. 4. Lastly, he looks like one who is brought to the state of an insentient being—the condition of an inert, lifeless, material body (*jarra*).

*England and her people.*—Master (To *Protap*): You went to England and America. Tell me of your experiences.

*Protap*:—Sir, the national characteristics of the English people may be expressed by one word, namely, the worship of what you call *Kanchan* (gold). I must say, however, there are



a few honorable exceptions. As a general rule, it is *rajas* (worldly activity) all over. Much the same thing is observable in America.

THE MASTER ON KARMA (work) AND ON KARMAYOGA  
(work without attachment).

(a) *Evils of work done with attachment*: The Master thereupon said, "The attachment to work which you say is the chief characteristic of the English and the American people marks all human communities. But remember it is a mark of the earliest stage of life. Work for the sake of one's own worldly good *e.g.*, riches, honor, fame, is *degrading*. Worldly activity (*Rajas*) will only bring on increasing ignorance (*Tamas*). It will make you forgetful of God and attached to woman and gold (*Kamini* and *Kanchan*). Therefore the attachment to work that is observable in the west—in England and America—an attachment at the cost of spiritual degradation is to be condemned.

(b) *Work without attachment (Karmayoga)*.—"You cannot get rid of work, because Nature (*Prakriti*) will lead you on to it. That being so, let all work be done as it ought to be. If work is done *unattached* it will lead to God. Work so done is a *means* to the end. God is the *end*.

"To work without attachment is to work without the expectation of any reward or fear of any punishment in this world or the next.

(c) *Difficulty of the Problem in the Kaliyuga*.\*—"Work without attachment, however, is exceedingly difficult, especially in this *Kaliyuga*. The fact is, one must first have true knowledge (*Gnan*) or love of God (*Bhakti*). In other words, it is possible for the *Ideal Man* alone to make life a life of work without attachment. Others get easily attached more or less to things of the world and they know it not.

"Hence it is our duty as '*imperfect*' men to find out, if possible, the shortest cut leading to God—the end of our life. Let us do the duty that is nearest us. Let us bring down our *Karma* to a *minimum* by earnest prayer and self-surrender (*Bhakti*).

(d) *Problem solved for Kaliyuga; Bhakti-yoga*.—"Thus in view of the difficulty of work without attachment in this *Kaliyuga*, *Bhakti-yoga* (communion by devotion, prayer, love)—the practice of *Narad's Bhakti*—is the *Yuga-dharma* *i.e.*, the kind of communion that has been enjoined as better adapted to this *Yoga* than other kinds of communion *e.g.* *Karmayoga* (the communion by work) or *Gnanayoga*, (communion by Knowledge).

\* *Kaliyuga*—the present age in which men are sinful and short-lived, and human life resides, so to speak, in food (*anna-gata-prana*).

"*Bhakti-yoga* (communion by love of God), would enable me, *especially in this Kaliyuga*, to see God with far less difficulty than any other kind of communion.

(e) "*Effect of Bhakti upon Karma*.—"No one can avoid *Karma*. Every mental operation is a *Karma*. The consciousness that 'I think' or 'I feel' involves *Karma*. What is meant by *Bhakti-yoga* in its relation to *Karma* is that *Karma* is simplified by *Bhakti*.

In the first place, this love of God (*Bhakti*) reduces the quantity of one's work by fixing one's mind upon one's Ideal (i.e. God). Secondly, it helps one to work unattached. One cannot love the Lord and at the sametime love riches or pleasure. It is only one that has once tasted the drink prepared with the *Ala* sugar-candy that feels no liking for that made with the molasses (which is an inferior kind of sweets).

(f) "*Work is not the End of Life*.—"No greater mistake can be committed than to look upon work as the be-all and end-all of human life. Work is the first chapter, the *adikanda* of human life. God is the conclusion.

"On one occasion *Sambhu* said to me, 'I should deem myself fortunate, if I could build hospitals and dispensaries, make roads where there were none, sink wells for the good of the people in view of seasons of drought, set up schools and colleges and so forth.' Thereupon I said to him, '*Sambhu*, it is all very well that you should do all these works. But can you do them *unattached*?' If you can do so it will lead to God. Otherwise not. But to work unattached is exceedingly difficult. In any case take care you do not confound the means with the end: Work is a means, if done *unattached*, but the end of life is to see God. Let me repeat that the means should not be confounded with the end—that the first stage on a road should not be taken for the goal.'

"No, do not regard work as the be-all and the end-all of existence. Pray for *Bhakti* (love of God) in this *Kaliyuga*. Suppose you are fortunate enough to see God. Then what would you pray for? Would you pray for dispensaries and hospitals, tanks and wells, roads and serais? No, No, these are realities to us so long as we do not see God. But once placed face to face with the Vision Divine, we see them as they are—transitory things, no better than dreams, and then we should pray for more Light—more Knowledge in the highest sense—more Love, the love which raises us up from a man to a God, a love which makes us realise that we are really sons of *Satchidananda* (i.e. the Supreme Being of whom all that can be said is that He exists,

that He is Knowledge itself in the highest sense and that He is the eternal Fountain of Joy and Love).

"This, said I to *Sambhu*. Therefore, never lose sight of this goal of life that I have pointed out to you. *Never lose sight of your Ideal*. In this connection I will tell you

(g) "*The parable of the Wood-cutter and the Brahmacharin\**; or, "*Go on ahead*."—A man was cutting wood in a forest, when he was accosted by a *Brahmacharin*. The *Brahmacharin* said, "*Go on ahead*." The wood-cutter came back home with his load of wood, wondering why the *Brahmacharin* had bade him go ahead. Thus passed away some days. One day he was put in mind of the *Brahmacharin's* words and he made up his mind that day to go further on with a view to cut wood. What was his surprise to find that portion of the forest full of sandal trees! Of course, he brought cart-loads of sandal wood to market and soon grew enormously rich. In this way again some days passed, when he was once more reminded of the injunction laid upon him by the *Brahmacharin*, viz., "*Go on ahead*." So again did he form the resolution of going into the forest and of making a further advance. What was his surprise to find silver mines close to the bed of a river! This he had never looked for even in his dreams. He worked at the mines and brought away tons of silver with which he made a splendid bargain. It is needless to say that after this he turned out to be one of the millionaires of the day. But once more after the lapse of some years did the *Brahmacharin's* word come back to his mind. He thought within himself, '*The Brahmacharin did not bid me stop at the silver mine, but he told me to go on ahead*.' This time he went across the river and came up to a gold mine and finally to a diamond mine! Needless to add that he grew as rich as *Kuver* (the god of wealth).

"So go on ahead my children, and never lose sight of your Ideal! Go on ahead and never stop until you have got to the goal. Reaching a particular stage, do not run away with the idea that you have come to your journey's end.

"Work is only the first stage of the journey. Bear in mind (1) that doing works *unattached* is exceedingly difficult, (2) that therefore *Bhukti-yoga* (communion by love) has been laid down as better suited to this *yuga*, and (3) that work, even if *unattached*, is not the end of your life, but only a means to the end.

\* A holy man practising control over the flesh and preparing for the next stage of life—that of the Householder or of the Ascetic (*Sannyasin*)

So march on and never halt till you have come up to the great Ideal of your life—the seeing of God.”

*The schism in the Brahma Samaj.*—The next subject of this most interesting conversation was the schism in the *Brahma Samaj* following upon the passing away of the spirit of *Keshub*.

*Master (to Protap)* :—I hear there is a difference between you and other members of the *Brahma Samaj*. Amongst your adversaries, as far as I have seen them, there are many *Horay*, *Pala* and *Pancha* (men of ordinary abilities). Then with one of those bewitching smiles which made his face radiant with a sort of celestial glory, the Master pointing to *Protap* said to the company present, “You see these conchshells—*Protap*, *Amrita*, &c., give a loud powerful sound. But there are conchshells and conchshells. Others there are that are not at all sonorous. They do not give a single sound.”

The company present had all a good laugh.

*God is Love (‘Raso vai sah’)*.—Referring to lectures given by members of *Brahma Samaj* and religious bodies like *Harisabha*, our Lord said. “One can form an estimate of the man from the lectures he delivers. S. was lecturing as the *Acharya* (preceptor) of a certain *Harisabha*.\* In the course of his speech he said, ‘The Lord is totally devoid of *rasa* (sweet juice). That being so, we must make Him sweet by lending to Him the sweetness of our own nature.’ By *rasa* he meant love and other divine attributes. When I came to this I was put in mind of the boy who said that in his maternal uncle’s house there was plenty of horses. Of this the boy tried to convince his audience by saying that a whole cow-house was full of horses. Of course the intelligent audience could at once see that cow-houses were not exactly the places intended for horses, that the youngster must have told a lie and that he had no experience or knowledge of horses.

“To say that God is devoid of *rasa*, i.e., love, joy, and other attributes, is an absurdity which proves that the speaker is totally ignorant of what he is saying and that he has never realised the Supreme Being, who is the Fountain of Eternal Love, Wisdom and Joy.

*Bhakti-yoga and Renunciation* (an Appeal to *Protap*).—Suddenly becoming serious Our Lord turned to *Protap* and said, “You are an educated and intelligent man. You are not light-hearted, but grave and serious. *Keshub* and yourself were like

\* A society of Hindus worshipping *Hari* (God).

the brothers *Gour Chaitanya Deva* and *Netai*. You have had enough of this world—enough of lectures, controversies, schisms and the rest of them and to spare. Is it not so? Your soul must be wearied after all by this time. It is high time now to have one aim—to direct your attention to God alone—to plunge, to dive deep into the immortal sea of His Love.

*Protap*: Yes, sir, I see that is the one thing needful. No doubt of it.

*Master*: —You may be anxious to preserve Keshub's name; But console yourself with the thought that it was after all owing to God's will that the religious movement connected with his name was set on foot, and that if the movement has had its day it is all owing to that same Divine will.

"Therefore dive deep into the sea. And the Master sang  
(Song) *Dive Deep*.—1. Dive deep, dive deep, dive deep  
O my mind! into the sea of Beauty.

Make a search in the regions lower, lower down under the sea (*tala*, *atala* and *patala*); you will come by the jewel, the wealth of *Prema* (intense love of God).

2. Within thy heart is *Brindaban* (the abode of the God of love). Go about searching, go about searching go about searching. You will find it.

Then shall burn without ceasing the Lamp of Divine

Wisdom.

3. Who is that Being that doth steer a boat on land—  
on land, on solid ground?

Says *Kuvir* "Listen, listen, listen; meditate on the hallowed feet of the Lord *Gurudeva* (the Divine Preceptor).

*Fear not*.—Fear not. It is the Sea of Immortality. I once said to *Narendra*\*—

*Protap*: (interrupting) Who is this *Narendra*?

*Master*: Oh, there is a young man of that name. Well, I said to *Narendra*, "God is like a sea of liquid sweet. Would you not dive deep into this Sea? Suppose my boy there is a vessel with a wide mouth containing the *rasa* (syrup) of sugar and suppose you are a fly anxious to drink of the sweet liquid. Where should you sit and drink?" *Narendra* said to me in reply that he should like to drink from the edge of the vessel, for if he chanced to come to a point beyond his depth he was sure to be drowned and thus to lose his life. Thereupon I said to him "You forget, my boy, that if you dive deep into the Divine Sea

\* *Swamy Vivekananda*.

you need not be afraid of death or of any danger. Remember *Sacchidananda* Sea (the Divine Sea) is the Sea of Immortality. The water of this sea never causes death, but is water of Everlasting Life. *Be not afraid like some foolish persons that you may have 'run to excess' in your love of God.*"

#### SECTARIANISM.

*Or, Daya (charity) and Maya (selfish love).*—"What is the difference between *Daya* and *Maya*. *Daya* (charity) is love extending to all and not confined to one's own self, family, sect or country. *Maya* is attachment to one's own self, family, sect or country. Cherish *Daya* which is elevating and will lead Godward. *Maya* is ruinous to the soul and will only take you down-hill.

*The Fruit of Gnan (True Knowledge).*—"What is *Gnan*—Knowledge in the highest sense? Says the *Gnani* (the wise man) "Oh! Lord, Thou art the Sole Actor in this universe. I am only a humble instrument in thy hands. Again, nothing is *mine*. Everything is *thine*. Myself, my family, my riches, my virtues all are *thine*."

'Thou and thine' is *Gnan* 'I and Mine' is *Agnan* (ignorance).

*Charitable and other works.*—"Work without *Bhakti* (Devotion to God) has in this *Kaliyuga* no legs to stand upon. First, cultivate *Bhakti*. All other things—schools, dispensaries, &c. shall, if you like, be added unto you. First *Bhakti*, then Work. Work, apart from *Bhakti*, is helpless and cannot stand.

*The Disciples.*—*Protag* made enquiries about the disciples. He asked whether those that came to our Lord were getting better in the spirit day by day.

The Master said, "I place before them the ideal life of a maid-servant—a nurse—as teaching them how to live in this world.

*How to live, or the Problem of life solved—especially for the house-holder (Grihashtya).*—"The maid-servant says with reference to her Master's house, 'This is our house.' All the while she knows that the house is not her own, and that her own house is far away in a distant village of Burdwan or Nuddea. Her thoughts are all sent forth to her village home. Again referring to her master's child in her arms she would say, 'My *Hari* (that being the name of the child) has grown very wicked, or, my *Hari* likes to eat this or that thing' and so on. But all the while she knows for certain that *Hari* is not her own. I tell those that come to me to lead a life unattached like this maid-

sergent. I tell them to live unattached to this world—to be in the world, but not of the world—and at the same time to have their mind directed to God—the heavenly home from whence all come. I tell them to pray for *Bhakti*, which will help them so to live.

*Agnosticism in Europe and America.*—After a short interval the conversation turned on the agnosticism of the West. Protap said, “Whatever people in the West may profess to be, they are none of them, as it seems to me, atheists at heart. The European Pandits do admit an unknown Power behind the Universe.

*Master* : Well, it is sufficient if they believe in *SAKTI*—the Power ruling the Universe.

*Protap* : They also admit the moral government of the Universe.

*Renunciation* (A Parting Appeal).—Protap rising to take leave, the Master said to him “What shall I say? It is better that you should cease to have anything to do with all those things (schisms, controversies, &c.)

“Again, Woman (carnality) and Gold, (*Kaminy, Kanchan*), remember, keep men immersed in worldliness and away from God. It is remarkable that everybody has nothing, but praise for his own wife, be she good, bad or indifferent.\*

M.

\* [ They despise them that despair of them.—ED.—N. M. ]

## THE BUGBEARS IN LIFE.

Life is full of bugbears. From infancy to old age the bugbears never leave us. In infancy, a mask or a shadow is too powerful a bugbear to be trifled with, not to speak of a hideous person or one covered in a blanket who has perfect right to terrify the most heroic child. The little offender clings to its mother's breast and all its waywardness at once vanishes at the fancied approach of one of these monsters, more terrible than the Cyclops or Chimeras. The infant grows into a whining school boy, but the bugbear never leaves him, there is the dread of the teacher—the mighty ruler of raw minds and the great wielder of the birch,—the terrible insignia of his power. Then again there is the fear of another bugbear, *viz.*, the examination, which acts like slow poison and destroys appetite, sleep and cheerfulness and even longevity. In old age death is the greatest bugbear, when we ought to fear it least; but the "dread of something after death puzzles the will."

In manhood when we enter the world of action, we have the bugbear again. The best and the most important period of life is beset with the most terrible bugbears. In office life we have the saheb or the huzur, in domestic life we have the wife and the society. The saheb belongs to the ruling race, and it is not only a duty to fear and respect him, but also a virtue, for what greater virtue can there be than to please the Almighty? The saheb is both almighty and omnipresent, as he can enact and enforce law at his will and sometimes even can dispense with the laws of God, as for instance, when he makes war in which the more men you kill the more heroic you are, it is no murder, but bravery! He is omnipresent because he is present in all quarters of the globe and sometimes even in the air in a balloon. So it is our duty to worship such a visible almighty lord instead of worshipping the invisible one of the theologians. Many are the blessings of a saheb-worship. By the grace of the saheb, worthlessness is raised to the highest pinnacle of honour and "merit weeps unknown." Woe unto him who incurs the wrath of such an Almighty being!



Blessed is he who can please him! O supreme and almighty lord of India, how can I please you! I will invite you at the *Pujabari* and will feast you not with the nasty native dishes, but with special dishes of delicious ham or beef from the "Great Eastern Shrine." I will worship you not with the dirty water of the Ganges, but with the pure and refined waters from Burgundy, Scotland and other famous places of pilgrimage where holy water abounds. What else can I do to win your favour? I will denounce my country, countrymen, and my religion in order to please you. Don't think I court your favour for wealth or some employment. No, that's the business of poor men who always din your ears with prayers for employment. Do not listen to them, they are always anxious for their belly; let them be starved, you cannot satisfy them, for beggars, Brahmins (I beg their pardon) and women are never satisfied.

Now the two most powerful bugbears in domestic life are the wife and the society. The learned and the illiterate, the rich and the poor, the young and the old, the weak and the bold, all are afraid of a wife who exerts the greatest influence in active life, and can any one deny that "a certain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world?" The rich are always trying to appease this bugbear with ornaments, dresses and other things which money can buy; the poor are cursing their own lots because they have not the means to do it. What heroic heart quails not to see the ruffled appearance of this bugbear? The bravest soldier is cowed down by the fierce glance of an angry woman, not to speak of her when she is equipped with that terrible weapon—the broomstick. Ten thousand Medusas, and twenty thousand Gorgons with as many thousand Furies are less appalling than one termagant with her terrible tongue. Such is this bugbear in storm; in calm, again, she is no less terrible and perhaps more; for, what heart of stone does not melt to see the pearl drop in the lotus eyes of a lovely wife? And these pearl drops do a great deal of mischief in this world. How often they have broken the sacred ties of blood and separated sons from fathers, and brothers from brothers, how often they have destroyed the peace of happy families and brought discord and ruin in its stead! It is a paradox that learned scholars, distinguished lawyers and doctors and even statesmen are sometimes so easily befooled by the pearl drops, and they try to wipe them off at any cost. Many a husband, however wise and learned, loses all reason and judgment before a weeping wife and meekly yields to her wishes which sometimes produces fatal consequences.

Love is partial, but it should not be partial beyond a certain limit and should not be allowed to get the better of reason.

We now come to a different kind of bugbear. It is the *Society* in which we live, move and have our being. Our customs are more powerful than the dictates of reason and conscience. Take for instance, the observance of absolute fast on the day of *Ekadasi* by the widows in Bengal. Imagine a girl widow of 15 or an old widow of 60 kept without any food or even a drop of water in the hot June when we cool ourselves with ice water inside a room whose doors and windows are all covered with *khaskhas* and where the *pankha* is in full swing! Remember these unfortunate widows have to do hard work during the whole day and often have to do the cooking by the fireside for us. Can anything be more cruel, more selfish, more revolting to reason, humanity and justice, more hateful in the eyes of man and more sinful in the eyes of God, than to thus torture our mothers and sisters and others who are our ministering angels in our sorrows and troubles? Moreover, this barbarous, inhuman custom of absolute fast is not observed by any other Hindu nation in any other part of Hindustan; it is not sanctioned by the laws of Manu—the law-giver of the Hindus. Are the Hindus of other parts of India less religious than ourselves, because they do not observe this brutal custom? Or are they less wise than ourselves? If such be the result of our vaunted wisdom and education, ten thousand times will I say with the poet “Where ignorance is bliss, it is folly to be wise.” Reason, conscience, humanity, all condemn this cruel practice, but there stands the mighty bugbear—the Society, which makes us cowards in spite of all the pleadings of humanity, common sense, conscience and reason. And owing to this dread of Society, many people though approve widow marriage and are convinced that it is sanctioned by the shastras, do not dare to introduce it among them. All men have not the courage and the individuality of the late Pundit Iswar Chandra Vidyasagar who not only preached a noble doctrine, but followed that in practice. You go to England for education or on some other mission for the benefit of your country, the bugbear will stand in your way and when you come back you will see yourself ostracised, for no definite fault of yours, except for crossing the forbidden *kalapani*. But if you condescend to eat a little cowdung and give a feast (not of cowdung, of course) to half a dozen Brahmans, the bugbear will smile on you again and won't threaten you any more.

The world is progressive and so Society, must not, cannot remain stationary and stagnant, it must keep pace with the general progress of *ideas* which alone rule the world. In order to keep pace with the general progress of ideas in the intellectual and moral worlds, Society undergoes much modifications and needs some reforms from time to time. But these reforms must be introduced very carefully and cautiously; they must be approved by the conscience and reason not only of the reformer, but of the intelligent section of the society at large.

S. N. SIRCAR, M.A.

## A TRILOGY OF SONNETS.

## I

*Dawn.*

When first my Queen was garlanded with light  
Of luscious womanhood and harmony  
Of soft, down-curving lineaments, her eye  
Yet lacked the gleam of lurking fire ; the fright  
Of vague desire was yet unknown delight ;  
And eye-lids drooped not yet with hesitancy.  
But when love came at last with conscious might,  
She stood a goddess in her majesty.  
Love came at last, the crown of all her grace  
And loveliness. I knew it by the gleam  
Of a strange light in her eye, and in her face  
The flush as of some happy waking dream :  
A most bewitching shyness came apace,  
To be my agony and joy supreme.

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## II.

*Storm.*

And with the dawn of love there came the time,  
When lives thus intertwined are lived in fierce  
Relation momentarily. Unskilled to pierce  
The crust of strange emotion, or to climb  
With scatheless steps up the huge steep's sublime  
Of passion, doubts would come to us, and tears  
Of jealous rage to sink us in the slime  
Of dank despair, and slough of secret fears.  
Not often. Love and days informed with life  
Intense. World-ignorant, in sooth, we were ;  
Haply heart-ignorant ; we dared explore  
Love's utmost reaches, guideless in the strife  
With new desires ; nor feared to brave the stir  
Of rolling waves on passion's restless shore.

## III.

*Calm.*

"After a storm cometh a calm"—so says  
The proverb. From the crucible of pain  
Our love rose pure of dross. Melted in rain  
Were now the threatening clouds of former days :  
Nor did the genial sun withhold his rays.  
Would we not wish to live those days again ?  
I know not. Ask those wounded in forays :  
"He jests at scars"—I miss the old refrain.  
And yet, and yet, the storm, they say, hath power  
To please, and clouds a beauty of their own ;  
And the wild buffeting of winds is known  
To give delight to some, when storm-racks lower,  
And on the wind-ward strand are foam-flakes blown  
From angry surging seas in misty shower.

SYED HOSSAIN BILGRAMI.

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*FRENCH NOTES ON SCIENCE AND ART.*

SCIENCE.—Messrs. Denar and Fleming transformed air in a few minutes, air that surrounds us, into snow, and a liquid at once limpid and glacial. A compressing pump worked by steam or gas, can transform ordinary air into a liquid state. Will that liquification have any practical uses? Dr. Linde of Munich, acting upon the idea of the two English phycists, has constructed a machine to liquify air, as there are machines to make ice. A little three horse-power machine produces  $1\frac{3}{4}$  pint of liquid air per hour. With a machine of 120 horse power, he produces 11 gallons per hour. The liquid air is the condensation of the oxygen and nitrogen; but the liquid obtained allows the nitrogen to evaporate more quickly than the oxygen: thus the liquid can retain from 50 to 90 per cent. of residual oxygen. Take the liquid with an excess of 50 per cent. of oxygen, and add a little powdered carbon: that mixture is as explosive, as energetic as dynamite, and can be fired with a suitable detonator. Dr. Linde makes a cartridge, fills it with powdered carbon and cotton nadding: nets the substances with the extra-oxygenised liquid air; apply next the pruning and the explosion is as violent as of dynamite. But the cartridge only holds good for fifteen minutes; Dr. Linde has experimented with the cartridges in the Penzberg coal mines with success. But the industrial value of the new explosive remains to be determined.

In the Paris markets the inspectors only tolerate five species of mushrooms—truffles counting as one. In the provinces there is a winter mushroom in great vogue, the *Tricholoma nudum* or the "little blue foot." Messrs. Costantin and Matrechot have succeeded in raising the mycelium of this variety in beds; so that they can reap, hence, many advantages; for example it can be grown all the year round despite cold, when other varieties expect conditions of temperature difficult to attain, in open places.

All photographic amateurs know the advantages that can be obtained from the magnesium light in obscurity. The proofs are always excellent. The magnesium light possesses great actinic power. The magnesium powder is sold everywhere, and is prepared by mixing with precaution, 1 part, by weight, of magnesium and 2 of chlorate of potash; place the mixture in a twisted receptacle of nitrified paper, attach the match and apply the fire. The late young chemist, M. Villon of Lyons, about six years ago urged the employment of aluminium, in preference to magnesium, because possessing greater actinic power; then the aluminium costs only 4s. 5d. a pound, while the magnesium is four times dearer, and keeps badly in humid air. M. Demole who has revised M. Villon's studies, has taken the photo of a bouquet of flowers in the aluminium and magnesium lights; the bouquet was placed three yards from the camera, and the plates were similarly prepared. The flowers were chiefly red, yellow, and were as perfectly taken as if in full day-light, by the aluminium light.

Carbonic oxide is also known as the "assassin gas," and is produced during the combustion of coal: char-coal fumes, so common for suicides, are but oxide of carbon. They emanate also from stoves, and cause to the unwary mortal accidents. The presence of this deleterious gas is not easy to find out in a room. It disorganises the globules of blood, produces great disorders, often terminating in death. The gas is insidious and can escape from a badly built chimney into a different room: it oozes its way surreptitiously. Hence, unknowingly a neighbour can poison you. There is no way of ascertaining surely the presence of the gas in a room. Professor Grehant suggests that a cage with a canary is a good tell-tale: the bird is quickly killed off by a small dose of the gas in the atmosphere of the room. A tell-tale test is not after all of great importance: the canary is physiologically useful: the carbonic oxide gas can be gathered from its blood and measured. Indeed there is not chemical and

direct process sufficiently practical. Iodic acid, at a temperature of 150 degrees, will at once be decomposed if the carbonic oxide be present in the room; and the iodine set free.

Since Partene's discoveries the search of scientists has been directed to discover vaccines against contagious affections in the toxical substances secreted by the animal, and in the immunity of the matters engendered by the microbes in the economy. M. Phisalix has just succeeded at the laboratory of the Natural History Museum in obtaining a chemical vaccine against the bite of vipers or serpents. But it also corroborates usages already ancient. He has found in the biliary calculi of the viper a matter anti-venomous. And strange, that same matter *cholesterine*, is extracted from carrots. In the tubercles of the dahlia the well known substance *tyrosine*, peculiar to vegetables was found to be an efficacious vaccine against viper venom. One cubic inch of the dahlia bulb juice suffices. But from time immemorial, Indians have utilised plants—their chemical vaccine—as curative for serpent bites.

Lukochelle and Evreux are the two towns in France where least rain falls; Paris comes next, and Annecy in Savoy is where most rain reigns. At Paris, 160 days in the year registered rain, whereas at Nîmes, where only 64 out of the whole 365 days were wet, yet nearly one-third more rain was recorded.

Measles have been unpleasantly rife of late, and the small death rate they contribute to the Vital Statistics makes many persons treat the disease with something akin to indifference—which is an error. Dr. Kelsch, Medical Inspector of the Army, declared that view of the little scourge to be fallacious and dangerous. Like all pathogenic germs, those of measles lose rapidly their virulence, but they can rapidly make up for lost time, so ought to be mistrusted. He lays down, that measles ought to be treated as scarlatina and small-pox, and be subjected to disinfective processes.

ART.—Although the Government did not grant subsidies to erect a temporary palace to accommodate the Picture Shows, for the approaching Salons, it fitted with no less than 80 wooden cabins in the Machinery Hall on the Champ de Mars, in which to exhibit the sample paintings. The result has been unexpectedly happy: it may lead to a reconciliation between the nine art societies; they may meet like parted streams. The Lady Painters and Sculptors of France—the "Union" as it is known by, has held its seventeenth annual show in the Georges Petit Gallery. The same unhappy evidence is exhibited of the artists in



striving after masculine effects, in the place of confining themselves to their own domain of speciality and where they can achieve, if well desired, a charming talent and individual or personal success. Madame Bourgounier displays flowers full of delicacy and harmony. In portraits lady artists are not so successful as gentlemen; one lady exhibits the portrait of a lad full of simplicity, and colour. As ever flowers are the favourite subjects, but here woman is in her true sphere.

The pianist Marmontel's Art collection has been sold. He was a man of very delicate taste and only purchased paintings full of personal talent. Designs by Millet were eagerly disputed "The Shepherd conducting his flock" fetched 17,000fr. Sericarett's "Colonel of Hussars," brought 5,000fr. Theodore Rousseau's "Maison du Mont Saint Michel," was warmly disputed, and was picked up by an outsider for 10,000fr. The total sale realised 305,000fr. The exhibition of water colours had this season the great attraction of including the best productions of artists dead since twenty years. It was quite refreshing for the eyes to thus encounter many real gems; we have the limpid and precise Souvenirs of Province by Jaynemart; the Alpine scenes of Gustave Dwe and some elegant nothings of Isabey and Larui. There is a portrait of Meissonier in 1860, by himself, a pastiche by Gavarni and two Dragoons by Neuville. We miss Madame Madeleine Lemaire, but the master of flowers is at his best,—Francois Revvire. Perhaps the works of the living exhibitors lack finish and lightness.

A FRENCHMAN.

## THE PROPOSED RIVER BRIDGE AND CENTRAL STATION.

Since the construction of the present floating bridge across the Hooghly, dividing Howrah from Calcutta, various schemes have from time to time been proposed for replacing it by what the promoters usually term a permanent bridge, by which they mean a steel structure supported on piers fixed in the bed of the river.

Ten years ago Mr. Duff Bruce, to whose engineering skill and foresight the port of Calcutta is greatly indebted, proposed to build a bridge for cart and foot traffic immediately to the north of, and alongside, the present bridge. In this scheme the bridge was to consist of 4 spans of 300 feet each, and a swinging span giving an opening 125 feet wide for the passage of vessels. This bridge was estimated to cost some 40 lakhs, and the expenditure on the maintenance of the floating bridge would, if set aside, provide for interest on the cost of construction of the fixed bridge, and a sinking fund which would have extinguished the capital cost in 37 years.

Following closely on this scheme came a proposal from Sir Bradford Leslie for the construction of a similar fixed bridge with a swing opening on the site of the floating bridge and making use of the abutments of the floating bridge. The cost of the floating bridge was estimated at 27 lakhs, and it was to have a clear head way of 22 feet above the highest flood level for the passage of boats and river steamers, which would give a height of about 40 feet above the lowest low water level.

In most of the proposals for construction of a fixed bridge, the present bridge is referred to as if it were only a temporary structure which in course of time will wear out and will then have to be replaced, either by a fixed bridge or by another floating bridge. Sentences like the following, which recently appeared, are commonly met with:—"I do not know how long the existing floating bridge will last, but I presume it cannot last for ever. Its re-construction would involve a very heavy outlay, and presumably the establishment charges are onerous."

Statements such as these are based on a complete misapprehension of the nature of the floating bridge. Structures of this kind are always wearing out and being replaced, with the result that a very large part of the original bridge has already worn out and has been renewed. It is only necessary to continue to repair the floating bridge and to renew the various members as they wear out, as has hitherto been done, and the bridge will be as permanent as any fixed steel bridge can be.

An objection which has been made to the construction of a fixed bridge at or near the site of the present bridge is that the piers in the river may so divert the current as to cause considerable changes in the bed of the river, resulting either in a deposit of silt in front of the jetties making them unapproachable by ships, or in a scour that would undermine the jetties, in which case they and the adjacent sheds would collapse into the river. The objectors confess their ignorance as to which of these two opposite effects would be likely to result from a given arrangement of piers, and they are contented to condemn any fixed bridge, because, as they say, they do not know whether the piers would have a disturbing influence on the currents in the river, and they do not know in which direction such disturbance of any would take effect. A precisely similar objection might have been made to the construction of the floating bridge, or to any other works on either bank of the river. Objections of this sort, indeed, would effectually bar all progress, and might with equal force be urged against new construction of any description, on the ground that it might have some evil influence which the ignorance of the objectors did not permit them to gauge or even determine.

Besides having so many piers the earlier schemes provided for a swinging span which would necessitate having a very large circular pier on which to swing it, and also an extra pier upstream to take the ends of the swinging girder when it was swung open to allow vessels to pass. These would no doubt be a serious obstruction to the free flow of the water, and objection might reasonably be made to a bridge whose piers occupied so large a proportion of the sectional area of the river.

This difficulty might be obviated by building the bridge in three spans of about 500 feet each, which would require only two piers in the middle of the river, and two at the banks to take the shore ends of the large girders. By this the disturbing effect of the piers on the currents would be reduced to a minimum. A cross section of the river at the bridge site is about 40,000

square feet at low water, and the area of each pier would be 1,000 square feet, or 2,000 square feet for two piers, so that the two piers in deep water would only obstruct about five per cent. of the channel at low water and only four and-a-half per cent. of the channel at highest flood. In this connection it may be mentioned that the pontoons of the floating bridge obstruct about four per cent. of the channel at low water.

The difficulties in the way of constructing a fixed bridge without a swing opening for ships to pass, are three, first the right of France to access to Chandernagore from the sea, which, as Chandernagore has long ceased to be a sea port, is a matter that could doubtless be easily arranged. Secondly the graving-docks above the bridge would have to be bought out, so that seagoing ships would no longer need to go above the bridge. Thirdly the bridge would have to be at such a height above the water as to give a clear head way of 24 feet above the highest flood so as to permit the large inland steamers to pass up or down on any day in the year.

The compensation of the graving-docks is the only point that need engage our attention, and in order to arrive at a decision regarding this it is necessary to examine and weigh carefully all the advantages to be gained by constructing the bridge without a movable girder. These appear to be :—

- (1) Saving in cost of construction,
- (2) " " " " maintenance,
- (3) " " " " establishment for working the swinging span,
- (4) Continuous communication with Howrah,
- (5) Lessened obstruction of the river currents.

The direct saving in items (1), (2), and (3), may be taken to be equivalent to a saving of capital to the extent of 6 or 7 lakhs, and it is also worth something to have communication with Howrah free from annoying and expensive interruptions. Besides this there is the further advantage, which far outweighs the others in importance, that the obstruction offered by the piers of a bridge without a swinging span would be so much less as to leave no reasonable ground for apprehension of injury to the river. To secure this it is unquestionably worth while to pay for the removal of the business now done at these graving-docks.

The inconvenience of having the principal railway station on the wrong side of the river has been severely felt, by passengers more especially when it happens, as it so often does, that

the floating bridge is opened for three hours at the very time that the traffic is greatest, necessitating a walk to the river side from the station, a troublesome ferrying across by steamer, and a hunt for a suitable conveyance on arrival at the crowded ghat on the Calcutta side. Those who have experienced it once have a clearer perception of the long suffering character of the Calcutta public, who have put up for so many years with such absurdly inadequate means of communication.

Not less is the inconvenience felt by the owners of goods which have to be conveyed from one side of the river to the other. It is bad enough to have the slow moving bullock hackery traffic contracted to a single line in each direction, which limits the capacity of the bridge, and throttles the traffic at the busiest time of the day, but in addition to that the bridge is closed altogether and traffic entirely interrupted for three hours at a time, very often, as in the case of passengers traffic, just when the traffic is greatest. The inconvenience and expense to which owners of goods are put on this account has to be experienced to be appreciated.

The railway on the Calcutta side is moreover situated in a suburb, and conveyance between it and the business part of the town is only obtainable at a considerable expenditure of time and money.

It will be seen that the arrangement of the railways about Calcutta is such as to directly discourage suburban and short distance traffic, and it is therefore not surprising that this traffic exists only to a limited extent, and its present volume cannot be taken as affording any indication of a basis for estimating what it might be under circumstances that would facilitate its development.

For these reasons suggestions have frequently been made for the construction of a central station, and various sites have been proposed for its location. Of these Dalhousie Square undoubtedly offers the finest position in every respect for a passenger station, being centrally situated so as to suit the convenience of a majority of those requiring to use it, and affording an appropriate site for the erection of a terminal station architecturally be fitting the chief city of the Indian Empire. The objection to Dalhousie Square is that the land would be costly, but the cost of the central station and connecting lines would be so great that the difference between the cost of land adjoining Dalhousie Square, and the cost of land in any part of the business portion Calcuttota would be a very minor consideration if it can be

shown that a station located in Dalhousie Square would better meet public requirements.

That a central station would be an immense convenience to passengers is too obvious to need stating, and it goes without saying that the facilities it would give would result in a very large increase in suburban and short distance traffic, which pays well when in sufficient quantity. But it is not so clear that a central station would be of any use whatever as regards goods traffic. There are now goods stations at Sealdah, Chitpore, Ruthola, and Armenian Ghat, and these are conveniently placed, and are capable of supplying all the accommodation that Calcutta is likely to need for many years to come. It is quite true that the administration in some cases is such as to cause traffic to prefer the more inconvenient route, as for instance when goods are booked to Sealdah and carted to the neighbourhood of Armenian Ghat, instead of being booked to that station, because it is cheaper to cart goods right across the town than to pay the Port Trust Railway charges. But the fact that goods go to Sealdah which are required in the business part of the town is no argument for a central station, but rather for a revision of rates that would permit of the traffic going to the point most convenient, and not, as at present, to the less convenient but cheaper suburban station.

Recently an entirely new project has been brought forward, and is at the present time engaging the attention of the Bengal Chamber of Commerce. This is a more comprehensive scheme than any that have gone before, and combines a fixed bridge for both railway and cart traffic connecting Howrah with Calcutta, and also a central station. The promoters, who include Sir W. W. Hunter and Sir Bradford Leslie, can certainly not be accused of having taken a limited view of the needs of the city but have aimed at the production of a scheme which will afford the utmost measure of relief and convenience to the public, and will also enable the existing railways and appliances for dealing with goods to be employed with the greatest efficiency.

Under this scheme consignments can be transferred from the station to which they are booked to either of the other Calcutta stations or to the Kidderpore Docks, without the delay and expense that now attends this operation, and it will be possible for the owners of goods booked, say, to Howrah for river delivery to divert the consignments to the Kidderpore Docks for direct shipment after the consignment has been despatched. This will be a very important convenience to shippers, it not being always possible at the time goods are despatched to know whether they

will be required at Howrah or elsewhere, and the distances from which goods are brought are so great and the time occupied in transit is so long, that it easily happens that the goods are not required at the terminus to which they were booked. Not less important is the direct entrance into Calcutta which the Bengal Nagpur Railway would have for passengers and for goods. The latter could be booked direct to any of the Calcutta goods stations without the delays inseparable from the use of the wagon ferry which they intended to have at Shalimar, and which would be costly to construct and expensive to work.

The wagon ferry at Shalimar cannot be looked upon as anything more than a makeshift, its capacity for transferring wagons will be strained to the utmost by the traffic that will come from the Bengal Nagpur Railway present line, from the new extensions and from the East Coast Railway, to say nothing of the large coal trade that will follow on the construction of the Jherriah Branch. Moreover the ferry will be liable to interruptions from fogs, storms, accidents to machinery, and collisions, and in view of the large amount of traffic it will probably be called upon to convey, it is quite possible that in comparison with the bridge scheme the ferry may be a costly mistake.

The beneficial effect the high level railway and central station would have on the sanitary condition of Calcutta cannot easily be estimated, but it is at least abundantly clear that they would be chiefly operative in relieving the pressure of the population in congested districts, by rendering possible the daily migration of large numbers into the country, and by cutting through some of the most crowded portions of the city, removing a number of insanitary buildings and letting in light and air. In the present state of Calcutta there is a crying need for improvements of this kind, and it does not seem unreasonable to expect that the city authorities should strongly support the scheme, and assist it in every possible way.

The promoters' estimate that the entire scheme will cost about 150 lakhs to complete, and they propose to obtain the interest on this sum by a toll of 3 annas 5 pies per ton on all goods brought into Calcutta by all the railways running into the city. As promoters' estimates are liable in schemes of this kind to be largely exceeded it may be seen doubtful whether this toll would suffice to pay interest on the capital cost, and the toll itself has been objected to. One objection comes from the Eastern Bengal State Railway, which has the least to gain by the scheme, on the ground that the rates which the railways charge the public

could not be raised, and therefore the railways would have to pay the toll. When the station at Sealdah was enlarged and rearranged a few years ago and expensive alterations and improvements were made, was there any suggestion then that the public fares and rates should be increased so as to pay the additional interest charges, which may be regarded as a toll of a certain magnitude on all the goods booked to that station? The Eastern Bengal State Railway is said to be getting out schemes to enlarge its station accommodation for jute: is it proposed to increase the public charges to cover the cost of these, is it proposed that any one but the railway should bear the cost? In exactly the same manner, on exactly the same grounds, the railways concerned should pay the cost of the central station and its connections, just as these railways have to bear the cost of providing all terminal facilities. Whether a toll is levied, or whether they directly find the capital is quite immaterial, the principle is the same, *vis.*, that the railways pay for the construction of all the expensive appliances and arrangements for booking and sheltering passengers and for receiving and delivering goods.

Another objection expresses the fear that the toll would merely be a tax on the trade of the port, but improved facilities always bring increased traffic, and if the anticipations of the promoters are realised the increased volume of trade which their scheme will render it possible to deal with, should recoup the railways for their outlay, and should contribute to the prosperity of the city as a great commercial centre in no small degree.

It must not be overlooked that the construction of the bridge and central station will render unnecessary the expenditure of large sums that would otherwise have to be spent by the different railways. The Bengal Nagpur Railway would save the cost of the wagon ferry and sidings at Shalimar, say 20 lakhs; this railway and the East Indian Railway would save the cost of the proposed new station at Howrah, perhaps 7 lakhs; the East Indian Railway would save their present contribution to the up-keep of the floating bridge, Rs. 1,30,000 per annum, equivalent to a capital sum of 43 lakhs; the Eastern Bengal Railway would save the cost of increasing the number of lines between Calcutta and Naihati, say 12 lakhs; and besides this there is the floating bridge reserve fund, 10 lakhs, and the floating bridge itself might be sold for, say, 3 lakhs; and the revenue obtainable from the arches of the high level railway may be expected to pay interest on 16 lakhs. This is a total of 95 lakhs (exclusive of the last item) which is at once available without adding a fraction to



the burdens on the port or on the railways, and which it has been decided to spend, or the interest on which is being spent, on improvements that are not required if the bridge and central station are built.

It would probably not be questioned that this money would be much more usefully expended on a bridge and central station than on the minor projects, and the railways and floating bridge trust should first contribute this amount of capital either directly or by paying to the new undertaking the interest on this sum. The balance of the capital can then be raised by the new company and its interest secured by a toll on all goods booked to Calcutta (including the Kidderpore docks) of one pie per ton for every four lakhs of such balance of capital after the first 16 lakhs (interest on which may be assumed to be obtainable from rents) raised and expended by the new company, the toll not to exceed a maximum of say, three annas per ton.

It will be observed that the suggestion here made differs from the proposals of the promoters of the scheme in utilising in the first place those sums the expenditure of which, already decided upon, would not be necessary if this scheme is carried out, and in making the amount of the toll on goods dependent on the amount of the capital which the new undertaking may find it necessary to spend, and if the promoters' estimate is not exceeded the toll would be under one anna per ton.

The present is the time when the scheme should be put in hand, as otherwise considerable sums will be spent on minor improvements and then the bridge and the central station will be built and the money already so spent will have been wasted. That the bridge and central station will be built is certain; if not now, then when the pressure of the business to be done renders it compulsory, or when those who come after us, clearer sighted than we, discern the elementary truth that in the fierce struggle for commercial supremacy or it may be for commercial existence, only those communities which have at their command the most improved appliances, the most convenient means of communication, which their best knowledge skill and forethought can provide may hope to attain or to keep a foremost place, and that to attempt to work with cheap and unsuitable tools is to enter on a policy not of economy but of ruinous extravagance.

Years hence, when we shall have the fixed bridge and central station, and when we have become accustomed to their daily use, we shall marvel at ourselves that we could have borne for so long the inconvenience, the delays, the annoyance, and the expense which the existing arrangements entail.

R. C. B.

## *AN ABRIDGMENT OF TAINÉ'S HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.*

### THE NOVELISTS OF THE CLASSIC AGE.

Amidst the finished and perfect writings of the classic age, a new kind made its appearance, appropriate to the public tendencies and circumstances, the anti-romantic novel, the work and the reading of positive minds, observers and moralists, destined not to exalt and amuse the imagination like the novels of Spain and the Middle Ages, not to reproduce or embellish conversation, like the novels of France and the seventeenth century, but to depict real life, to describe character, to suggest plans of conduct and judge motives of action.

De Foe headed the list of this class of writers who succeeded by their uprightness, common sense and energy in gaining England over to their side. He wrote on all subjects political and religious, accidental or moral, satires and novels, histories and poems, travels and pamphlets, commercial essays and statistical information, in all two hundred and ten works, not of verbiage, but of arguments, documents, and facts crowded and piled one upon another with such prodigality, that the memory, thought and application of one man, seem too small for such a labor. He composed Robinson Crusoe to warn the impious as Swift wrote the life of the last man hung to inspire thieves with terror.

Two principal ideas can rule and have ruled morality in England. Now it is conscience which is accepted as a sovereign; now it is instinct which is taken for guide. Now they wholly enslave every thing to rule; now they give up everything to liberty. From Shakspeare to the Puritans, from Milton to Wycherly, from Congreve to De Foe, from Wilberforce to Lord Byron, unruliness has provoked constraint and tyranny revolt. This great contest of rule and nature is developed again in the writings of Fielding and Richardson. Of the two great tendencies manifested by the novel, native brutality and intense reflection, one at last conquers the other: literature, grown severe, expels from fiction the coarseness of Smallet and the indecencies of Sterne; and the novel in every respect moral, before falling into

the almost prudish hands of Miss Burney, passes into the noble hands of Goldsmith. His Vicar of Wakefield is a prose idyl uniting and harmonising in one character the best features of the manners and morals of the time and country, creating an admiration and love for pious and orderly, domestic and disciplined, laborious and rural life. Protestant and English virtue has not a more approved and amiable exemplar. Religious, affectionate, rational, the Vicar unites dispositions which seemed irreconcilable; a clergyman, a farmer, a head of a family, he enhances those characters which appeared fit only for comic and homely parts. In the centre of a group of writers, stands a strange character, the most esteemed of his time, a sort of literary dictator. Richardson was his friend and gave him essays for his paper; Goldsmith admired him; Miss Burney imitated his style; Gibbon, the historian, Reynolds, the painter, Garrick, the actor, Burke, the orator, Sir William Jones, the Orientalist came to his club to converse with him, Lord Chesterfield proposed to assign to him, on every word in the language, the authority of a dictator. Boswell dogged his steps and set down his opinions. His criticism became law; men crowded to hear him talk; he was the arbiter of style. Classical prose attains its perfection in Dr. Johnson as Classical poetry in Pope.

#### THE POETS OF THE CLASSIC AGE.

When we take in one view the vast literary region in England, extending from the restoration of the Stuarts to the French Revolution, we perceive that all the productions, independently of the English character, bear a classical impress, and that this impress, special to this region, is met with neither in the preceding nor in the succeeding time. This dominant form of thought is imposed on all writers from Walter to Johnson, from Hobbes and Temple to Robertson and Hume. The principal poets of the Classic Age are Pope, Prior, Gay, Thomson, Gray, Beattie, Collins and Young.

Pope in his twenty-first year finished his Essay on criticism, a sort of *Ars Poetica*, it is the kind of poem a man might write, at the end of his career when he has handled all modes of writing and has grown gray in criticism; and in this subject whose treatment demands the experience of a whole literary life, he was in an instant as ripe as Boileau. But his great cause for writing was literary vanity; he wished to be admired and nothing more. He has no dash, no naturalness or manliness; no more ideas than passions; at least such ideas as a man feels it necessary to write, in connection with which we lose thought of words.

Religious controversy and party quarrels re-sounded about him ; he studiously avoided them. His principal merit lay in descriptive and oratorical talent.

Prior was an accomplished man of the world, with a correct and flowing style, having at command a light and noble verse. Gay was a lover of the real, had a precise imagination, did not see objects on a large scale, but singly with all their outlines and surroundings, whatever they might be, beautiful or ugly, dirty or clean.

Thomson's *Seasons* bears evidence of genuine descriptive poetry. After Gay, a child of simplicity, Gray, a morose hermit, Beattie, a metaphysical moralist, and Collins, a young enthusiast, comes Young, the author of *Night Thoughts*. Doubtless there are brilliant flashes of imagination in his poems ; seriousness and elevation are not wanting, but we discover that he makes the most of his grief, and strikes attitudes. He exaggerates and declaims, studies effects and style, confuses Greek and Christian ideas.

#### WRITERS WHO FLOURISHED DURING THE LATTER HALF OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

On the eve of the nineteenth century began in Europe the great modern revolution. The thinking public and the human mind changed, and underneath these collisions, a new literature sprang up. The writers who flourished at this period were Robert Burns, Cowper, Lamb, Coleridge, Southey, Moore, Sir Walter Scott, Wordsworth and Shelly.

Burns, though himself a deist, saw in the Saviour only an inspired man, reduced religion to an inner and poetic sentiment and attacked with his railleries the paid and patented orthodox people. Since Voltaire, no one in religious matters was more bitter or more jocose. He has genuine gaiety and comic energy ; laughter commends itself to him ; he praises it and the good suppers of good comrades where the wine flows, pleasantries abound, ideas pour forth, poetry sparkles and causes a carnival of beautiful figures and good humoured people to move about in the human brain. In love he always was. He made love the great end of existence.

The talent of William Cowper is but the picture of his character, and his poems but the echo of his life. He had too delicate and too pure a heart : pious, irreproachable, he thought himself unworthy of going to Church or even of praying to God. His poetry was life-like ; we do not listen to words, but we feel emotions ; it is not an author, but a man who speaks. His whole

effort is bent on removing falsehood and concoction. His verses are full of personal emotions genuinely felt, never altered or disguised; on the contrary fully expressed with their transient shades and fluctuations. Herein consists the great revolution of the modern style. The mind out-stripping the known rules of rhetoric and eloquence, penetrates into profound psychology and no longer employs words except to mark emotions.

Now appeared the English romantic school closely resembling the French in its doctrines, origin, alliances, in the truths which it discovered, the exaggerations it committed and the scandal it excited. The followers of that school formed a sect of dissenters in poetry who spoke out aloud, kept themselves close together and repelled settled minds by the audacity and novelty of their theories. Sauthy one of their leaders had begun by being a Socinian and Jacobin. Another Coleridge, whose brain was stuffed with incoherent reading and humanitarian dreams, had thought of founding in America a communist republic purged of kings and priests, then having turned Unitarian steeped himself in heretical and mystical theories on the Word and the Absolute. Wordsworth himself, the third and most moderate, had begun with enthusiastic verses against kings. But they afterwards became zealots, decided Anglicans, and intollerant conservatives. In point of taste, however, they had advanced, not retired. They had violently broken with traditions, leaped over all classical culture to find their models from the Renaissance and the Middle Age. One of their friends Charles Lamb had discovered and restored the sixteenth century. He wrote an archaic tragedy John Woodvill which one might fancy contemporary with Elizabeth's reign. They proposed to replace studied phrases and lofty vocabulary by natural tones and plebeian words. Thomas Moore was the gayest and the most French of all, a witty railer, too graceful, writing descriptive odes on the Bermudas, sentimental Irish melodies, a poetic Egyptian Romance, and a poem on Persia and India.

In this confusion of labors, two great ideas are distinguished: the first producing historical poetry, the second philosophical; the one especially manifest in Sauthy and Walter Scott, the other in Wordsworth and Shelly both European, and displayed with equal brilliancy in France by Hugo, Lamertine, and Musset; with greater brilliancy in Germany by Goethe; Schiller, Rockert, and Heine; both so profound that none of their representatives except Goethe, divined their scope; and hardly now after more than half a century can we define their nature so as to forecast their results.

The classical ascendancy was still so strong that it domineered over the infancy of history, the only kind of English literature which was then European and original. Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon were almost French in their taste, language, education, conception of man. They relate like men of the world, cultivated and instructed, with charm and clearness in a polished, rhythmic, sustained style. They show a liberal spirit, continuous moderation, an impartial reason. They banish from history all coarseness and tediousness. They write without caprice or prejudice. But at the same time they attenuate human nature; comprehend neither barbarism nor exaltation; paint human revolutions as people might do who had seen nothing, but decked drawing-rooms and dusted libraries; they judge enthusiasts with the coldness of chaplains or the smile of a sceptic; they blot out the salient features which distinguish human physiognomies; they cover all the harsh points of truth with a brilliant and uniform varnish.

#### LORD BYRON.

Byron was a poet in his own fashion—a strange fashion like that in which he lived. There were internal tempests within him, avalanches of ideas which found issue only in writing. He does not invent, he observes. He meditated too much upon himself to be enamoured of anything else. He recommends and practises the rule of unity in tragedy. He loves oratorical form, symmetrical phrase, condensed style. He likes to plead his passions. His work *Manfred*, which is the twin-brother of the greatest poem of the age, Goethe's *Faust*, is an echo of universal nature, a vast chorus in which gods, men, past, present, all periods of history, all conditions of life, all orders of existence agree without confusion, and in which that flexible genius of the musician who is alternately transformed into each one of them to interpret and comprehend them, only bears witness to his own thought in giving an insight, beyond this immense harmony, into the group of ideal laws whence it is derived and the inner reason which sustains it.

If Goethe was the poet of the universe, Byron was the poet of the individual, and if in one the German genius found its interpreter, the English genius found its interpreter in the other.

England held herself stiff uncomfortably laced in her stays of decorum. Hence arose two sources of misery; a man suffers and is tempted to throw down the ugly chocking apparatus when convinced he is alone. On one side constraint, on the other

hypocrisy—these are the two vices of English civilisation; and it was these which Byron with his poet's discernment and his combative instincts, attacked.

In his master-piece *Don Juan* there is another morality—there is one for every age, race, and sky—I mean that the ideal model varies with the circumstances which fashion it. In England the severity of the climate, the warlike energy of the race, and the liberty of the institution, prescribe an active life, strict manners, Puritan religion, the marriage-bond, the sentiment of duty and self-command. In Italy the beauty of the climate, the innate sense of the beautiful and the despotism of the Government, induced a leisurely life, relaxed manners, imaginative religion, the culture of the arts and the study of happiness.

Each model has its beauties and its blots—the epicurean artist like the political moralist; each shows by its greatness the littleness of the other and to set in relief the disadvantages of the second, Lord Byron had only to set in relief the seductions of the first.

Beyond British cant there is universal hypocrisy; beyond English pedantry, Byron wars against human roguery. Here is the general aim of the poem, and to this his character and genius tended. His great and gloomy dramas of juvenile imagination have vanished; experience has come; he knows man now; and what is man, once known? Do you think that the great sentiments—those of Childe Harold, for instance, are the ordinary course of his life? The truth is that he employs most of his time in sleeping, dining, yawning, working like a horse, amusing himself like an ape. According to Byron he is an animal; except for a few minutes, his nerves, his blood, his instincts lead him. Routine works over it all, necessity whips him on, the animal advances. As the animal is proud and is moreover imaginative, it pretends to be marching for its own pleasure, that there is no whip, that at all events this whip rarely touches its flanks, that at least his stoic back can make as if it did not feel it. Civilisation, education, reason, health cloak us in their smooth and polished cases; let us tear them away one by one or all together, and we laugh to see the brute who is lying at the bottom.

#### MODERN AUTHORS.

The Saxon invasion established the English race and determined their character. The Norman conquest modified the character and established the constitution. The Renaissance

manifested the national mind, the Reformation fixed the ideal and the Restoration imported classical culture and diverted the national mind. The Revolution developed classical culture and restored the national mind. Thus was the literature of the eighteenth century born, altogether conservative, useful, moral, and limited. Two powers direct it, one European, the other English: on one side the talent of oratorical analysis and the habits of literary dignity, which are proper to the classical age; on the other, the relish of application and the energy of precise observation which are proper to the national mind. Hence that excellence or originality of political satire, parliamentary discourse, solid energy, moral novels, and all the kinds of literature which demand an attention, good sense, a correct good style and a talent for advising, convincing or wounding others. Material prosperity and religious advancement are the forces which have produced the present civilisation and are working the future civilisation.

In no age or nation of the earth has matter been better handled and utilised. Like a heart to which the blood flows and from which it pours, money, goods, business, arrive in England from all the quarters of the globe and flow thence to all the quarters of the world. Man himself, mind and body, seems made to profit by these advantages. The Englishman's muscles are resistive and his mind can support tedium. He is less subject to weariness and disgust than other men. He works as well in the tenth hour as in the first. No one handles machines better; he has their regularity and precision. Two workmen in a cotton-mill, do the work of three, or even four French workmen. Their capital is seven or eight times greater than that of France. A firm and proud sentiment of duty, a genuine public spirit, a liberal notion of what a gentleman owes to himself, give them a moral superiority which sanctions their command; probably from the time of the old Greek cities, no education or condition has been seen in which innate nobility of man has received a more wholesome or completer development. In short they are magistrates and patrons from their birth, leaders of the great enterprises in which capital is risked, promoters of all charities, all improvements, all reforms, and with the honors of command they accept its burdens.

Religion does not remain out of the pale and below the standard of public culture; the young, the learned, the best of the nation, all the upper and middle classes continue attached to it. By this infusion of modern spirit, Christianity has received



new blood and Protestantism now constitutes with science the two motive organs and as it were the double heart of European life.

The six modern writers who have expressed efficacious and complete ideas on God, nature, man, religion, art and morality are Dickens, Thackeray, Macaulay, Carlyle, Stuart Mill and Tennyson. They may be regarded as specimens representing the common features, the opposite tendencies and consequently the general direction of the public mind. They are only specimens. By the side of Macaulay and Carlyle, we have historians like Hallam, Buckle and Grote; by the side of Dickens, novel writers like Bulwer, Charlotte Brontë, Mrs. Gaskell, George Eliot and many more; by the side of Stuart Mill, philosophers like Hamilton, Bain and Herbert Spencer; by the side of Tennyson, poets like Elizabeth Browning.

#### DICKENS.

Dickens has the English picture in him. Never surely did a mind figure to itself with more exact detail or greater energy all the parts and tints of a picture. An imagination so lucid and energetic cannot, but animate inanimate objects without an effort. It provokes in the mind in which it works extraordinary emotions, and the author pours over the objects which he figures to himself something of the everwelling passion which overflows in him. He does not, like Walter Scott, describe in order to give his reader a map and lay down the locality of his drama. He does, not like Lord Byron, describe from love of magnificent nature and in order to display a splendid succession of grand pictures. He dreams neither of attaining exactness nor of selecting beauty. Struck with a certain spectacle, he is transported and breaks out into unforeseen figures. Dickens is a poet; he is as much at home in the imaginative world as in the actual. Objects with him take their hue from the thoughts of his characters. His imagination is so lively that it carries everything with it in the path which it chooses. If the character is happy, the stones, flowers and clouds must be happy too; if he is sad nature must weep with him. We tinge all nature with the color of our thoughts; we shape the world according to our own ideas; when our soul is sick we see nothing but sickness in the universe.

The difference between a mad man and a man of genius is not very great. The same faculty leads us to glory or throws us in a cell in a lunatic asylum. It is visionary imagination which forges the phantoms of the mad man and creates the

personages of an artist, and the classifications serving for the first may serve for the second. The imagination of Dickens is like that of monomaniacs. To plunge oneself into an idea, to be absorbed by it, to see nothing else, to repeat it under a hundred forms, to enlarge it, to carry it thus enlarged to the eye of the spectator, to dazzle and overwhelm him with it, stamp it upon him so tenacious and impressive that he can never again tear it from his memory,—these are the great features of his imagination and style.

Dickens is admirable in the depicture of hallucinations. We see that he feels himself those of his characters, that he is engrossed by their ideas, that he enters into their madness. As an Englishman and a moralist, he has described remorse frequently. He does not perceive great things; that is the second feature of his imagination. Enthusiasm seizes him in connection with everything especially in connection with vulgar objects. He has vigor, he does not attain beauty. His instrument gives vibrating sounds, but not harmonious. He never abandons his impassioned tone; he never rests in a natural style and in a simple narrative; he only rails or weeps; he writes but satires or elegies. He has the feverish sensibility of a woman who laughs loudly or melts into tears at the sudden shock of the slightest occurrence. This impassioned style is extremely potent, and to it may be attributed half the glory of Dickens. He is the most railing, the most comic, the most jocose of English writers. And it is moreover a singular gaiety. It is the only kind which would harmonise with this impassioned sensibility. There is a laughter akin to tears. Satire is the sister of elegy: if the second pleads for the oppressed, the first combats the oppressors. Wounded by misfortunes and vices, Dickens avenges himself by ridicule. He does not paint, he punishes. Nothing could be more damaging than those chapters of sustained irony in which the sarcasm is pressed, time after time, more sanguinary and piercing in the chosen adversary.

Usually Dickens remains grave whilst drawing his caricatures. English wit consists in saying light jests in a solemn manner. Tone and ideas are then in contrast; every contrast makes a strong impression. Dickens loves to produce them and his public to hear them.

He exalts instincts above reason, intuition of heart above positive science, he attacks education built on statistics, figures and facts; overwhelms the positive and merchantile spirit with his misfortune and ridicule; combats the pride, hardness, selfish-

ness of the merchant and the aristocrat, falls foul of manufacturing towns, towns of smoke and mud which fetter the body in an artificial atmosphere and the mind in a factitious existence.

In reality the novels of Dickens can all be reduced to one phrase, to wit: Be good and love; there is genuine joy only in the emotions of the heart; sensibility is the whole man. Leave science to the wise, pride to the nobles, luxury to the rich; have compassion on humble wretchedness; the smallest and most despised being may in himself be worth as much as thousands of the powerful and the proud. Take care not to bruise the delicate souls which flourish in all conditions, under all costumes, in all ages. Believe that humanity, pity, forgiveness, are the finest things in man; believe that intimacy, expansion, tenderness, tears, are the finest things in the world. To live is nothing; to be powerful, learned, illustrious, is little; to be useful is not enough. He alone has lived and is a man who has wept at the remembrance of a benefit, given or received.

#### THACKERAY.

Thackeray comes in his proper character to attack vice. No author is more fertile in dissertations; he constantly enters his story to reprimand or instruct us; he adds theoretical to active morality. We might glean from his novels one or two volumes of essays in the manner of La Bruyere or of Addison. There are essays on love, on vanity, on hypocrisy, on meanness, on all the virtues, all the vices. No writer was better gifted than Thackeray for this kind of satire, because no faculty is more proper to satire than reflection. Reflection is a concentrated attention, and concentrated attention increases a hundred fold the force and duration of emotions. He who is immersed in the contemplation of vice, feels a hatred of vice, and the intensity of his hatred is measured by the intensity of his contemplation. At first anger is a generous wine which intoxicates and exalts; when preserved and shut up, it becomes a liquor burning all that it touches and corroding even the vessel which contains it. Of all satirists, Thackeray, after Swift, is the most gloomy. Even his countrymen have reproached him with depicting the world uglier than it is. Indignation, grief, scorn, disgust, are his ordinary sentiments. When he digresses and imagines tender souls, he exaggerates their sensibility in order to render their oppression more odious. The selfishness which wounds them is horrible, and this resigned sweetness is a mortal insult

to their tyrants: it is the same hatred which has calculated the kindness of the victims and the harshness of the persecutors.

This anger exasperated by reflection is also armed by reflection. It is clear that the author is not carried away by passing indignation or pity. He has mastered himself before speaking. He has often weighed the rascality which he is about to describe. He is in possession of the motives, species, results, as a naturalist is of his classifications. He is sure of his judgement, and has mastered it. He punishes like a man convinced, who has before him a heap of proofs, who advances nothing without a document or argument, who has foreseen all objections and refuted all excuses, who will never pardon, who is right in being inflexible, who is conscious of his justice, and who rests his sentence and his vengeance on all the power of meditation and equity.

The effect of this justified and contained hatred is overwhelming. When we have read to the end of Bayzac's novels, we feel the pleasure of a naturalist walking through a museum, past a fine collection of specimens and monstrosities. When we have read to the end of Thackeray, we feel the shudder of a stranger brought before a mattress in the operation-room of an hospital, on the day when moxas are applied or a limb is taken off.

So attentive a reflection is a source of sadness. To amuse ourselves with human passions we must consider them as inquisitive, men like shifting puppets or as learned men, like regulated wheels or as artists like powerful springs. If you only consider them as virtuous or vicious, your lost illusions will enchain you in gloomy thoughts and you will find in man only weakness and ugliness. This is why Thackeray depreciates our whole nature. He did as a novelist what Hobbes did as a philosopher. Almost everywhere, when he describes fine sentiments, he derives them from an ugly source. Tenderness, kindness, love, are in his characters the effect of the nerves, of instinct or of a moral disease.

According to Thackeray, English society is a compound of flatteries and intrigues each striving to hoist himself up a step higher on the social ladder and to push back those who are climbing. To be received at court, to see one's name in the papers amongst a list of illustrious guests, to give a cup of tea at home to some stupid and bloated peer; such is the supreme limit of human ambition and felicity.

Thackeray has confined his attention to a consideration of our moral qualities—our virtues and vices. Doubtless moral

qualities are of the first rank ; they are the motive power of civilisation and constitute the nobleness of the individual ; society exist by them alone, and by them alone man is great. But if they are the finest fruit of the human plant, they are not its root ; they give us our value, but do not constitute our elements. Neither the virtues nor the vices of man are his nature ; to praise or to blame him is not to know him ; approbation or disapprobation does not define him ; the names of good or bad tell us nothing of what he is. The essential of man is concealed far below these moral badges ; they only point out the useful or noxious effect of our inner constitution. Our true essence consists in the causes of our good or bad qualities, and these causes are discovered in the temperament, the species and degree of imagination, the amount and velocity of attention, the magnitude and direction of the primitive passions. A character is a force like gravity, weight or steam capable as it may happen of pernicious or profitable effects, and which must be defined otherwise than by the amount of the weight it can lift or the havoc it can cause. It is therefore to ignore man, to reduce him, as Thackeray and English literature generally do, to an aggregate of virtues or vices ; it is to lose sight in him of all but the exterior or social side ; it is to neglect the inner and natural element.

#### LORD MACAULAY.

Macaulay treats philosophy in the English fashion as a practical man. He is a disciple of Bacon and sets him above all philosopher ; he decides that genuine science dates from him ; that the speculations of old thinkers are only the sport of the mind. The object of knowledge is not theory, but application. The object of every research and every study is to diminish pain, to augment comfort, to ameliorate the condition of man ; theoretical laws are serviceable only in their practical use ; the labors of the laboratory and the cabinet receive their sanction and value only through the use made of them by the workshops and the mills ; the tree of knowledge must be estimated by its fruits.

The English positive and practical men, excellent politicians, administrators, fighters and workers are no more suited than the ancient Romans for the abstractions of subtle dialectics and grand systems. Macaulay's Essays are a new example of this national and dominant inclination ; his biographies are less portraits than judgments. He bases his opinion on analogies

drawn from ordinary life, from the history of all peoples, the laws of all countries; he brings forward so many proofs, such certain facts, such conclusive reasonings that the best advocates find model in him; and when at last he pronounces judgment, we think we are listening to the summing up of a judge.

Macaulay is liberal in the largest and best sense of the word. He demands that all citizens should be equal before the law, that men of all sects should be declared capable to fill all public functions—that Roman Catholics and Jews as well as Lutherans, Anglicans and Calvinists, sit in Parliament; he clearly proves that the State is only a secular association, that its end is wholly temporal, that its single object is to protect the life, liberty, and property of the citizens; that in entrusting to it the defence of spiritual interests we overturn the order of things; and that to attribute to it a religious belief is, as though a man walking with his feet, should also confide to his feet the care of seeing and hearing.

His love of Justice becomes a passion when political liberty is at stake; Macaulay loves it interestedly, because it is the only guarantee of the properties, happiness and life of individuals; he loves it from pride, because it is the honor of men; he loves it from patriotism, because it is a legacy left by preceding generations; because for two hundred years, a succession of upright and great men have defended against all attacks and preserved it in all dangers; because it has made the power and glory of England; because in teaching the citizens to will and to decide for themselves, it adds to their dignity and intelligence; because in assuring internal peace and continuous progress, it guarantees the land from bloody revolutions and silent decay. All these advantages are perpetually present to his eyes; whoever attacks the liberty which founds them, becomes at once his enemy. Macaulay cannot look calmly on the oppression of man; every outrage on human will hurts him like a personal outrage.

Of whatever subject he treats, political economy, morality, philosophy, literature, history, Macaulay is impassioned for his subject. He does not set forth his opinion; he pleads it. He has that energetic, sustained and vibrating tone which bows down opposition and conquers belief. His thought is an active force; it is imposed on hearer; he attacks him with such superiority, falls upon him with such a train of proofs, such a manifest and legitimate authority, such a powerful impulse that we never think of resisting it; and it masters the heart by its vehemence, whilst at the same time it masters the reason by its evidence.

Macaulay is not a poet like Michelet nor a philosopher like Guizot; but he possesses so well all the oratorical powers, he accumulates and arranges so many facts, he holds them so closely in his hands, he manages them with so much ease and vigor that he succeeds in recomposing the whole and harmonious woof of history, not losing or separating one thread. The poet reanimates the dead; the philosopher formulates creative laws; the orator knows, expounds and pleads causes. The poet resuscitates souls, the philosopher composes a system, the orator redispenses chains of arguments; but all three march towards the same end by different routes, and the orator, like his rivals reproduces in his work, the unity and the complexity of life.

#### CARLYLE.

Everything is new with Carlyle—ideas, style, tone, the shape of the phrases and the very vocabulary. He takes everything in a contrary meaning, does violence to everything, expressions and things. With him, paradoxes are set down for principles; common sense takes the form of absurdity. He cannot be contented with a simple expression; he employs figures at every step; he embodies all his ideas; he must touch forms. We see that he is besieged and hunted by sparkling or gloomy visions; every thought with him is a shock; a stream of misty passion comes bubbling into his over-flowing brain, and the torrent of images breaks forth and rolls on amidst every kind of mud and magnificence. He cannot reason, he must paint.

Carlyle has a style of his own fashion; it is our business to understand it. He alludes to a saying of Goethe, of Shakspeare, an anecdote which strikes him at the moment; so much the worse for us if we do not know it. He shouts when the fancy takes him; the worse for us, if our ears do not like it. He writes on the caprice of his imagination, with all the starts of invention; the worse for us if our mind goes at a different pace. He catches on the wing all the shades, all the oddities of his conception; the worse for us if ours cannot reach them. A last feature of humour is the irruption of violent joviality buried under a heap of sadness. Absurd indecency appears unannounced. Physical nature hidden and oppressed under habits of melancholic reflection, is laid bare for an instant. You see a grimace, a clown's gesture, then everything assumes its wonted gravity. Add lastly the unforeseen flashes of imagination. The humourist covers a poet; suddenly in the monotonous mist of prose, at the end of an

argument, a vista shines; beautiful or ugly, it matters not; it is enough that it strikes our eyes.

It is from Germany that Carlyle has drawn his greatest ideas. He was the most recognised and most original of the interpreters who introduced the German mind into England. With him as with the Puritans, the inner man is distinguished from the exterior and carnal, extricates duty from the solicitations of pleasure; discovers God through the appearances of nature; and beyond the world and the instincts of sense, perceives supernatural world and instinct.

According to Carlyle all religions have their origin in idolatry.

"Idol is Eidolon, a thing seen, a symbol. It is not God, but a symbol of God. Is not all worship whatsoever a worship by symbols, by eidola, or things seen? The most rigorous Puritan has his Confession of Faith, and intellectual Representation of Divine things, and worships thereby. All creeds, liturgies, religious forms, conceptions that fitly invest religious feelings, are in this sense eidola, things seen. All worship whatsoever must proceed by symbols, by idols:—We may say, all idolatry is comparative, and the worst idolatry is only more idolatrous."

The only detestable idolatry is that from which the sentiment has departed, which consists only in learned ceremonies, in mechanical repetition of prayers, in decent profession of formulæ not understood. The deep veneration of a monk of the twelfth century prostrated before the relics of St. Edmund, was worth more than the conventional piety and cold philosophical religion of a Protestant of to-day. Whatever the worship, it is the sentiment which gives it its whole value. And this sentiment is that of morality.

The Germans said that every nation, period, civilisation, has its idea, that is its chief feature, from which the rest were derived. Where Hegel proposed an idea, Carlyle proposed a heroic sentiment. It was more palpable and moral. To complete his escape from the vague, he considered this sentiment in a hero. He must give to abstractions a body and a soul; he was not at ease in pure conceptions, and wished to touch a real being. But this being, as he conceived it, was an abstract of the rest.

For according to him, the hero contains and represents the civilisation in which he is comprised; he discovered, proclaimed or practised an original conception, and in this his age has followed him. The knowledge of a heroic sentiment thus gives us a knowledge of a whole age. By this method Carlyle emerged beyond biography. He rediscovered the grand views of his



masters. He felt like them that a civilisation vast and dispersed as it is over time and space, forms an indivisible whole. He combined in a system of hero-worship, the scattered fragments which Hegel united by a law. He derived from a common sentiment the events which the Germans derived from a common definition. He comprehended the deep and distant connection of things such as bind a great man to his time, such as connect the works of accomplished thought with the stutterings of infant thought; such as link the wise inventions of modern constitutions to the disorderly furies of primitive barbarism. There is perhaps less genius in Macaulay than in Carlyle; but when we have fed for some time on his exaggerated and demoniac style his marvellous and sickly philosophy, his contorted and prophetic history, his sinister and furious politics, we gladly return to the continuous eloquence, to the vigorous reasoning, to the moderate prognostications, to the demonstrated theories of the generous and solid mind, who brought honor to England and whose place none can fill.

#### STUART MILL.

Mill has defined and innovated everything from the starting point of facts. In all forms and degrees of knowledge, he has recognised only the knowledge of facts and of their relations. Every object has its properties as well as its essences. It is manifested to the outer world by an indefinite number of effects and qualities; but all these modes of being are the results of its inner nature. There is within it a certain hidden substratum which alone is primitive and important without which it can neither exist nor be conceived and which constitutes its being and our notion of it. They call the propositions, which denote this essence, definitions, and assert that the best part of our knowledge consists of such propositions. On the other hand, Mill says that these kinds of propositions teach us nothing; they show the mere sense of a word and are purely verbal. What do I learn by being told that man is a rational animal, or that a triangle is a space contained by three lines? The first part of such a phrase expresses by an abbreviated word what the second part expresses in a developed phrase. You tell me the same thing twice over; you put the same fact into two different expressions; you do not add one fact to another, but you go from one fact to its equivalent; your proposition is not instructive. You might collect a million such, yet my mind would remain entirely void;

I shall have read a dictionary, but not have acquired a single piece of knowledge. Instead of saying that essential propositions are important and those relating to qualities merely accessory, you ought to say that the first are necessary and the second important. I learn nothing by being told that a circle is a figure formed by the revolution of a straight line about one of its points as centre; I do learn something when told that the chords, which subtend equal arcs in the circle, are themselves equal, or that three given points determine the circumference. What we call the nature of a thing is the connected system of facts which constitute that being—the indefinite sum of its properties.

MILL SAYS —“ The definition, they say, unfolds the nature of the thing: but no definition can unfold its whole nature; and every proposition in which any quality whatever is predicated of the thing, unfolds some part of its nature. The true state of the case we take to be this. All definitions are of names and of names only; but in some definitions it is clearly apparent, that nothing is intended except to explain the meaning of the word; while in others, besides explaining the meaning of the word it is intended to be implied that there exists a thing corresponding to the word.”

Abandon then the vain hope of eliminating from properties some primitive and mysterious being, the source and abstract of the whole, leave entities to Dun Scotus; do not fancy that, by probing your ideas in the German fashion, by classifying objects according to genera and species, like the schoolmen, by reviving the nomenclature of the Middle Ages on the riddles of Hegelian Metaphysics, you will ever supply the want of experience. There are no definitions of things; if there are definitions, they only define names. Our knowledge relates either to words or to things or to both at once. If it is a matter of words as in the definition of names, it attempts to refer words to our primitive feelings, that is to say, to the facts which form their elements. If it relates to beings, as in propositions about things, its whole effort is to link fact to fact, in order to connect the finite number of known properties with the infinite number to be known. If both are involved as in the definitions of names which conceal a proposition relating to things, it attempts to do both. Everywhere its operation is the same. The whole matter in any case is either to understand each other,—that is to revert to facts or to learn,—that is to add facts to facts.

Mill cleared up the misconception and improved the old theories of Proof as well as of Definition. According to this

theory of proof, the whole process of the human mind in its reasonings, consists in recognising in individuals what is known in the class; in affirming in detail what has been established for the aggregate; in laying down a second time and instance by instance what has been laid down once for all at first. By no means, replies Mill; for if it were so, our reasoning would be good for nothing. It is not a progress, but a repetition. When I have affirmed that all men are mortal, I have affirmed implicitly that Prince Albert is mortal. In speaking of the whole class, that is to say, of all the individuals of the class, I have spoken of each individual and therefore of Prince Albert who is one of them. I say nothing new, then, when I now mention him expressly. My conclusion teaches me nothing; it adds nothing to my positive knowledge; it only puts in another shape a knowledge which I already possessed. It is not fruitful, but merely verbal. If then reasoning be what logicians represent it, it is not instructive. I know as much of the subject at the beginning of my reasoning as at the end. I have transformed words into other words, I have been moving without gaining ground. Now this cannot be the case; for in fact reasoning does teach us new truths. I learn a new truth when I discover that Prince Albert is mortal, and I discover it by dint of reasoning; for since he is still alive I cannot have learnt it by direct observation. Thus logicians are mistaken; and behind the scholastic theory of syllogism, which reduces reasoning to substitutions of words, we must look for a positive theory of proof, which shall explain how it is that, by the process of reasoning, we discover facts.

For this purpose it is sufficient to observe that general propositions are not the true proof of particulars propositions. They seem so, but are not. It is not from the mortality of all men that I conclude Prince Albert to be mortal; the premises are elsewhere and in the background. The general proposition is but memento, a sort of abbreviated register to which I have consigned the fruit of my experience. This memento may be regarded as a note-book to which we refer to refresh our memory; but it is not from the book that we draw our knowledge, but from the objects which we have seen. My memento is valuable only for the facts which it recalls. My general proposition has no value except for the particular facts which it sums up.

"All inference is from particulars to particulars: general propositions are merely registers of such inferences already made, and short formulæ for making more: the major premise of a syllogism, consequently, is a formula of this description and

the conclusion is not an inference drawn from the formulæ, but an inference drawn according to the formulæ: the real logical antecedent or premises, being the particular facts from which the particular proposition was collected by induction."

STUART MILL.

There remains a philosophical fortress in which the idealists have taken refuge. At the origin of all proof are axioms from which all proofs are derived; axioms are not and cannot be the results of experience. They are not so, because we can form them mentally without the aid of experience; they cannot be so, because the nature and scope of their truths lie without the limits of experimental truths. They have another and a deeper sense. They have a wider scope and they come from elsewhere.

Not so, answers Mill.—Here again you reason like a schoolman; you forget the facts concealed behind your conceptions; for examine your first argument. Doubtless you can discover, without making use of your eyes, and by purely mental contemplation, that two straight lines cannot enclose a space; but this contemplation is but a displaced experiment. Imaginary lines here replace real lines: you construct the figure in your mind instead of on paper: your imagination fulfils the office of a diagram on paper: you trust to it as you trust to the diagram and it is as good as the other; for in regard to figures and lines the imagination exactly reproduces the sensation. What you have seen with your eyes open, you will see again exactly the same a minute afterwards with your eyes closed; geometrical properties transferred to the field of mental vision as accurately as if they existed in the field of actual sight. There are therefore experiments of the brain as there are ocular ones; and it is after such an experiment that you deny to two straight lines the property of enclosing a space.

As to the argument which distinguishes axioms from propositions of experience under the pretext that the contraries of the latter are conceivable, while the contraries of axioms are inconceivable, it is nugatory, for this distinction does not exist. Nothing prevents the contraries of certain propositions of experience from being conceivable and the contraries of others inconceivable. That depends on the constitution of our minds. It may be that in some cases the mind may contradict its experience and in others, not. It is possible that in certain cases our conceptions may differ from our perceptions and sometimes, not. It may be that in certain cases external sight is opposed to internal, and in certain others, not. Now we have already seen

that in the case of figures, the internal sight exactly reproduces the external. Therefore in axioms of figures the mental sight cannot be opposed to actual; imagination cannot contradict sensation. In other words the contraries of such axioms are inconceivable.

Thus axioms, although their contraries are inconceivable, are experiments of a certain class, and it is because they are so that their contraries are inconceivable. At every point, there results this conclusion which is the abstract of the system: every instructive or fruitful proposition is derived from experience, and is simply a connecting together of facts. Hence it follows that Induction is the only key to nature. This theory is Mill's masterpiece. What then is Induction?

"Induction is that operation of the mind by which we infer that what we know to be true in a particular case or cases, will be true in all cases which resemble the former in certain assignable respects. In other words, Induction is the process by which we conclude that what is true of certain individuals of a class is true of the whole class, or what is true at certain times will be true in similar circumstances at all times."

STUART MILL.

This is the reasoning by which, having observed that Peter, John and a greater or less number of men have died, we conclude that all men will die. In short, Induction connects mortality with the quality of man; that is to say, connects two general facts ordinarily successive and asserts that the first is the cause of the second.

From the idea we have of cause depend all our notions of nature. To give a new idea of causation is to transform human thought; and we shall see how Mill like Hume and Comte, but better than they, has put this idea into a new shape. When Mill says that the contact of iron with moist air produces rust, or that heat dilates bodies, he does not speak of the mysterious bond by which metaphysicians connect cause and effect. He does not busy himself with the intimate force and generative virtue which certain philosophers insert between the thing producing and the product. Mill says. "The only notion of a cause, which the theory of induction requires, is such a notion as can be gained from experience. The Law of Causation, the recognition of which is the main pillar of inductive science is, but the familiar truth, that invariability of succession is found by observation to obtain between every fact in nature and some other

fact which has preceded it; independently of all consideration respecting the ulterior mode of production of phenomena, and of every other question regarding the nature of 'Things in themselves.'"

The last key of nature is the Method of Deduction. Science after having passed from the deductive to the experimental, is now passing from the experimental to the deductive. Induction has for its province phenomena which are capable of being decomposed, on which we can experiment. Deduction has for its province indecomposable phenomena, or such on which we cannot experiment. The first is efficacious in physics, chemistry, zoology and botany, in the earlier stages of every science, and also whenever phenomena are but slightly complicated, within our reach, and capable of being modified by means at our disposal. The second is efficacious in astronomy, in the higher branches of physics, in physiology, history, in the higher grades of every science, whenever phenomena, are very complicated, as in animal and social life, or lie beyond our reach, as the motions of the heavenly bodies and the changes of the atmosphere.

Mill is the last exponent of the theory of induction of that great line of philosophers, which begins at Bacon and which through Hobbes, Newton, Locke, Hume, Herschell, is continued down to our own times. They have been positive and practical they have not soared above facts; they have not attempted out of the way paths; they have cleared the human mind of its illusions, presumptions, and fancies. They have employed it in the only direction in which it can act; they have only wished to mark out and lit up the already well-trodden ways of the progressive sciences. They have not been willing to spend their labor vainly in other than explored and verified paths; they have aided in the great modern work, the discovery of applicable laws; they have contributed, as men of special attainments do, to the increase of man's power.

Mill's system of philosophy is open to this criticism that by cutting away from science the knowledge of first causes, that is of divine things, he has reduced men to become sceptical, positive, utilitarian, if they are cool-headed; or mystical, enthusiastic, methodistical, if they have lively imaginations.

#### TENNYSON.

The potent generation of poets preceding Tenneyson, who had just died out, had passed like a whirlwind. Like their fore-runners of the sixteenth century, they had carried away and

hurried everything to its extremes. Some had culled the gigantic legends, piled up dreams, ransacked the East, Greece, Arabia, the Middle Ages and overloaded the human imagination with tones and fancies from every clime. Others had buried themselves in metaphysics and morality; had mused indefatigably on the human condition and spent their lines in the sublime and the monotonous. Others making a medley of crime and heroism had conducted, through darkness and flashes of lightning, a train of contorted and terrible figures desperate with remorse, relieved by their grandeur. Men wanted to rest after so many efforts and so much excess.

Quitting the imaginative and Satanic School, Tennyson appeared exquisite. All the forms and ideas which had pleased them were found in him, but purified, modulated, set in a splendid style. He completed an age; he enjoyed that which had agitated others; his poetry was like the lovely evenings in summer: the outlines of the landscape are then the same as in the day-time; but the splendour of the dazzling dome is dulled; the reinvigorated flowers lift themselves up, and the calm sun, on the horizon, harmoniously blends in a network of crimson rays, the woods and meadows which it just before burned by its brightness.

Fame came to him easily and quickly at the age of thirty. The Queen had justified the public favor by creating him Poet Laureate.

A great writer had declared him a more genuine poet than Lord Byron and maintained that nothing so perfect had been seen since Shakspeare. The prose of Dickens and Thackeray did not more firmly grasp real and actual manners as described in Tennyson's *Maud*. In his legend of Arthur Merlin and the Knights of the Round Table, Tennyson is epic, antique and ingenuous like Homer.

The favourite poet of a nation, it seems, is he whose works a man setting out on a journey, prefers to put into his pocket. Now-a-days it would be Tennyson in England and Alfred de Musset in France. The English society is elegant and common-sense, refined in comfort, regular in conduct, whose dilettante tastes and moral principles confine it within a sort of flowery border and prevent it from having its attention diverted. Does any poet suit such a society better than Tennyson? Without being a pedant, he is moral, he may be read in the family circle by night; he does not rebel against society and life; he speaks of God and the soul nobly, tenderly without ecclesiastical prejudice; there is no need to reproach him like Lord Byron; he

has no violent and abrupt words, excessive, and scandalous sentiments; he will pervert no body. The ladies have been charmed by his portraits of women; they are so exquisite and pure. He has laid such delicate blushes on those lovely cheeks! He has depicted so well the changing expression of those proud or candid eyes! They like him because they feel that he likes them. Moreover he honors them and rises in his nobility to the height of their purity. He has not rudely trenched upon truth and passion. He has risen to the height of noble and tender sentiments. He has gleaned from all nature and all history what was most lofty and amiable. He has chosen his ideas; chiselled his words, equalled by his artifices, successes and diversity of his style, the pleasantness and perfection of social elegance in the midst of which he is read. His poetry is like one of those gilt and painted stands in which flowers of the country and exotics mingle in artificial harmony their stalks and foliage, their clusters and cups, their scents and hues. It seems made expressly for these wealthy, cultivated, free business men, heirs of the ancient nobility, new leaders of a new England. It is part of their luxury as of their morality; it is an eloquent confirmation of their principles and a precious article of their drawing-room furniture.

Tennyson is a born poet that is a builder of airy palaces and imaginary castles.

But the individual passion and abortive pre-occupation which generally guide the hands of such men, are wanting in him; he found in himself no plan of a new edifice; he has built after all the rest; he has simply chosen amongst all forms the most eloquent, ornate, exquisite.

KAILAS CHUNDRA KANJILAL, B.L.



### *BUSINESS-OUR-BUGBEAR.*

Within a few years of the advent of the British in the East, people of India were seized with a natural longing for commercial speculation and mercantile enterprises. Their contact with the Shop-keepers of the West inflamed their curiosity as regards the phenomenon of the Western Commerce to such an extent that many Indian commercial houses suddenly sprang up not only in Bengal but also in Bombay and Madras. Although many were started up, but few were able to maintain their ground before the onward march of foreign commerce. In the struggle for existence all were placed under a serious disadvantage, in consequence of which a majority of them were obliged to perish before drawing their first breath. This new luxury of trade and commerce taught Indians a telling lesson, and the fatal tightness brought upon their purse by the successive collapses of the Indian mercantile houses convinced the people that money was not alone the sinew which could preserve the pride, pomp and circumstance of this glorious war. In this field of glory, judgment, patience, perseverance, knowledge of men and an unerring accuracy should be brought to keep up its majesty of thundering pomp. The oriental precocity is a stumbling block of indigenous trade and commerce.

From our pre-university men, instances can be picked out where opulence and reputation were acquired by commercial enterprises, but they were few and far between. In Indian pre-university time, a far larger portion of Indians embarked on a commercial career. It was the mania of the time. Soon after the kicking out of the Merchant-Princes of the great Governing Corporation of its delegated sovereignty in the East and the assumption of the ruling power by the Crowned Head of the British Isles for weighty, diverse reasons, the pendulum has begun to oscillate in the opposite direction.

After a protracted struggle with the abusive language embalmed as it were in corrosive chemicals for the greedy Corporators who were impeached before the public of crass incapacity and gross selfishness, by the contemporary polemics, the Honourable and aristocratic Company succumbed, and its sovereign power was declared null and void by a Parliamentary decree. The Civil Service which had hitherto been a special privilege

of the Company was now thrown open to competition thereby dealing a deadly blow to the healthy administration of the country. Universities were founded in different presidencies to carry out vigorously the downward filtration theory of education. The mania of business was, by a stroke of diplomatic pen, cleverly twisted and turned towards the university education. The transition was as considerable as the departure was remarkable, but it was for the worse. The attraction for university education was enhanced by the offerings of lucrative services by the Government of the country. The people of the country naturally flocked to the place which was to them the store-house of pensionable services. At first this education system acted like a spell upon the country and people who belong to the lower ranks of society even deported their children to the metropolis to receive university training. In this way too many cocks have spoiled the broth.

After an interval of half a century, the people have at last detected the principle underlying the gubernatorial policy in diffusing education among the people. University education has thrown off its magic garment and the mischievous policy with which it has been rounded has lost half its charm.

The examples of Ramgopal Ghose and Dwarkanath Tagore, Moti Lal Seal and Ram Dulal Sirkar, Durgacharan Dutt and Raghuram Gossain of Bengal, Rustomjee, Jamsetjee, Jeejeebhoy of Bombay, and the Chetties of Madras, who by their exertions and in the very teeth of the keen competition of foreign merchants, acquired immense fortune, are as instructive as those of Rothschilds in the British Isle. Weakness of men often leads them to think that luck has an immense influence over commercial career, and that there are men who are persecuted by an evil destiny. Men in possession of a sufficient amount of pluck and activity can work miracles in the commercial world and turn everything they touch, to gold, like Midas, King of Phrygia.

Now when the surgeon's craft and the lawyer's profession have been hopelessly overcrowded, the people, by a forced necessity, are towards trade and commerce. The doors of *Æsculapius* and *Nemesis* being closed against them, they are turning towards the porch of *Hermes*. Embarkation on enterprises of great pith and moment being, in many cases, followed by their total sinking leaving not a trace behind, it is not to be supposed that business is not meant for us. We are still wanting in those qualities which, when leagued with business, impart to it a luxuriant growth and prosperity.

Brojo Coomar Guha, grand-father of Obhoy Charan Guha, came to Calcutta more than 150 years ago. Brojo Coomar had 4 sons, of whom, Durga Charan became Banian to Messrs. Lackerstine and Co., and took his brother Shib Chundra, father of the deceased Obhoy Charan Guha to his office. After the collapse of the said firm, Durga Charan and Shib Chunder became banian of each of the firms that rose out of the ashes of Messrs. Lackerstine and Co. Shib Chunder successively became Banian to Messrs. Lyall Rennie and Co., Oliva Cathela and Co., (an Italian firm), Barley Currey and Co. Obhoy Charan, at the early age of 17, became cash-keeper to Messrs. Lyall Rennie and Co.

After the demise of Kally Kinker Palit, Banian to Messrs Lyall and Co., Babu Shib Chunder with one Ram Dhone Mitter became banian of the said firm. The son, Obhoy Charan, acted as a supervisor of the said firm.

After the father became the Banian to Messrs. Lyall Rennie and Co., he with his son next became Banian to Messrs. Barley Currey and Co. Mr. Turner of Messrs. Turner Morrison and Co., was then a partner to the said firm. He entertained a very high opinion of the son's capacity to business. In consequence of the bubblement of several mercantile houses in 1847 when the firms in which the father and the son were the Banians were compelled to wound up their business. Obhoy Charan Guha was left without employment

In 1847 Obhoy Charan became Banians to Messrs. E. M. Cowell and Co. When Messrs. Barley Currey and Co. wound up their business, Mr. Turner started a new concern of his and requested Obhoy Charan Guha to act as his Banian, which he did. When Kassipore Sugar Work and Co., appointed Messrs. Turner and Co., as their agent, Babu Obhoy Charan Guha acquired a considerable sum. The infant firm of Messrs. Turner and Co., gained stronger ground in the mercantile field when Messrs. Categan and Morrison joined Messrs. Turner and Co. as partners. Obhoy Charan Guha continued to act as Banian, and afterwards retired therefrom.

Next comes Messrs. Kilburn and Co., of which firm the father was at first the Banian. After his retire, the son succeeded his father. Then come Messrs. Pear Mackray, Messrs. Playfair Duncan and Co. Messrs. Peel Jacob and Messrs. Graham and Co. In the course of his Banianship, he enjoyed the confidence of his European masters.

Guha the father and Guha the son are rare productions of circumstances. Among the latter-day Bengalee Banians, they are prominent figures.

S. N. SIRCA R, M.A.

## RELIGIOUS AND SOCIAL PRACTICES OF THE PEOPLE OF THE MADRAS PRESIDENCY.

During my sojourn in some of the places of the Madras Presidency in the years 1891 and 1894, I had opportunities of ascertaining the religious and social practices of the people of that Presidency: and I have much pleasure in placing them before the reader.

The most striking thing is the classification among Brahmans. Under the religious system followed by them, the Brahmans are divided into three classes: *viz.*, the *Smarthas*, the *Vaisnavas* and the *Madhvas*. Properly speaking, there are only two classes, as the *Madhvas*, although recognised as a separate class, are worshippers of Visnu, and are in reality Vaisnavas. The following are the tribal divisions:—1. *Draver* or Tamil Brahmans 2. *Andhra* or Telugu Brahmans 3. *Karnataka*, which is divided into (1) *Smartha Karnataka* and (2) *Madhva Karnataka*. 4. *Maharashtra* or *Mahratta* and 5. *Gurjara* or *Gujaratee*. The Draviras have twelve sub-divisions, the *Andhras* have fourteen, the *Smartha Karnatakas* have five, the *Madhva Karnatakas* have seven, the *Maharashtras* have two, namely, the *Madhva Deçastha* and the *Smartha Deçastha* and the *Gurjaras* have three, namely, (1) *Nagaras* (2) *Baj Kedavals* and (3) *Bhetharad-a-Kedanals*. Some of these sub-divisions are divided again.

I will, in the first place, deal with the religious observances of the people, and then refer to their social practices.

As already mentioned, the *Smarthas* or *Caivas*, and the *Vaisnavas* are the two principal religious sects in the Madras Presidency. There are no spiritual guides to attend to the religious requirements of special families as we have in Bengal. There are in this Presidency *Maths* or religious centres, each being presided by a High Priest, who is looked upon as an authority in matters of religion.

1.—The *Smarthas* are under the *Maths* of Cankar-acharya. They are many in number. Among them, five are prominent. They are situated at Kumbhakonam, Puspagiri (in the Kadapa district) Virupaksa (in the Bellary district) Cringari (in Mysore)

and Kandali (in Cimoga). The Smarthas rub their bodies with ashes mixed with water, especially on the forehead, marked with three horizontal lines of sandal dust, which go by the name of *Tripundrak*. These three lines represent Brahma, Visnu and Maheçvara, *i.e.*, the creative, the preserving and the destructive powers of God. The three *Vedas Rik, yaju* and *Sama* are also represented by these lines. The *Vibhuti*, with which the body is rubbed, indicates that the Almighty Being pervades the whole body. The Smarthas are *Advaitavadis*, *i.e.*, they believe the soul to be a part of the Supreme Being. They have an emblem to signify this belief. It is a large vessel containing many holes. A light is placed in it: but as the light passes through many holes, it forms into several divisions, each appearing complete in itself although emanating from the main light.

II.—The Vaisnavs are divided into two classes, *viz.*, the Aiyangars and the Madhvas. Each class has Maths of its own. The Aiyangars have five Maths, *viz.*, (1) Ahobala Math at Trivellore in the Chingleput district (2) Vanamamalai Math or Totadri in the Tinevelly district (3) Parkala\* Math in the town of Mysore (4) Emberumanar Jheer Math at Thiruk Kovilur and (5) Ether aja Jheer Math at Cripurumbathur. The Madhvas have four Maths, *viz.*, (1) Utharathi Math, the original seat of which was Holia Narasimbapuram (2) Vyasaray Math at Sosalai (3) Mulubagain Math in the Mysore state and (4) Sumathendra Math at Nanjangode. An ascetic priest is in charge of each Math. There is a special class of this sect called Taluva Madhvas. They inhabit Kanar and Udipi in the West coast. Taluva is their vernacular. They have special Maths of their own in the town of Udipi, eight in number, an ascetic priest being at the head of each.

The Vaisnavas have more marks on their body than the Smarthas: and they are different in the different classes. Those on the forehead, however, are almost identical. The two lines on each side represent Jivatma and Paramatma, *i.e.*, human soul and divine soul, and the line in the middle represents Prakriti, or the nature of man which separates Jivatma from Paramatma; but the semi-circular mark underneath these lines represents intellect which unites them together.

The practice of stamping on the body the emblems held by Visnu in his hands is not the same among the two classes of Vaisnavas. In the case of Aiyangars, a special ceremony is

\* The priest of this Math is the spiritual guide of His Highness the Maharajah of Mysore.

performed for receiving the impression of Shankham in the right arm and that of Chakram on the left. In the case of boys, it takes place after the *Upavit* ceremony is performed, and, in the case of girls, after the performance of marriage. This ceremony is performed generally by the priest of the Math to which the persons concerned belong, but in exceptional cases, there are certain families, the senior members of which have the privilege of performing it, so far as regards the boys and girls of those families.

In the case of Madhvas, impressions are received by the people when the priest of the *Math* to which they belong comes to them on a visit, which takes place at least once in five years, and may be deferred even to the eighth year. The disciples of the *Math* meet the High Priest with some money as *Daksina* (present) according to their means, and submit to the ordeal. Fire is applied to the emblems of Shankham and Chakram, and, when heated, the priest begins the work of branding. Males and widows receive impressions on the arms, married women receive them on the fore-arms and children receive them above the navel. In the case of the disciples of the Utharathi Math, a change in the procedure is observed. The males receive impressions on five places, *viz.*, the Chakram is impressed on the right arm, the right side of the chest and the navel: and the Shankham is impressed on the left arm and the left side of the chest. Even children, six months old, are required to undergo the ordeal. They are stamped with the Chakram only on the abdomen above the navel. It is said that these impressions purify the body in the case of children: and in the case of adults, they serve to purify the soul.

In addition to the permanent impressions, the Vaisnavas mark their body with clay brought from Dvarka, called Gopī-candana. In each Vaisnava family, are kept emblems of Shankha, Chakra, Gada, Padma and Narayana Mudra, and on them are inscribed the words—Om Nama Narayanaya. They are made of silver or brass. Every morning, a Vaisnava after bathing, dips these emblems in Gopīcandana and stamps with them his body and forehead.

Although both the Aiyangars and the Madhvas are worshippers of Visnu, their religious views are not identical. The Aiyangars are *Viṣṇuśāstra* *vaidins*, according to which there are four kinds of salvation. They are (1) *Salokya*, *i.e.*, residence of the soul in the same place with God after quitting the body, (2) *Samīpya*, *i.e.*, residence of the soul near God, (3) *Svarūpa*, *i.e.*,

assumption by the soul of a form similar to that of God, and (4) *Sayujya*, i.e., union of the soul with God. These Vaisnavas believe that the soul becomes equal to God in the next world in all respects, but two, viz., the creative and the destructive powers, which only the Almighty Being possesses. They are very bigoted. The compounds of Shiva's temples are looked upon by them as burning grounds, and they consider themselves polluted by walking over them. The Madhvas believe in Dvaitavad, according to which Jivatma, the human soul, is quite distinct from and is subservient to *Paramatma*, the Supreme Being. These Vaisnavas are catholic in their views with regard to the Smarthas. They not only enter the temples dedicated to Shiva, but worship that deity.

I shall now speak of the social customs observed by the Smarthas or Shaivas, and the Vaisnavas. Among the Draviras or Tamil Brahmanas and the Andhras or Telugu Brahmanas, the members of one sub-division dine with those of another in most cases, and in special instances their inter-marriage takes place: but some of the sub-divisions are considered to be inferior, and the members of these sub-divisions cannot dine with those belonging to the superior ones. Those who serve in temples as priests are generally looked upon as inferior Brahmanas. The Gurukkals, for instance, who are attached to the temples dedicated to Shiva are considered to be an exclusive class. The Smarthas belonging to the superior classes neither dine with them nor form marriage connections with their families. There is, however, an exception to this. The Diksadars of Cidambaram, although serving as priests are not only not considered as degraded, but receive great veneration from other Brahmanas. They do not even acknowledge the superiority of Shankaracharya over them. They say that they became followers of the deity at the time he took his abode at Cidambaram, and that it was at his special request that they accepted service in his temple. They are strictly orthodox. They do not even send their sons to English schools. Like the Nambudri Brahmanas of Malabar, they wear their tuft of hair on the crown of their head. This mode of wearing the tuft of hair is also observed among the Smarthas and Vaisnavas of the Colia sub-division.

The practice of considering the priests attached to the temples dedicated to Visnu as of inferior order, is prevalent among the Vaisnavas also. Indeed it is carried by them to an injurious extent. Not only are they disallowed to dine with the superior orders of Vaisnavas, but are also debarred from even

seeing them at their meals. These priests are not even allowed to mix freely with the other Vaisnavas. I shall by an instance show the excess the caste prejudice has been carried to. There is a class of Brahmanas called Vyaparis. They consider themselves to be Vaisnavas, but the superior classes do not recognise them as such. There is a custom among the Vyaparis of feeding Vaisnavas on occasions of ceremonies observed in honor of their ancestors: and when these take place, a comic spectacle is witnessed. The Vaisnavas do not partake of the food prepared by the Vyaparis, nor do they take meals in their presence. The Vyaparis, therefore, engage for these occasions Vaisnava cooks to prepare food. When it is ready, the Vyaparis concerned, after the ceremonies have been performed, make necessary arrangements for feeding the specially invited Vaisnavas who are given seats behind a curtain. Before they commence to eat, it is customary that the performer of the ceremony should pour water into the hands of these Brahmanas, which signifies presentation of food to them. At that time, a request is also made to them to eat the food, with offer of presents of cloth and money. But, as the Vyaparis are not allowed to see the food served to the Brahmanas, the latter stretch out their hands through the curtain, and the host, standing outside, sprinkles water and makes the necessary request with presents. The Madhvas, as already noticed, are liberal in their views. They marry girls belonging to Smartha families: but they cannot give theirs to those families, because girls stamped as Madhvas cannot be affiliated to such families.

The marriage system in vogue is not the same among the different communities of the Presidency. Among Brahmanas infant marriage is prevalent: but, it does not lead to the evil results that are experienced in Bengal. This is owing to girls not being allowed to join their husbands until the *Garbhadhana* ceremony is performed at puberty. They remain with their parents till then. Instances have come to notice of this ceremony having been performed long after a girl's puberty. Among Shudras, betrothal takes place when a girl is between eight and twelve years of age: but, in several instances, marriage is celebrated long after she attains her puberty.

DINANATH GANGULI.



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*FRENCH NOTES ON SCIENCE AND ART.*

SCIENCE.

Dr. Schenk declares, that it is possible to deviate nature. Our poor race, it appears, does not produce enough of masculine births: still in a rough and ready way, there is an equilibrium between the sexes, and if more males are born, more males die also. Nature has not revealed to us the ingenious and mysterious mechanism by which she, in the case of mankind at least, secures that numerical equality. Now this equality, Dr. Schenk of Vienna claims, can be changed by the alimentation of the mother. He has noted that the majority of young women are diabetical, and that the sugar of their aliments is eliminated without being assimilated. Hence, he adds, it is this vice of nutrition which predisposes to female births. He has treated young mothers, diabetic by nature, by reducing their ordinary food rich in starch and sugar, and replacing it by nitrogenous aliments, as meat, cheese, and eggs, and was rewarded by the birth of male infants. These facts are not new, but their correlation—food and sexuality—is. During the first three months of pregnancy, the nitrogenous diet could cease. This supposes that in the embryo, the question of sex is decided at the end of three months. But Science is still unable to tell us when it commences: nor why twins represent often the two sexes.

In 1848 chemist Mercier stated that cotton submitted to the action of alkalis or concentrated acids, acquired new properties—the fixing of mordants and of colours. At a low temperature the alkalis exercise a great energy upon cotton. The cotton is acted upon either when in thread or woven, to the action of the chemicals, that impart to it a brilliancy or lustre, which resists washing, and that causes the material to resemble silk. The difference between it and silk is easily revealed by the microscope, for it is possible to confound the tissue with mixed silks.

Is loaf sugar sawn into morsels, less sweetening than if broken into bits? The opinion taken in France on this point is, that the first form is less sweet, and the “dust” equally so. Why? In the sawing, as is the case with French sugar, into rectangular shapes more or less thick—60 to 70 morsels in a weight of one pound,—two circular blades revolve with great rapidity, and the atmosphere of the work-shop is as white as in a flour mill. By a mechanical principle well known, the blade becomes warm or heated, and heats also the sugar in its passage, as well as the powder or dust. The action inverts the sugar, that is, alters its properties by reducing its saccharine solubility one-and-a-half times in cold liquids and is three times less in sweetening power, than when ordinarily broken.

Till the Telegraph without wires, can transmit messages longer than a few miles, the only means of communication between a ship in the ocean and the land must be per carrier pigeon. The French Trans-Atlantic Packet Company desires to have a breed of pigeons adapted to ocean work. It has commenced; on one of its packets recently it had a supply of pigeons; when 30 miles from Havre, seven birds were set free; it was wild weather; they arrived home safely. Off the Scilly Isles seven more birds were liberated, they rose directly in the air, looked in the direction of Havre, but the wind was too strong; they struggled and then abandoned themselves to the wind. Six never were heard of; the seventh was captured on a collier where it had taken refuge, 500 miles away in the Bay of Biscay, and its message was in a perfect state. When half way to New York—1875 miles—one pigeon was liberated. It flew off without hesitation; but towards America and not France. It landed in the state of Connecticut, 80 miles from New York, and was brought to the ship on her arrival. Whether the distance was covered by wing or the bird driven by storm it arrived. On the return voyage, when in Mid-Atlantic, pigeons were set free, they all arrived back safely. It has been established that a

pigeon, save in the teeth of a hurricane, can fly daily 375 to 625 miles. The pigeon that returns to the cot with a full stomach is bad: it has sought the earliest occasion to feed, and in such a case, can be attacked by a bird of prey. No pigeon is ever likely to fly across the Atlantic; a bicyclist may remain 24 hours in the saddle, a pigeon may fly 36 hours, this at 50 miles an hour, or 1800 miles, in all, would not suffice to cross the Ocean. It takes seven days on an average to go from Havre to New York, but it is useless to expect a pigeon, to fly a greater distance in a day than 675, or even 840 miles. Perhaps the races or breeds of pigeons can be with time be ameliorated.

The war continues between the bicycles and the motor vehicles. The latter have cut out the former in the alleys of the Bris de Boulogne, but at the risk of imperilling the lives of pedestrians. Now the "Motocycle" is coming to claim all the laurels. M. Bollee with this machine, has travelled from Etampes to Chartres, a distance of  $62\frac{1}{2}$  miles within two hours, at the rate of 31 miles per hour along an ordinary high way, and without meeting with the slightest draw-back. His cycle was worked with petroleum and two cylinders representing eight horse power. What will be the consequences of that fact? There are plenty of railways that do not register 31 miles an hour. In 1880, the express trains recorded but 35 miles an hour.

According to the law of 1891, wine is said to be falsified if it contains more than one gramme, the thirtieth part of an ounce, per  $1\frac{3}{4}$  quart. The wines of Algeria, in the province of Oran contain more than that quantity, naturally so unadulterated but in the eyes of the law they are falsified. Chemist Boujean was delegated by the Committee of Public Health to examine the protests of the vine-yard proprietors; he selected grapes himself in 28 different places of several communes, made them into wine, and executed the analysis. Result, he discovered in some cases, 5 grammes of common salt per  $1\frac{3}{4}$  quart of wine. And yet there was no adulteration. This shows the necessity of great prudence on the part of analytical chemists while on the subject of wines.

The fashion in Paris is, to generally drink white wine. Popularly it is concluded, that brand cannot be adulterated, what cannot be said of red wines. Only it is forgotten, that wine merchants by means of permanganate of potash and charcoal, can make the reddest wine white. True the transformed wine can contain manganese which is not good for the health, and the white wine resulting contains neither tannin nor iron-excellent substances for the anemic. White wines

are heady and lighter than the red. A statistician has conducted an inquiry, based on the electoral rolls of the Gironde, whose populations drink red or white wine as their Vine-yards produce. In the case of 11,000 electors, he found, that 25 per cent., more of the populations, attained the age of 75 years, in the red wine communes.

ART.—The two rival salons have had to hold their Picture Shows in the Machinery Hall of the Champ de Mars, and must do the same next year, till the new Art Palaces be erected in the Champs Elysées. The display of pictures and of statuary, is on the whole pleasing, though in no way extraordinary. There are fewer exhibits from the well-known artists, and those who show, have not exactly put forth their strength, reserving it for an effort in 1900. There is less bad chaff also associated with the shortage of "sound corn." M. Bounat scores the honours of the Exhibitions,—for one runs really into the other,—with his portrait of M. Hanotaux, Minister of Foreign affairs, one of the best works he has ever produced. It is said he depicts a man better than a woman. Judge from his portrait of "Madame Carm," the lyrical artist—it is nature itself. M. Detaille contributes a pretty trifle of the visit of the Czar and the Czarina to the Champs Camp. They are seated in a carriage with M. Favre, and the vehicle is on the curve of entering the grounds. It is full of light and movement. M. Bouguereau has turned out better work than his "assault"—a group of cupids attack to defend a nymph. M. Harpignies, aged 80, sends a landscape as charmingly executed, as if he were half a century younger. Mr. Hamilton, an American artist, has a good likeness of Mr. Gladstone, it is truthful and well drawn, only it makes the G. O. M., appear too sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought. M. Dagnan-Bouveret's "Christ and the Pilgrims at Emmans" is anything but a success. Madame Lemaire can only paint exquisite flowers, and where she hangs them there is always Spring. The Sculpture Section is this season wholly engrossed with the work of M. Rodin, a model in plaster of Balzac, ordered by the Literary Guild of France, for a public statue to the great novelist. The Guild declined the statue, because it was neither artistical nor realistic. Hence the storm. It is truly not of a kind to ornament any public place; it recalls a man, with a sort of bull's head, equipped for a sack race. All is heavy, lumpy, and repelling: nothing beautiful or eye-gladdening. Balzac when in his parturition crises of work, shut himself up for a few months, laboured day, and night by candle-light, wrapped up to the chin in a dressing gown. That is the photo Rodin has given. His model has been purchased by an amateur—so disappears from Paris.

A FRENCHMAN,

## RELIGIOUS AND SOCIAL PRACTICES OF THE PEOPLE OF THE MADRAS PRESIDENCY.

### II

Re-marriage of widows as also re-marriage of married women among Shudras prevailed in this Presidency before Act XXI of 1850 came into force: and the Government recognises as valid the marriage of a woman deserted by her husband, and holds the issues of such a marriage not in any way inferior to the offsprings of the first marriage. Among a class of Shethis at Palghat, polyandry is prevalent. Two or three brothers in a family are allowed to take an identical wife at the same time, her children being treated as the issues of all of them.

The Pariahs are the most degraded among the Shudras. Their system of marriage is very simple. On such occasions, an educated Pariah, who goes by the name of Valluma Pandaram, acts as priest. After uttering some Tamil stanzas relating to marriage and performing certain ceremonies before a belly-god formed of saffron powder, he touches a garland of flowers, and the *Thali* string or *Mangala Sutra*, which are kept in a plate, and then hands over the same to the bride-groom\* with his blessing. After this, the bride-groom attaches the *Mangala Sutra* to the girl's neck, and puts the garland of flowers over it. This completes the marriage. The higher classes hate the Pariahs very much. They are in fact the Chandalas of the Madras Presidency. It is, however, a matter of satisfaction that steps are being taken by some noble-minded gentlemen, notably the missionaries of Christianity, to educate them and improve their condition.

The *zenana* system, *i.e.*, the seclusion of females is not prevalent among the Tamil, Telugu, Kanarese and Mahratta communities. Females serve food to the men that are invited. In fact, it is taken to be an insult by the guests if this is not done. Among Brahmanas, women who have husbands do not cover their heads: but widows do so. In the case of the former, the practice, I believe, has come into force in order to enable women

to make a display of the ornaments they wear on their heads. The widows, who are required to shave their heads, cover them to prevent people seeing the ugly sight. Shudra women generally cover their heads. Gentlemen have special rooms for the reception of friends and strangers but there is no objection on the part of female members to come to these rooms, and speak to their husbands and other relations on domestic matters. They are not allowed to converse with strangers: but in the absence of a male member, they give replies to any enquiries made about the male members of the house.

The dress of women is not the same among the different communities. Tamil females put on cloths not less than eighteen cubits in length. Those belonging to the Telugu, Kanarese and Mahratti communities, generally use cloths fourteen cubits long. This difference is owing to the mode of wearing adopted by these communities. Girls of all the communities, however, adopt the same style of dress. It is left to them either to wear a *Pavadi*, i.e., under-garment, a bodice and a *Davani*, i.e., upper cloth of about four cubits long and one cubit broad, or to use simply a cloth from ten to twelve cubits long. But, when they attain puberty, they adopt the style of dress in use among the communities to which they belong. They are, then, strictly prohibited from using the under-garment and the upper cloth.

Women, whose husbands are alive put a mark of *Kum-kum* on their forehead. They also wear three metallic rings on the central toe of each foot. In addition to these, the two *thali* strings attached to their necks at the time of marriage, one given by the husband, and another by the father continue to be worn by them. On the death of their husbands, they take off the rings and the *thali* strings from their body, and throw them into the water. They also discontinue to put the mark of *kum-kum* on their forehead. Widows of Brahmana families are required to shave their heads either on the night of the tenth day or in the morning of the eleventh day after the death of their husbands. It is satisfactory to note that Vaisnava widows of the Thenkalai sub-division are not required to undergo this hardship. Lately, Brahmanas of other sub-divisions have shown pity to infant widows by permitting them to keep hair until they arrive at puberty. It is hoped that this concession will be extended to widows in general. Widows of the other castes are not required to shave their heads, but, it is a pity that some of the Vaisyas and Shudras have introduced shaving among their widows in imitation of the Brahmanas.

There is something peculiar connected with shaving among Brahmanas, notably those of the Vaisnava sect. They are not allowed to have mustaches. So strict are they in upholding this custom that a priest is not allowed to continue in his profession if he does so, and in the case of other members of the community, the punishment is ex-communication from Society.

The Brahmanas of this Presidency are vegetarians. But, when *yajnas* or sacrificial ceremonies are performed, certain classes of the Brahmana community offer goats to their deities and eat the flesh of these animals as *prasad*. The Madhvas, when performing them, offer figures of animals made of rice-flour. The Shudras generally take animal food consisting of fish and flesh of goats, lambs and hens. Even the Vaisnavas among them partake of the same. Rice is the staple food of the Brahmanas and superior classes of Shudras. The laboring classes live on two sorts of common grains called Raggi and Camboo. They, however, enjoy the luxury of eating rice on occasions of festivals.

Most of the people take meals three times a day. The morning meal consists of the rice prepared in the previous night, soaked in water, or in other words, *panta bhat*, buttermilk and pickles. After partaking of these, they drink a glass of coffee. The other two meals, one taken after midday and the other at night between eight and ten, consist of rice, pulse and vegetables with cakes made of pulse. They do not take much milk, but, whilst eating, make sufficient use of clarified butter. Buttermilk is their favorite drink. They offer it to thirsty people as a cooling draught. Chillies and tamarind are very much liked by them; so much so that they eat fried chillies to their heart's content: and, as regards tamarind, they mix it with rice, pulse and vegetables, and, to crown all, they eat tamarind leaves. In fact, I saw a Madrassee gentleman in the course of a pleasure trip, plucking leaves from a tamarind tree and eating the same. Onion finds great favor with them. Although prohibited by the Shastras, the Brahmanas even make use of it. Vegetables and fruits of all sorts, almost all that are seen in Bengal, are available in the Madras Presidency. Cocoanuts and plantains are found there in abundance.

I shall now refer to some notable features in the character of the people. They are of a charitable disposition. The steps taken by them to supply the wants of way-farers and strangers prove it unmistakably. The whole Presidency is dotted with *chatras* or rest-houses. Well-to-do persons have erected them, on the sides



of public roads at convenient distances for the accommodation of pilgrims and other way-farers. They are situated close to rivers or tanks, and at places where the necessities of life are available, so that, no inconvenience is felt by the passers-by. Towns also are provided with them. They suit the convenience of all classes of people. Some of them have been built in a superb style to accommodate men of wealth and rank, some for the occupation of the middle classes and others for poor persons. Those intended for the upper classes have nicely built well-furnished rooms, with outhouses and gardens attached to them. Those for the middle classes have good rooms, but are not furnished. In some cases, *Bhojana Grihas* or hotels are attached to them, so that the pilgrims or way-farers, who are unable to cook themselves, may take food cooked by Brahmanas on payment of charges which are moderate. The proprietors of some of the *chatras* have made arrangements for giving edibles to those who resort to them, free of charge, so that, poor people find no difficulty in travelling from one place to another either on pilgrimage or on business. Pondicherry is noted for *chatras*. There is, however, one inconvenience which is much felt. This is want of proper latrine accommodation, which the proprietors should try to remove. The sight of these *chatras* reminded me of the indifference of our countrymen of Bengal to provide accommodation for strangers who come from distant places. Calcutta is sadly wanting in this respect, and it behoves our well-to-do brethren to undertake the noble work of erecting a few such *chatras* in it, and thereby remove the slur which is justly cast on the metropolis of India. Rajah Sew Bux Bugola has set a good example by erecting a commodious rest house at Howrah, and it is hoped that wealthy gentlemen of Calcutta and other places will follow him in this respect.

The people of this Presidency are greatly attached to the religion of their fore-fathers: and this has induced them to erect temples of a costly nature. In the compounds of these temples, are built structures for the accommodation of pilgrims who resort to them. Large tanks steined with stone on all sides are also dug for their use. These buildings are gigantic and nicely decorated, the like of which is not seen in this part of India. The Narkoti *Shethis* or merchants have earned a name by erecting these buildings at a considerable expenditure. Each temple has a fund of its own from which the necessary expenses connected with worship are met. A committee of respectable persons is in charge of it. They are called *Dharma Kartas*. There is

arrangement in it for the recitation of Vedas, as also for giving lessons to Brahmana boys in the Vedic lore free of charge. These duties are performed by the *Pandits* attached to the temple, who receive stipends monthly for their support. With the view of leading the misguided young men of the Presidency to the religion of their ancestors, steps have been taken by some learned and earnest men to establish societies and schools for teaching Aryan religion and morality, and to roam from place to place, delivering lectures for the edification of the people. Among them, Dewan Bahadur Raghunath Kao of Madras, Mr. Pagadalu N. Muthuswami Naidu of Trichinopoly, Mr. R. Jagannathia of Bellary, Mr. Pannuswami Pillai, a teacher of a school and Ma. Kristnaswami Iyer, a first grade pleader of Kumbhokonam, are worthy of note.

The people of this Presidency are simple in their ways of living. They do not put on costly dress, neither do they take rich food. Men of the middle classes do not keep servants. They purchase and bring things from markets and draw water from wells, and their females perform domestic work with cheerfulness. They are economical, and this enables them to save money which they can spend on emergent occasions, instead of incurring debts. When feeding Brahmanas and others on occasions of festivals and ceremonies, they do not lavish money on sweetmeats as we do here, neither have they got the varieties with which the shops and confectionaries of our towns are replete. On these occasions, they feed the people with cake, *Paramann*, *jilipi methai*: and these make up first class dinners. They do not go to shops for sweetmeats. Their females prepare them at their houses. It is only on special occasions that preparations similar to our *ghi bhat*, such as *vangi bhat* and *keshar bhat* are made. They, like us, have the custom of sending things on special occasions to their sons-in-law and daughters-in-law. We here purchase shawls, *kinkhab*s and other valuable articles, with all sorts of sweetmeats the confectioners can give, and the various fruits that the Cabulese and other fruiterers can supply. Such is not the case in Southern India. They seldom purchase things, and whatever they purchase is of an ordinary nature. Most of them are prepared at their houses, and these are considered sufficient for the purpose. Although poverty is eating up our vitality, we conceal the fact of our being poor, and make a show of our wealth and high position. Instances have come to notice of gentlemen in affluent position having been reduced to straitened circumstances: but, in order to maintain

their so-called prestige, they do not seem to make the least attempt to dispense with the purchase of superfluous things for their own use or for presentation to their relations and friends. This practice is ruinous in the extreme, and should be put a stop to. We complain of our poverty, but we seldom think that we bring it upon ourselves by our own unreasonable acts. Let us keep our expenditure within the limits of our income, and we shall have no reason to deplore our miserable condition.

The people of this Presidency, whilst taking from the female sex the full compliment of domestic work, give them ample scope for enjoyment. In addition to the liberty they have of bathing in rivers and tanks, visiting temples and going on pilgrimage, they are allowed to form picnic parties and enjoy themselves. I had opportunities of seeing such parties at Madura. A few women form themselves into a party, they take with them food prepared for the occasion, go to the *ghat* of a river, and whilst there partake of the food. Of course, Jovial conversation passes between them, and, after enjoying fully, they go back to their houses. This takes place after evening. It is something like our *vanabhajana*. On occasions of festivals, a number of women gather together, they take in their hands colored sticks, and dance in a circle. Whilst so doing, they sing, each striking the stick in the hand of the other woman. They also swing, sitting on a piece of plank tied to ropes hung from branches of trees. All these, whilst they afford pleasure, serve, at the same time, as exercise to them.

The manner in which the women of Southern India pass their time reminded me of the condition of our females, notably those who live in towns. Our educated young men, sympathising with the miserable condition of our women have resolved to improve it. They consider domestic work as drudgery, and they have taken away that work from their hands. Those who hold remunerative posts undertook it first, and others, although of low circumstances, have followed their examples. Now, what is the result? The result is any thing, but good. It has greatly increased the house-hold expenditure of our young men, and, at the same time, shattered the constitution of their co-partners in life. The former have been put to the expense of keeping cooks, and the latter, deprived of the domestic work they used to do, have become mere play things. The domestic work they used to perform, served as exercise to them and made their bodies agile and robust. They are becoming weak and subject to diseases. Those who are in affluent circumstances, may afford to meet the

expense of keeping cooks, but they should bear in mind that by not allowing them to do household work, they are depriving them of the exercise,—the surest means to keep them in good health. So that, until the advent of the time, when our young men will be sufficiently advanced to play Lawn Tennis or Foot ball with their co-partners in life, it is highly desirable that they should not keep them away from domestic work.

The *Shastras* enjoin that, any person who goes to a *Grihasta* (house-holder) should be received and treated in a proper manner, and that the same service should be rendered to him or her as is done to the Gods. The people of the Madras Presidency follow this injunction in right earnest. They give a cordial reception to their guests, as also to strangers who go to their houses. After entertaining them with food, consisting of articles prepared by the female inmates of the house with much care, they take their guests (male) to the sitting room. Here they are, in the first instance, supplied with betels and spices. Then they are decorated with garlands of flowers. A male inmate of the house then comes with scents of all sorts and rubs their body with the same. This completes the reception.

The people of this Presidency are also very forward in showing their gratefulness to those who seek the welfare not only of the Madras Presidency, but of the whole of India. They also show a proper appreciation of merit wherever they find it. There are some institutions in the Madras Presidency which have been named after some of our patriots and great men. In Madras, there is a night school for workmen which is called Sri Rajah Ram Mohun Roy night school, and there are reading-rooms in that city and in Srirangam which have been named after the Hon'ble Babu Surendranath Bannerjee. Soon after the entry of Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji into the British Parliament, some of the graduates of Madras established an Association in the name of that great man: and a building at Treplecane in Madras was named "Dadabhai Lodge" to commemorate the name of that gentleman. And to crown all, some of the people of the Madras Presidency have gone to the length of naming their sons after such illustrious Indians as Rajah Ram Mohun Roy and Keshub Chundra Sen.

I do not understand why the Madras Presidency is called "benighted." The people of the Presidency have given sufficient proofs of their enlightenment in various ways. A century ago, when English education had scarcely made any progress, Patchiappah Mudaliar, a rich gentleman who had no heir, instead

of adopting a son to inherit his property, as is generally done by Hindus, bequeathed a large sum for carrying out charitable objects. Another rich gentleman, named Chingel Rao, also bequeathed a large sum from the interest of which two schools, and the temple of Partha Sarathi at Triplicane in Madras are maintained. This gentleman also had no heirs: and, although he adopted a son, his property was left in charge of some trustees, who were allowed to give to the adopted son monthly a stipend to defray his legitimate expenses. Of late, the people are showing much earnestness in the cause of religious, social and political reforms through the Press they have got and the preachers of reform that have sprung from them. Their Temperance societies and social reform and purity associations are doing much to raise the tone of morality among the people. They have got powerful organizations which have derived strength from the fact of their having among them earnest workers who show by action what they preach in words need not expatiate further on the progress made by the people of this Presidency. Suffice it to say that, when that Presidency has given birth to such men as the late Rajah Sir T. Madho Rao and Justice Muthuswamy Iyer, Shesadri Iyer of Mysore, Dewan Babu Sir Rughunath Rao and Justice Subramanya Iyer, it is not fair to lower it in the estimation of the world by calling it "benighted."

In the midst of all the progress made by the people, it is painful to see the evils resulting from the numerous sub-divisions of the main sects. Mention has already been made of the members of one religious sect showing irreverence to the Gods worshipped by those of another. The difference in the customs in vogue among the sub-divisions leads to dissensions. The members of one sub-division consider the customs followed by them to be superior to those followed by others. This notion of superiority has, in several instances, stopped diving together and intermarriage between two divisions: and the stoppage of intermarriage has forced upon the people consanguinous marriages, and thereby led to their degeneration. We, in Bengal, have the bitter experience of the evils arising from *Mela Bandhana*, or classification among Kulins, who, in order to maintain their so-called prestige, take in marriage daughters of their relations: and it pained me to see our brethren of the Madras Presidency in the same predicament. In Bengal, the practice is confined to the Kulins only, but in the Madras Presidency, it is almost universal. For, in that Presidency, Hindus in general are seen marrying daughters of this uncles, maternal as well as paternal.

The writers of our *Shastras* have very prudently put a bar to the marriage of persons with those related to them as *Sapindas*, as also with those who are not of the same *Gotra* or *Prabara* with them. But, it is much to be regretted that we disregard the sage advice given to us, and by so doing injure our own selves. At a time, when peoples residing in different parts of India are stretching forth to each other the hands of fellowship, it is heart-rending to see differences and dissensions among subdivisions of some of the Hindu communities. The violation of the rules laid down by the sages of old has brought us to this pass, and it behoves us all follow to them.

DINANATH GANGULI.

## THE PLAGUE IN CALCUTTA.

*The Plague in India, 1896—1897. Compiled by R. Nathan  
Indian Civil Service. 4 Vols. Simla 1898.*

Black Death, supposed to have come by sea from Hongkong and the far East, seems to have begun its fell work in the Bombay Presidency from the end of the hot weather in May 1896, first insidiously, but causing an extraordinarily high rate of mortality in the city from the latter part of August, and making its inroad felt and its presence publicly acknowledged from the 23rd of September following. Its ravages extended from the city to the environs, to Surat and contiguous districts, to the Baroda State and the Portuguese possession of Daman, to Poona and other districts in its vicinity, to Mandiv Town and Cutch generally, to Karachi and other places in Sind. By the end of August 1897 it had claimed over fifty thousand victims. From the City of Bombay itself, numbering more than eight hundred thousand souls, nearly half the population had left. The attacks had fallen off considerably in June, but a recrudescence began in July, and the presence of Black Death has been felt more or less severely up to the present time, though its virulence has considerably abated during the present hot months. The death-roll has risen to 89,400, and there is no knowing when the grim monster will altogether relax its hold of the Province. Meantime the Panjab has become affected, and Calcutta the metropolis is threatened.

Black Death is not amongst us now for the first time. In the 14th and 15th centuries it visited Western India, and *Ferishta* called it *tāun*. It raged in Ahmedabad twice within the seventeenth century, the visible marks being "swellings as big as a grape or banana behind the ears and in the groin and redness round the pupils of the eyes,"—generally proving fatal in a few hours. In the earlier part of the present century, Cutch was virulently affected and half "the people of the country were destroyed." The symptoms were "slight fever followed by great weakness and weariness, and swellings in the groins and armpits. Few stricken with the disease recovered, most died between the third and ninth day." Later, Kathiwar was ravaged; while next

Rajputana suffered severely from what was called the Pali plague, the symptoms being similar to those observed in other attacks previously noticed—"buboes in the groins, armpits, and neck" with fever. Lastly, the Himalayan regions of Garhwal and Kumaun have been devastated by the *Mahamari* for years past. In some cases of the attack "syncope followed any attempt to raise" the patients "from their charpoys." Some characteristics of the ravages mentioned are said to be that "sluggish and vegetable eaters" were most fiercely attacked while "flesh eating classes largely escaped," and that the disease is probably "not readily communicated by the touch." Such in brief is the history in India of Black Death, by whatever name it may have been known at different times and in different parts of India. It has now officially been designated the Bubonic Plague.

To make the efficacy of measures, heretofore or hereafter to be adopted with a view to cope with the plague, plain to the commonest understanding, it will be well to note such prominent features of the malady as have been ascertained to exist by competent authorities during the present visitation. It has been satisfactorily determined "that plague is due to a specific bacillus," and that the "bacillus can be cultivated in artificial nutritive media." According to Dr. Bitter the plague has three main forms,—the *bubonique-simple*, the *septicimique*, and the *pneumonique* with other possible forms such as the "*intestinale*," while General Gatacre classifies the different forms in two important divisions, (1) with enlarged glands, (2) without enlarged glands including septicæmic, pneumonic and gastro-intestinal, &c., the latter being almost always fatal; the relative proportion in which the types occur being 85 per cent. in the 1st and 15 per cent. in the 2nd Division. Yersin's description of the course of the malady and its symptoms in Hongkong tallies with that of observers in the Bombay Presidency. The period of incubation is "*from four to six days*;" the onset thereafter is "*sudden and accompanied by depression and prostration*;" and the patient is attacked by "*strong fever often accompanied by delirium*." After the first day a bubo appears which "in 75 per cent. of the cases is situated in the groin," and in "10 per cent. in the armpit," more rarely in the "neck;" it swells to the size of "a hen's egg" and "death occurs at the end of 48 hours or often earlier." Each type has characteristic signs and symptoms due to its own typical development, but there are certain general symptoms common to all cases which are due to the virus. The onset is "*very sudden*" and commences with a "*severe rigor*" followed



by a "*rapid rise of the temperature;*" there is "*nausea and often vomiting*" "*intense headache*" "*injection of the ocular conjuction*" and a "*feeling of great prostration*" with "*inability to sleep.*" There is a perceptible impediment in the speech, "*the pulse varies from 100 to 104,*" the temperature rises quickly "*reaching a maximum of 103°, 104° or higher, about the third or fourth day*" or even earlier, the "*pulse becomes weaker*" and the patient succumbs in a very short time "*24 or 48 hours or even less.*" There are other characteristics—of the tongue, the bowels, the urine, its specific gravity &c., which only experts will understand and which, therefore, are here omitted from mention. The diagnosis of the plague is frequently difficult, particularly, at the commencement of epidemics; malignant malaria and typhus, venereal buboes and other lymphatic inflammations may be mistaken for it. What is decisive is epidemic occurrence, *i.e.*, coincidence with the presence of an epidemic, the extraordinarily severe general suffering accompanied by high fever and the buboes. Plague may escape detection at the beginning of an epidemic, but on the other hand, when the alarm of plague has been raised, cases are often diagnosed as plague which are really unconnected with that disease.

According to Dr. Bitter "the danger of infection from the simple type of bubonic plague is comparatively trifling"—the excretions do not contain the bacilli, and by the time the bubo suppurates and opens, those in it will probably have died. "The septicæmic form, however, plays a more important part in the propagation of plague since the bacilli are contained in the excreta of the sick. The pneumonic form is the most dangerous as respects infection, the expectorations containing large numbers of the bacilli. It must, however, be recollected that cases of the last two types in which there is danger of infection scarcely amount to 15 per cent. while cases of the simple bubonic type in which the danger of infection is "trifling" come up to 85 per cent. Surgeon Thomson states that "the disease is certainly most infectious in the acute stage;" "*once the temperature becomes normal the risk of infection is over.*" Naturally, the greatest danger of infection is from the sick person, his clothes, bedding and chamber. Outside the body "the plague bacillus shows a notable tendency to perish. Cultivations of the bacillus were found to be quite dead after 15 minutes continuous exposure to a heat of 70° C.; five minutes were enough when the heat was 80° C. A cultivation suspended in water, after exposure to 100° C., was found to contain no living bacilli."

There is important evidence of the non-infectious character of the disease in hospitals and the comparative immunity enjoyed by attendants on the sick. Surgeon Thomson says "in upwards of 240 instances the friends of the patients attended their sick, and in 20 instances scarcely ever left the bedside, and in not a single instance did the disease spread to the friends. Out of more than 140 attendants on the sick only one had a mild attack from which he recovered. The natural inference is that the bacillus which carries the infection dies almost immediately in places where hygienic precautions are taken, but thrive and spread under insanitary conditions.

It has been said above that Calcutta is threatened. The plague visibly broke out in Bombay in the last week of August 1896, and early in October following the Government of Bengal took stringent measures to prevent it from spreading into the provinces under its sway. Sir Alexander Mackenzie the Lieutenant-Governor, noted for his rare abilities, indomitable energies, and unvarying determination, never allowed the grass to grow under his feet. He at once appointed what he called a Medical Board, though out of six members three only were medical men, and one of these again a distinguished homœopath who had long set his face against the *established* or orthodox system of medicine. This Board was to determine the action which was to be taken by all executive authorities, either Governmental or Municipal, with the object of preventing and checking the plague throughout Bengal. Measures were also taken, in communication with the Government of Bombay and the Railway authorities, to secure the removal of infected persons from the railways and the examination of passengers, especially those coming from Bombay.

About the same time, the occurrence of ten cases in Calcutta, and one in Howrah, was reported to the Medical Board. Considerable alarm was experienced, inasmuch as the Health Officer of Calcutta declared that he had discovered plague bacilli in connection with some of these cases. But the Medical Board after sifting the evidence were able to report "that they were *not* cases of plague;" that they were simple cases of enlarged glands, fever, venereal disease," and "that they had no hesitation in expressing their emphatic opinion that none of the cases could properly be described as cases of bubonic plague." Very careful investigations made by Brigade-Surgeon Cunningham formed the basis of this report and Calcutta was saved, not from the plague for there was no plague, but from the disastrous effects

of misguided and misconducted researches made in the name of science.

As the plague spread widely and virulently in the Bombay Presidency, the Government of India passed the Epidemic Diseases Act, and under the authority conferred by it, the Government of Bengal enacted stringent regulations for the inspection and segregation of travellers. These regulations, dated the 10th February 1897, must have the credit of having effectually prevented the spread of infection in these Provinces through the agency of imported cases of plague. It may, however, be remarked *en passant* that in the majority of cases, *i.e.*, in cases of the glandular type, in which alone patients may possibly be fit to travel, if at all, the danger of infection is "trifling," for the bacilli are embedded in the glands and cannot escape till they burst, and even then they rapidly die. In other though less common cases, where the risk of infection is greater, the patients probably are too much "depressed and prostrated" to take to travel. Whether these circumstances or the stringency of the regulations prevented the risk of infection being brought over from Bombay to Calcutta is an open question, which experts alone can discuss with any chance of arriving at a solution.

Special regulations were also passed for the reporting of cases of bubonic plague or of *fever with glandular swellings*, the entry into houses for the purpose of summarily causing them to be cleansed, the abating of over-crowding within 24 hours, the vacating of houses for the purposes of disinfection or destruction in case of plague occurring therein, the construction of hospitals for the isolation of patients suffering from the plague and "*segregating and isolating the patients within or in a temporary structure attached or adjacent to*" the dwelling. When patients could not be properly isolated "at or in the immediate vicinity of their own houses" they might be removed to hospital *where all possible effort to preserve privacy for purda women was to be made*. The passages italicised show that due consideration was made for the customs and sentiments of the people. The further regulations of the 12th March 1897 enjoined medical practitioners and Police Officers or Municipal servants to report cases, and directed the Health Officer to cause persons suspected to be suffering from plague to be removed to a temporary hospital or isolation shed, and the other occupants of the house to be removed to segregation huts, tents or other suitable places.

On the 10th November 1897, a Plague Commission, in supersession of the Medical Board, was appointed, and revised general

plague regulations were passed. The provisions are very comprehensive. They constitute the Police the main agency in the matter of reporting illness or death. They require the owner or occupier of a house to report cases of "*sudden fever, glandular swellings in the neck armpits or groin, pain in the chest with cough and feeling of oppression or delirium,*" or of death therefrom. They direct the isolation in hospital of any person *suspected* to be suffering from or infected with plague, and the segregation in a camp of other occupants of the house in which the suspected sufferer lived. The concession previously made respecting the isolation and segregation of sufferers "*at or in the immediate vicinity of their own houses*" was thus taken away."

It may here be noted that in marked contrast with the action of the Government of Bengal, that of the North-Western Provinces, in consultation with and by the advice of many noblemen and gentlemen of high rank and position, allowed isolation in the sick person's own house or in the immediate vicinity thereof, if suitable accommodation was available, permitted any resident to obtain from the Health Officer a certificate to the effect that his house was so situated and possessed such accommodation that one or more persons suffering from plague could be properly isolated therein or in its immediate vicinity, and authorised the removal of the sick person, if his residence did not admit of satisfactory isolation, to a house or temporary hut as near the residence of the sick person as might be considered safe, licensed as a private hospital for the use of the particular individual, or for the sole use of particular castes or classes. It is satisfactory to find that Sir Antony MacDonnell had never occasion to regret the action he had taken or to withdraw the concession which in the exercise of a wise discretion had been granted.

Notwithstanding the very great stringency of the Bengal regulations, there was not the least occasion for taking any notice of them as Calcutta was till lately perfectly free from any apprehension of the plague. On the 16th of April last, however, a sudden death from fever accompanied by swelling of the glands of the left groin occurred at Kapaleetola. The *post mortem* examination showed symptoms which were declared suspicious, while an experienced local practitioner considered the case to be one of fever of a type known to him as not uncommon in Calcutta. The deceased had never any communication whatever with persons coming from infected areas in Bombay or the Panjab. Nevertheless his house was thoroughly disinfected, all persons

who had been in contact with him were removed to a segregation camp, and all clothes which might convey infection were burned. Other suspicious cases followed in the course of 14 days, the total number being 28 and the deaths 14. Calcutta became thoroughly alarmed, and the fear and trepidation were great. Three members of the Bengal Legislative Council rushed to ask questions as to whether those cases were cases of plague. Accordingly on the 30th April the Secretary to the Government of Bengal in the Medical Department was compelled to state how the matter stood. Professor Haffkine of Bombay had examined the "cultures made from the important organs" of the deceased in the first case reported, and declared that they had "produced typical involution forms" and that the identity of these with "plague microbe" was "undoubted." The Lieutenant-Governor had also conferred with all the Medical Officers of Government who had seen the suspicious cases, and it was said they were unanimous in pronouncing them to be cases of true plague. The cultures were made from organs *after death* in one case only; they had to be sent from Calcutta to Bombay where the atmospheric conditions were none of the best, while the Medical Officers of Government did not make any bacteriological examinations for themselves. It was a pity that a scientist of the experience and worth of a Cunningham was not present to test by an independent enquiry the accuracy of the report made. Under the circumstances the Government may well have paused, but apparently its hands were forced and Sir John Woodburn, the new Lieutenant-Governor, was obliged to declare that the plague was in Calcutta. In the meantime the alarm of plague had spread; the stringent regulations, regarding isolation in hospitals and segregation in camps, enacted by Sir Alexander Mackenzie were borne in mind; it was feared that the police were only too ready, under the authority vested in them, to interfere; that probably soldiers would next be employed to conduct house-to-house visitations; that quarantine would be established; and men women and children, many of them belonging to the most respectable classes of the community began to leave the city in thousands and tens of thousands. It is imagined that in two or three days fully one hundred thousand, out of a population of eight times the number, had left before the declaration was made.

Sir John Woodburn, who appears to be a most considerate and sympathetic ruler, while making the declaration of plague in his Council, wanted his hearers to "take courage." The cases were "few and sporadic," and he believed the Government "will

succeed in preventing the plague from assuming an epidemic form." He said besides "whenever segregation is necessary it will be carried out with the strictest regard to the feelings of human nature. No wife shall be separated from her husband, no husband from his family, and the better classes will receive every encouragement in the arrangement of private hospitals in their own compounds or in garden houses to which they can remove themselves and their families in case of attack." He also announced the scheme of a new method; it was inoculation. He went on to say "it will be pressed on nobody," but in it, when once its efficacy is established "lies the assurance of safety to our city." "Where families have been completely inoculated" Government "will leave them alone even if plague attacks a member." The policy of segregation is, he added, "a policy of necessity," the policy of inoculation, "a policy of hope."

Though the policy of segregation is one of "necessity," the feelings of sympathy with which it was announced and the latitudes allowed in carrying it out brought hope to the anxious and the desponding, and much of the panic that had prevailed and the alarm that had been caused throughout the town during the latter half of April abated, and respectable people began to think that those whom they held most dear, their mothers and sisters, their wives and children, were comparatively safe. The lower orders, however, were not so easily assured, their dread of being dragged to isolation hospitals and segregation camps remained undiminished and the exodus continued though it was no longer by thousands and tens of thousands as before.

The policy of "hope," however, which the Lieutenant-Governor had initiated was not looked upon with much favour. The anti-choleraic inoculations of M. Haffkine had failed. The success of his new prophylactic against plague is not yet fully admitted or beyond question. The Lieutenant-Governor was perfectly right in saying that in inoculation "when once its efficacy is assured lies the assurance of safety to the city." But notwithstanding the comparatively favourable results obtained in many cases experimented on by M. Haffkine, both Dr. Rogers and Dr. Bitter "pronounce conclusions which are on the whole unfavourable to the Haffkine method of treatment. They are of opinion that "the efficacy of preventive inoculation against plague remains yet to be proved." In Calcutta a writer on the subject says "it has yet to be seen whether these inoculations may not pre-dispose and lead to development of plague in exceptionally susceptible individuals, and in that case how terrible must

be their consequences." The serum for inoculation is prepared from a cultivation of plague germs, though these must be destroyed by heat or otherwise, before the serum can be declared fit to answer its purpose. People recollect that the virus for small-pox inoculations under the system heretofore in use, taken from a suffering patient, always caused the disease in those who were inoculated, though in a very mild form, and naturally tended to spread it. They, therefore, need not be blamed if they are inclined to imagine, wrongly it must be, that the inoculations instead of putting a stop to the plague would be instrumental in spreading it. Again added to the uncertainty of success and the possible danger apprehended, a medical journal the *Lancet* has it—"it is unknown how long the protection lasts" and that probably it would be safer to have it repeated "every three months." Even Dr. Cook, the great advocate of inoculation, says in his Note "inoculation as a substitute for segregation has now been adopted in Bombay, but as the epidemic is on the decline there, its efficacy cannot be fairly tested." It is true inoculation was to be "pressed on nobody," but circumstances so happened, that rightly or wrongly an impression got abroad, that it was largely to be resorted to in the interests of the people, whether the people themselves were willing to submit to it or not. Accordingly a second scare occurred; and people of the lower classes,—cooks, domestics, and stable servants; boatmen, cartmen, and coolies,—began to leave the town in large numbers. It was supposed that inoculators were abroad, and most unfortunate riots ensued. Assurances to the effect that the inoculations were perfectly voluntary had to be repeatedly given before the people were freed from anxiety and misgivings.

It has been seen that at the very outset, along with the pronouncement of plague, a concession was made in respect of segregation. The better classes of the community were to receive every encouragement in the arrangement of private hospitals in their own compounds or in garden houses. It is the rich alone who can take advantage of this concession; it is they who own garden houses and it is they who possess compounds large enough to admit of private hospitals being constructed therein. The apprehensions of the middle classes were not removed, and those who had removed their families to places out of Calcutta at considerable inconvenience and cost were chary of bringing them back again. Further concessions, however, thanks to the kindly and generous feelings of a kind and generous ruler, have been made. What was long ago allowed in the North-

Western Provinces by Sir Antony MacDonnell, a Governor whose sole care has been the good of his people, is now being allowed here. Licenses are being given for hospital accommodation in well ventilated and capacious rooms in private houses or in temporary structures on the roofs; ward hospitals for Hindus and for Mahomedans, and special caste hospitals, are being arranged within the limits of a ward. Consequently the dread which pervaded the town is gradually becoming less, and people are now and again returning to the homes which they had abandoned. It is the middle classes, however, who are thus coming back. Bustee hospitals for the lower orders have yet to be constructed, the accommodation provided in ward hospitals is not large enough for them, and the labouring population, still fearing trouble and molestation, have not yet turned their faces towards Calcutta except in very small numbers.

The very great stringency and uncompromising nature of the regulations of November 1897, added to a knowledge of what was done in Bombay to stamp out the plague, was the cause of the wide-spread panic which caused large numbers of the population to leave the town immediately a few cases of suspected plague occurred; Sir John Woodburn's considerate and humane action has alleviated to a great extent the mischief that was caused, but the fact must not be concealed that a feeling of unrest is still prevalent. From the 16th of April last, there had been in about two weeks 28 cases and 14 deaths; up to the 15th of June or for two months, the reports give 116 cases and 87 deaths, *i.e.*, on an average 29 cases and 22 deaths every fortnight. The cases have not apparently much increased, being 29 against 28, but the tendency is towards an increase, while the deaths are certainly larger, being 22 against 14. The cases are certainly sporadic, but with an increase in numbers and deaths they may assume the character of an epidemic. But the question which is raised everywhere is—are these cases, cases of true plague? There was a bacteriological examination in the first case only, but nothing has been heard of such examinations subsequently. Cases, suspected to be cases of plague, are taken up, but it is not known, at least publicly, that any definite opinion has been arrived at in respect of every such case, *i.e.*, whether it is a true case or not, and the grounds on which such opinion has been formed. Again cases are taken up whenever they are "suspected" to be cases of plague. The feeling amongst the people is that all the inconveniences of a removal to hospital ought at the worst to be imposed, when it is definitely certain that the



case is one of plague. "Medical opinion is not unanimous on the real nature of the cases that have been reported as cases of plague. The oldest and the most experienced practitioners are decided in opinion that the cases are not new to them, that they have been observing and treating such cases ever since they have commenced to practice. With all deference to the high medical authorities who have pronounced plague in Calcutta, we are inclined to hope that the real disease has not yet made its appearance in our city; or if it has, it has come shorn of its infective virulence." Such being the opinion of a medical journal—the Calcutta Journal of Medicine—it is not surprising that people generally are disinclined to pin their faith on the reports of the district authorities in Calcutta as to the detection of cases of plague, unless bacteriological or other satisfactory evidence in support thereof is given. Naturally the feeling of unrest is far from being at an end. The desirability of coming to a distinct finding as to whether the cases taken up are cases of plague or *not*, and not merely that they are "suspected" cases, cannot be too strongly insisted upon. Towards this end, the Government may well appoint a number of medical officers of ability and experience, who have long been in practice in Calcutta as consulting physicians, without the assent or concurrence of one or two of whom after due examination, no case is to be declared or removed as one of plague. The District Medical Officers engaged in plague work are strangers; they have no experience of Calcutta, of its climatic or other conditions affecting health, or of the nature of the diseases which prevail. Naturally, the people are not in the mood to place entire confidence in them. They are probably most deserving men, and the feeling may be altogether wrong, but there is no use in overlooking the fact; they themselves would in all likelihood be most glad to have a practitioner of some standing in Calcutta to consult with; their responsibilities would be lightened, and their declarations under such circumstances would carry considerable weight. If this were done, there is no doubt confidence would be assured and much of the feeling of unrest disappear. To prevent delays a pretty large number may be nominated consulting officers; and any one or two of them, found on the shortest notice, may assist at the examination.

The policy of segregation is a "policy of necessity," and must be enforced to prevent the spread of the malady, allowing it has obtained a foot-hold in Calcutta, and to save its commercial interests from utter ruin in reference to the terms of the conven-

tion of Venice in 1897. The extent, however, to which segregation should be carried, need not be laid down under hard and fast rules, which might not be applicable or would be unsuitable in every class of cases. Other circumstances, besides the mere diffusion of the disease, must also be considered. If men were mere automatons, devoid of heart and feeling, nothing would be so easy and so effective to stamp out the plague as a strict segregation of those affected. Taken in this light, the regulations enacted by Sir Alexander Mackenzie were admirable. He was nothing if not thorough-going, and the regulations were thorough, complete, uncompromising. If they had been in operation in their entirety to-day, Calcutta would have been depopulated.

It has been seen that 85 per cent. of cases are cases of the simple bubonic type in which the danger of infection is "trifling;" there is none whatever unless the buboes burst. It has been seen also that the hospital staff and the attendants and friends of the sick in hospital have ever scarcely caught the infection. There cannot, therefore, be the least danger in allowing patients suffering from *simple* bubonic plague to be segregated in their own houses, with insanitary conditions removed and proper sanitary improvements effected, if necessary. Dr. Sanders, a medical practitioner of great experience and long standing in Calcutta, is of opinion that "isolation could be just as efficiently, if not more so, carried out at the patient's own home, and common sense dictates that a patient stands a better chance of recovery if put to bed quietly and attended by a Doctor he has every confidence in, with his loved ones close at hand, than he would when his life is more than half jolted out of him" under circumstances connected with his removal.

The more serious cases—cases of the septicæmic and pneumonic type—number less than 15 per cent. of the whole, and it is these in which the infection is great—infection from the bacilli in the excreta and in the sputum. It is in such severe cases that the onset, as has been already seen, is sudden and accompanied by "depression and prostration" with "strong fever" and "delirium." Even syncope may follow any attempt to raise a patient from his bed. Is a sufferer under such circumstances fit to be removed away from home and relatives to a public hospital which he dreads? Will he not be better in a private hospital within his own tenement or in a hospital within easy distance of his own house? It becomes at once self evident to the plainest understanding that segregation in one's own house in ordinary cases, or in private and ward hospitals in serious instances, is the best possible arrangement that can and ought to be made to combat with the plague, and not stern and

uncompromising orders for removal to public hospitals and segregation camps in every case.

In dealing with the plague Government and Administrations were compelled, it is said, "on the one hand to consider the importance of devising means sufficient to prevent sufferers from infecting their surroundings, and on the other hand they had to take into account the state of feeling in their respective provinces and the extent to which political disaffection and disorder were to be apprehended from the enforcement of a rule rendering every person suspected to be suffering from plague liable to be sent to hospital." Apparently this was based on instructions issued by the Government of India at a time when Sir John Woodburn was in charge of the Home Department. Its wisdom cannot for one moment be gainsaid. Riots *have* occurred on the most unfounded rumours of forcible inoculation: the compulsory removal of women and children from home is a more serious matter. The Bengal regulations, dated the 10th February 1897, recognized the gravity of the situation and made provisions for home segregation; but these were abrogated in November following, while similar concessions allowed by the Government of the North-Western Provinces and Oudh, remained intact. Under Sir John's administration in Bengal the possibility of political disaffection and disorder occurring has apparently been considered, and the terms under which segregation is to be insisted upon are being modified; they are capable of being further elaborated in consonance with the real "state of feeling" on the subject.

The Health Officer in his Note, already alluded to, observes that the three special measures of "notification, isolation, and disinfection" usually adopted in dealing with epidemic disease have been tried in Bombay, but "the result obtained is far from reassuring." One of the reasons is that "nothing will make the people notify their cases if the immediate result of their doing so is that the patient, it may be a *purda* wife, is hurried off to a hospital and other members of the family to a segregation Camp." "Segregation is dependent on notification and has" in his opinion "failed." He further says, "it is impossible to carry out a measure like segregation in a large Oriental City when the entire population is against it." "If the system adopted in Bombay were enforced in an enlightened European City there is very little doubt that there would be concealment of cases and not improbably resistance to authority. How much more then is it hopeless to expect that it will succeed with an oriental population with its *purda* system and crystallized customs that have

remained unchanged for ages." After this it would be well nigh futile to depend upon strict segregation as a panacea for the evil. It would be far better to leave it to be observed in people's own homes in ordinary, *i.e.*, in the majority of cases; and to see it carried out, if it should be inevitable, in more serious cases, which form a small proportion of the total cases, in special private hospitals started for the purpose.

ISSER CHUNDER MITTER.

## *THE UNITED STATES AND SPAIN.*

HAVANA the Chief City of Cuba has a normal population of over 230,000, about one-third of the inhabitants being black. The refugees from the country districts and the soldiers of Marshal Blanco must have considerably swollen its numbers. Its spacious harbour, old fortifications, marble buildings; its bustle; its dirty streets, smeared with sugar and molasses; the old City, formerly within the walls, and the new, laid out with considerable architectural effect, form a picture of infinite variety. After many transfers, the remains of Columbus and his son San Diego lie in the Cathedral of Havana. San Diego was the founder of the present Capital of Cuba. Havana the centre of attraction in the present contest, was blockaded by the American squadron about the end of April last. It possesses great strategical strength. The narrow entrance channel is commanded by two forts, the old *Castello del Morro* on the right or eastern bank, within the walls of which Lopez was garroted nearly 50 years ago. On the corner of the western bank on the left stands the *Castello de la Punta*. Close to the former is the light-house and signal station. The light is a revolving one; it is visible at a distance of twenty-one miles, the light-house being 144 feet in height. The channel is well buoyed, and at night there are two occasional gas buoys, red and green. Navigators are warned that the buoys, even in times of peace are not to be depended upon; and the whole harbour, it is believed, has been effectively protected with mines. Vessels entering the mouth, which is narrowed by sand-banks, have for about four cables' length to pass through a channel, not more than three quarters of a cable wide. At the *Morro* point, the north corner, vessels of great draught can pass under its guns close along-side it. From this castle an extensive line of fortifications on the east, rising to a height of about 150 feet, command the City on the opposite side of the water way. These works include the *Castello de la Cabana* and the detached *San Diego Fort No. 4*. The barracks are also in their vicinity. Within the harbour, which debouches into a spacious

lake, the wharves of the City line the western shore, which has several piers jutting out. As the Arsenal, which has a patent slip is approached, the depth of the water decreases. In the entrance channel it varies from six to nine fathoms; but opposite the Arsenal and Military Hospital it averages  $2\frac{3}{4}$  fathoms; and it diminishes to half a fathom beneath the slopes of the hill which is crowned by the *Castello del Atares*. The forts are said to be efficiently armed and fully garrisoned, so that battleships and cruisers will have plenty of work before them with their heavy guns to silence the Spanish Ordnance of the old *Castello del Morro*.

The *Castello del Atares* which dominates the Bay of Havana, recalls to my mind vividly a very sad and unpleasant reminiscence,—it was within this fort I witnessed the death of young Colonel Crittenden and a number of his fellow prisoners who were shot for their part in the Lope-insurrection. They were brought into the open courtyard twelve at a time, ordered to kneel down in sixes and murdered in cold blood. Young Crittenden refused to kneel, on being questioned why he refused to kneel, he replied in a clear, unflinching voice, "I kneel to none but God, my Father in Heaven, fire." The disgraceful inaction of the U. S. Consul had driven furious the American Colony in the port—themselves helpless, when that splendid old man, Mr. Crawford the English Consul, went alone to the Commandant and told him that although these men were Americans and filibusters they were Anglo-Saxons, and that if shooting was not stopped he would throw the English flag over them.

Under the ordinary conditions of modern warfare the combatants get soon to handgrips, and the struggle is soon over. It is not improbable that in both respects the present war between the United States and Spain will prove an exception to the rule. The belligerent powers are separated from each other by the whole breadth of the North Atlantic Ocean. Neither of the powers is well prepared for war, whether by land or by sea. The general belief is that the contest will be mainly a naval one. In this connection, it must be admitted that Spanish naval tactics in American waters have been so far immeasurably superior to those of their antagonists. Under any circumstances it may reasonably be asserted, that America in the end will get the best of it, always provided they are not interfered with. This anticipation may or may not be correct. But concede for arguments sake, that Spain if thoroughly beaten at sea loses not Cuba alone, but all that remains of her once magnificent Colonial

Empire in both hemispheres; no one would attempt to say that the war will end there. History has long ago proved that Spanish pride and Spanish valour are two important factors worth being reckoned by those who stir them. The beating of Spain may or may not be easy of accomplishment, but to bring her to terms is quite a different matter. The beginning of the war we have seen; but of the end few will be rash enough to speculate on. Even the attitude of the insurgents towards the foreigners who have been wildly thrown in to aid them against their countrymen, who hold the same faith, speak the same language, and own the same traditions, there is absolutely no certainty how they will receive them. An element of still greater dubiety, and yet of importance, is the direction which the sentiments and sympathies of the Spanish speaking populations which still own and occupy the New World from Texas to Magellan's Straits, will take in the struggle. The Great Republic has assumed the position of protector of the rights and liberties of these unruly small republics, and they have appeared to acquiesce in, or at least have not seriously protested against the "Pan-American ideal."

But when it comes to a question of turning Old Spain out of the last of her once splendid possessions by force of alien arms, stronger events have happened than that a sharp re-action should be produced against the practical application of the Monroe Doctrine; the tie of blood has frequently in these international contests proved very much stronger than any given number of politics.

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These things are all "on the knees of the gods;" and we can only watch with keen interest, and a strong suspicion that the unexpected will happen, the progress of a struggle in which, for the first time in history the people of the United States find themselves with a European Power other than England, with whom their differences have been of the nature of a family quarrel. Meanwhile, both the combatants and on-lookers are passing through a trying time of waiting and suspense, which at present has the appearance of being prolonged for an indefinite period. Of the two powers, the United States must find this waiting interval the more trying. It has filled the air on their side of the Atlantic with all manner of wild rumours and alarms, much of which has gone far to make them ridiculous in the eyes of the world. It is not at all likely America will direct operations by sea or by land against peninsular Spain; as a landing of her troops there is quite out of the category of possibilities.

They are blockading Havana, Santiago, and other ports in the Western end of Cuba, landing (so they say) troops, ammunition, money, food to help the insurgents, in the task of expelling the Spaniards; the American Pacific Squadron have already demolished the Spanish fleet in the Phillipines, and are preparing for the occupation of Manilla. These are strokes, however, delivered not at the heart, but at the extremities of Spain. But there is no certainty that Spain does not possess the means and power, of striking some terrific blow, and driving it home at the Commercial Centres of American life and trade. The whereabouts of and the movements of the Spanish Squadron are kept a close secret, and are the subject of endless wild guesses and canards emanating from the Americans. One day the whole fleet is announced as being bottled up at the Santiago, and a day or two later that they are coaling at Martinique, again that they have been seen off the Nova Scotian Coast, making towards Boston—then we are told—that “a Spanish squadron is rapidly approaching” the United States blockading squadron off Havana, and that “a great sea fight was impending”—in April last, this information was vouchsafed us by the Americans, but to this time “the big sea fight has not come off.” All those reports can only be the results of excited fears and imaginings of the American people and Press. Coal one of the essentials of modern naval warfare, is a difficulty Spain must feel acutely; the only source of coal supply available for the Spanish fleet to enable Spain to carry on extended naval operations in American waters is the island of Puerto Rico; what effect King Alphonso's sea power may produce in the present struggle is still in the womb of futurity. Beyond the fact that the Spanish fleet are afloat, their true rendezvous is yet unknown: here Spain has an advantage, inasmuch as while the strategy and chief position of her enemy can be seen or anticipated, her own counter moves are to a great extent unknown. “The Spanish fleet has not yet put in an appearance;” until it does, it is premature to say what the result of a naval engagement between the combatants will be. It is quite within the range of possibility, that, when the two fleets do come to close quarters, Spain by keeping her movements concealed, when the fleet comes out from under the darkness it has the appearance of at present being enveloped in, may strike very effectively.



### *EVOLUTION OF LIFE IN EARTH.*

In the vastness of time—a time so vast that the Hindu Cosmogony reckons it by millions of years—the creative will of the Almighty brought this world into existence, not the world of the present day with its hills and plains, its seas and oceans, its forests and deserts, but a gaseous body hung in immense space—a scene of terrific contending forces. Imagination reels in trying to realize the vast void between the Azoic or lifeless and the secondary eras, the age of mollusks, fishes and reptiles, and loves to watch the onward progress of animal life of the Tertiary Era, namely, the birds, quadrupeds, anthrop-ape till man comes into existence. Thousands and thousands of years rolled as the ardent rays of the sun fiercely beat on the soils of the earth, the moon shed her lambent light, the lightning played and thunder rolled, the dews fell, the flowers bloomed, the trees blossomed, but where was then the being to appreciate the purpose of the creation? Where was he to exclaim after looking at a mighty hill or a glorious sun-set “it is the Lord God.” “It is He.”

But the primitive man was not the man of the present day. The relics of the troglodytes or the cave-dwellers indicate that man was then an animal in his nature, and without capacities greater than those required to secure the food necessary to sustain life. The man of those times had four more teeth than he has now; there were fewer bones in his skull; the foldings and convolutions in the brains were less marked and less numerous. But creation is ever progressive, and when man appeared on the earth, he too was under the law of progression. He learnt by infinitesimal degrees the use of fire, the modes of fashioning stone hatchets and of chipping flint arrow-heads. He acquired speech which gradually took the place of primitive signs. Polygamous marriage gave way to monogamy, and patriarchal organization was established by slow degrees. His skull changed from an elongated oval to a more globular shape. The jaw became less massive and less prominent as the frontal brain enlarged. The flesh-tearing teeth shortened and became enclosed in the mouth giving the countenance a less bestial cast. He established himself in all the more habitable quarters of the globe, and

became civilized or semi-civilized, savage or barbarous according to his climate and other circumstances.

Thus the first stage of man in the progress of evolution was not such as we see before us now—forms of symmetry and beauty with faces lighted up with intellectual brilliancy and spiritual grace. They were as coarse as the surrounding animal and vegetable formations were.

The history of the civilized man is therefore the history of the slow but steady expansion of the human mind and the elevation of the soul, both working harmoniously together for the benefit of society. We cannot conceive of any good law or a number of good laws, social or moral, in which the self is not subordinated to the good of the public—in which the higher and finer nature of man has not dominated over the propensities of the lower, coarse or material natures. That is because the spirit is ever working towards the progress of creation. How does the work proceed? Creation is an unit, an equation rather, and cannot be added to or subtracted from. The work proceeds, therefore, by absorption and transmutation: lower forms and lower forces are absorbed and transmuted,—sublimated. It is, therefore, taught that through sacrifice and sacrifice alone made from a sense of justice or love that the present stage of human progress has been arrived at. But we are not perfect yet. Evolution is going on as silently as the changes in the earth's surface are. Every atom in the human being is in constant motion and a finer form of matter is evolved not visible to the material senses, scarcely perceptible perhaps within any small degree of arc of the great wheel of progress, but nevertheless very strikingly apparent when viewed over a long range of observation.

Our next stage in progress, that to which we aim now, touches the stage of unfoldment which is named spiritual. We all aim to a spiritual life, to an advance above the physical.

At every step in evolution matter has an expression true to its degree of unfoldment. The higher the development the more perfect the expression. The same species of birds sound the same note and sing the same song; the different members of the same species of animals give the same expression only varying in pitch and volume until we come to man. In man we see in the earlier races very imperfect language, little expression of countenance, because the earthly elements as yet predominated over the spiritual, but as the races became more advanced, language is more perfect and emotion greater, and often more can be conveyed in a look than words can express.

But there is a deeper, fuller, sweeter language when soul speaks to soul through the law of sympathy, and sound would mar the harmony. Oh! the eloquence of silence, when soul communes with soul with the dear invisibles who fondly hover around us, invisible to gross mortal sight, but seen by the clear spiritual eyes of those who although wear the garb of mortality, may yet live more in spiritual realms than earthly habitations.

I quote here some exquisite lines which I have read in a recent English periodical:—

“There is a garden in my soul,  
A garden full of singing birds;  
Their wings have never known control,  
In any cage of words.”

We often hear of persons who possess great wealth or who are the authors of great works or who are placed in such exalted rank as to entitle them to have their voices heard and respected, but oh! how few there are who can say with feeling, “there is a garden in my soul, a garden full of singing birds,”

To have such a garden one's soul should be pure: his heart should overflow with sympathy for others; one's imagination should raise him above the sordid interests of the earth to the limitless expanse of heaven to commune with exalted souls in which every holy thought is a singing bird whose wings “know no control in any cage of words.”

Life has been compared in Hindu religious works to a graded school, and earth-life the primary department where certain lessons are to be learnt and certain duties performed. If a person dies prematurely or fails to do what is required of him before he leaves the physical body, he is not considered qualified to take up the studies of the next grade. He is to be sent back to learn what he shall have acquired before entering the higher grade. The spiritual unfoldment is, therefore, a subject of so vast importance that it has been spoken of over and over in the Holy Gita; and the qualities which lead to spiritual unfoldment have been described as regard for truth, love, forgiveness, self-abnegation, sacrifice, sincerity in speech and action, and resignation to the will of God at all time. These have been stated to lead to higher life even before the earthly body is cast off.

By far the greatest unfoldment comes through an exercise of the emotional and affectional nature. Every human being needs love, and it is to the soul as sunshine is to the plant. Without sunlight and love-light the plant and the soul become alike blighted and withered. The more spiritually unfolded

beings become, the more they are susceptible to this subtle influence. Our love for God, our love for humanity, our good deeds here tend every moment to our spiritual unfoldment. Every tear we have wiped away; every wrong we have righted; every crushed individual we have uplifted; every sad heart we have made glad; every wayward life we have reclaimed; every desponding soul we have filled with hope;—all these acts keep our being in the more refined stratum of existence, and are each of them like gems of light which sublimate our being and transmute it to a higher stage. If we fill our lives with these loving deeds, we shall make the world the better; for our loving, and grateful hearts will prepare for us bowers of immortal beauty, as compensation for our good works and self-sacrifice here; and we shall be welcomed to our rightful—because earned—possessions, a heavenly dwelling, a companionship with congenial souls, and with them continue our living ministrations, growing more beautiful and happier throughout the endless cycles of eternity.

Who can say what the unfoldment of the soul would be fifty centuries hence—fifty centuries are a span in the age of this earth? Who can say how far the spiritual part of man will be triumphant over the physical, giving him dominion over elements hitherto considered beyond his control. How far the discoveries in physical science will march with the spiritual unfoldment, we can at present absolutely form no idea. It, is all hidden in the Majesty of Nature.

There is, moreover, another kind of unfoldment mentioned in our Shastras. It is that of the existence in the true state of being (*Swarupana Vyabashthiti*). Truth has been defined in the Bhagvat to be that which is above Maya or illusion or false perception. It has also been defined by the great Rishi *Jajna-valka* who formulated *Yoga shastra* to be that which tends to universal good. It follows, therefore, that that which is unchangeable and that which promises supreme good to the universe is Truth. To exist in the true state is to have reached the highest stage of unfoldment to which soul can aspire. To pray for universal good, to see divinity working in all towards universal progress, to live constantly and unceasingly in the light and love of God, is to exist in the true state. As an example of such existence on earth we have the sweet life of renunciation, of love and self-abnegation which the *Mahapravu Sri Chaitanya* led for the benefit of humanity.

## OUR PLAYS AND PLAYGOERS.

It is a matter of regret that we have so many theatres, public and amateur, but few good plays. Most of the plays are worthless, some of them are full of nonsense, others full of filth. If any one considers the theatre as a place of amusement only, I should advise him at the outset not to waste his valuable time in perusing these lines. For my part, I should think the theatre is not only a place of amusement, but of instruction also. The theatrical stage is but the miniature of the worldly stage. It is a combination of the phonograph and the cinematograph, in as much as it reproduces the actions and manners of by-gone days as well as contemporary events. Like those wonderful scientific instruments the theatre also should reproduce accurate and faithful images and not unnatural absurdities or monstrosities. The images must be realistic and at the same time idealistic, for the realistic element improves the intellect, the idealistic element improves the morals. The stale, matter-of-fact events of everyday life described in a dull prosaic style, make no impression on our feelings which are the predominant factor in morals. So idealisation is necessary for moral culture. But in most of the plays which are now-a-days produced on our stage, both the realistic and the idealistic elements are sadly wanting, and so instead of helping the intellectual and moral culture they poison both with trash and filth. They produce nothing but absurdities and monstrosities, impart no instruction and encourage indecency. Most of the plays have no plot at all, no delineation of character, no beautiful sentiments, no happy connection of incidents, but still they do not fail to draw crowded houses. The reason of this paradox is not far to seek, the public taste is vitiated. The audience at least the majority of it go to the theatre simply for amusement, and that, it is to be feared, is not of a high order. This amusement consists in the enjoyment of the senses; sensual enjoyment takes the place of moral imagination and intellectual cultivation. Mirth and music, dancing and fooling are what the audience want. And be it said to the credit of the play-wrights

that they only look to the demand of the public. But the question is whether the vitiated taste of the public has made the play-wrights produce such trashes or these trashes of the playwrights vitiated the public taste. The question is like that equally puzzling question, *vis.*, whether the egg comes from a hen or the hen comes from an egg. But certainly it is the play-wrights who first hit upon a device of pleasing the audience at the expense of decency, common sense and sobriety. And when that device is once successful the play-wrights naturally have repeated recourse to it, and the audience, too, encourage them by their ready acceptance of it. The work of the play-wright is the hen in this case and it produces the egg of immoral taste, which being hatched in its turn produces another such hen. So the process of production and reproduction is kept up. But such state of things must be put a stop to, either by killing the hen by condemning it or by destroying the egg by not allowing it to be hatched.

It cannot be doubted that the public taste is vitiated, and that the plays now-a-days performed in our theatres instead of correcting and purifying it are rather making it more corrupt. One feature of these plays is obscenity, obscenity not only in words, but also in gesture; and strange is it that such plays are sometimes patronized by men of high rank and position; and that is the reason why these plays, specially the so-called farces are not yet consigned to the flames which they so richly deserve. It is no wonder that some of the native newspapers sing the praise of these plays and farces in glowing terms for they get a season ticket and that is the secret of it. But when a Raja or a Maharaja goes to witness such performances, it is likely that he does not know the nature of such performances beforehand, but if knowingly he does so, it must be said that he shows a vulgar taste not befitting his position and culture. No sober man can see farces like "Mui Handu" without being shocked and disgusted to the highest degree. The so-called farces are full of nonsense, abuse and filth. The perennial spring of humour in these rubbish productions is the poor Brahmos and the people of East Bengal. Instead of instructive satires against vices and corruptions, we have nothing but vile invectives against some individuals or a party. The absence of true humour is made up by a forced and ludicrous straining after it which amounts to foolery and that too of a low type. But foolery, however low, absurd and indecent, now-a-days passes for humour and the audience shout out "cheers" instead of "shame!" Another feature

of these farces and even of operas and dramas, is the introduction of songs, in season and out of season. Even the cobbler and his wife, the barber woman, the washer-woman, the hawker, the sweeper, the mehtar, the corpse-bearer, the beggar, the robber and a medley of such august personages are introduced on the stage and they are all musically disposed, nay, they possess the noble art of dancing to boot! It matters little whether the songs and the songsters are out of season and out of place as well as out of taste, it matters little whether the audience will have them or not, they must have a full share of their own merry-making even at the cost of patience of the audience, or at least a major part of it. But what is still more inflicting is the "encore" from some of the audience when your patience is already tired to the extreme. In vain you cry out "no more" "no more," some will persistently shout out "encore" and you must have to wait till these gentlemen have realised their money to the last pie. And being encouraged and gratified by these "encores" and greatly mortified with an ungallant "no more," the actors and actresses will sing out the song again with a vengeance. These ridiculous and nonsensical farces have neither head nor tail. In fact no other farces in Bengali can be named besides the "Sadhabar Ekadasi," and the "Bibaha Bibhrat." The rest are either inspired by malicious motive or without any definite motive at all except money-making at any cost. Sometimes the dramas and the operas cannot be distinguished from these farces on account of the absence of any plot, incoherence of incidents, ludicrous absurdities and the farcical characters in them. Good dramas are greatly wanting in our literature. It is a pity that men of good culture and sound education do not try their hands in drama. Of the actor play-wrights only Babu Girish Chunder Ghose, and Babu Amrita Lal Bose, have real merits, but it would be idle to expect that whatever comes out from their pen must necessarily be good. It is equally idle to expect that whatever comes out from the pen of lay play-wrights of education and culture must be good. But this class can surely achieve some success being conversant with the dramatic literature of other countries and with the rules of art and criticism. The wider is the observation the greater is the chance of success, and observation can be gathered either from Nature directly, or second-hand from books which record the experiences and observations of great geniuses.

Our theatres have forgot their functions, instead of imparting instruction and improving the manners and morals of society

they are encouraging vicious tastes and poisoning the minds of many a promising young man ; their effects on young and tender hearts cannot be ignored. A theatre is not only a place of amusement, but also a school of instruction ; and the lessons, good or evil, from the stage make a greater impression on the minds than the lessons from the chair in a class room. So the stage should be more cautious and it cannot do better than to produce plays like "Prohlad Charitra," "Buddha," "Chaitanaya Lila," "Nil Darpan" and "Sarala" which have a permanent interest, others having only an ephemeral attraction. And in writing farces the play-wrights should bear in mind that the object of satire is not to make personal attacks, but to do so against some prevailing evil. That this can be done without coming down to personality is evident from "Bibaha Bibhrat." They should also bear in mind that the function of the stage is not to corrupt, but to correct the public taste.

S. N. SIRCAR, M.A.



### STALKED BY A TIGER.

Our passion for the chase is a survival from those long, dark centuries when our forbears were numbered amongst the beasts of prey. Deep in the bosom of every Briton the powerful instinct slumbers: and *paterfamilias* whose increasing girth bespeaks a life of inglorious ease tempered by money grubbing feels his pulses quickened when the music of hounds in pursuit is wafted on the pure country air. In these densely-packed islands the craving for blood can be satisfied only at a vast expense. Grouse flutter their little lives out on the heather at a guinea a brace; and the stag bites the ground to the tune of £25. India is still a sportsman: paradise in spite of hordes of winter visitors: and the poorest subaltern may be assured of making a respectable bag if he studies geography and respects native prejudices. His hobby, indeed, will take him far afield in these days: for the beasts of the forest have been so ruthlessly harried that the so-called dangerous game is yearly growing scarcer. This is a dubious blessing: for the balance established by nature must not be rashly disturbed. Some years ago tigers were plentiful in the islands on the lower reaches of the Brahmaputra: and they occasionally swam the mighty river to lift cattle from riparian homesteads. In an evil hour these happy hunting grounds were invaded by aborigines from the Central Provinces in quest of the handsome rewards offered for tigers-skins by a too paternal government. Then plan of campaign was based on the knowledge that the felidæ do not prowl aimlessly, but use beaten tracks of their own. Our domestic cats, which are still wild animals in despite of ages of association with man, exhibit the same peculiarity. King George the III had his "cats' path" as he called it, a secluded walk round Windsor Keep which enabled His Majesty to take the air at dawn unpried on by too loyal subjects. Tigers' highways lead to some jungle-fringed tank or river ford which is the nightly resort of thirsty deer. The assassins lashed a powerful bow horizontally to a tree commanding one of these approaches and fitted an arrow to the

string which was retained in tension by a trigger attached to a cord stretched across the prowler's track eighteen inches from the ground. The lord of the jungles then became his own executioner: for the slightest pressure on the snare was followed by the arrow's prick. To tear the puny missile from his flank was easy enough: but its barb was steeped in some potent vegetable poison: and next morning the poor beast was retrieved, stiff and stark in brush-wood rooted up by his dying struggles. The swarthy strangers did a roaring trade in skins for some years. At length, however, a clamour rose from the country side. Deer and wild pigs multiplied like Australian rabbits. Crops were devoured wholesale and large tracts reclaimed with infinite pains went out of cultivation. The rewards were perforce suspended: but it was long before the balance of power was restored.

A Bengal planter was once brought very near death by his ignorance of tigers' habits. While shooting black partridge with a neighbour a covey was flushed, put out of range and masked to some fields beyond a broad belt of jungle. The sportsmen decided as to which should follow by spinning a rupee; and he who won the toss took a well-beaten track which he supposed to be the work of cattle or their keepers. After pursuing it for a short distance he emerged on a clearing, and expected to hear that whirr which sends a thrill through many a heart on the first of September. Lo, not ten feet from the muzzle of his gun, there lay a royal tiger whose glossy skin shone like satin in the noon-day sun. He was dozing after a full meal the debris of which lay around in the shape of a half devoured bullock, and the only sign of life was an occasional flick of his tail. The intruder stood paralyzed at the sight, and instinctively felt his triggers. Alas, his charges were No. 6 shot. Should he fire without killing outright his own fate was sealed. Had he not seen a pon beater's head flattened over his shoulders like a soup-plate by a blow from just such a giant paw as that? But the native follower at his heels had a few ball cartridges in his bag. There might be time to change his charges. Without turning, he motioned to the *shikari* to hand him the bag. It fell from the former's trembling fingers with a clatter which roused the sleeping monster. He opened his eyes, rose, and stared haughtily for a few interminable seconds at the rash mortal who had invaded his lair. Then he stretched himself fore and aft, and yawned exhibiting a yard of blood-red tongue, and trotted slowly away.

Hunting men are apt to meet objections to their pastime by urging that the fox positively revels in the scope given thereby

to his proverbial cunning. They would modify views savouring of paradox if their own rôle were for once reversed. No tongue can tell the agony endured by the creature which knows that it is being tracked with small chance of escape. I speak with the assurance inspired by personal knowledge. In the course of an official tour on the North-Eastern frontier of Bengal. I found myself, one balmy evening, encamped close to the border of a large native state. With characteristic acuteness the British administrators of a past age had elbowed the Raja from the fertile plains; and the wide heritage of his ancestors had shrunk into a few thousand square miles of forest-clad highlands. I resolved to explore one of the vallies which opened invitingly from the dead level over which it had been my lot to rove: and extended my evening ride to its mouth. Then, as the ground was impracticable for cavalry I dismounted, bade the native groom to wait with my horse under a clump of tamarind trees and plunged into the unknown regions on foot. The surroundings were not unlike those of an average Highland glen; but no barn spoke tunefully from the valley-depth and the enamelling of heather was represented most indifferently by a dense growth of *sál*, in those parts an ugly, gnarled deciduous shrub. I had picked my way for a couple of miles, ascending gradually and anon looking back on the chequered plains which gradually unfolded themselves when the deathlike silence was broken by a noise resembling a pistol-shot. It was as if a fallen branch had been snapped by some heavy footfall. I stopped and listened with twitching ears: and my flesh crept as I saw the setting sun's glint on a yellow patch moving stealthily in the jungle to my right. It was an object rendered familiar by many a successful quests of "stripes:" and one welcomed with eager joy when seen from the vantage ground of a howdah. Unarmed and far from human help, I felt all the blood in my body seek my heart in rapid pulsations as it flashed across my mind that I was being stalked by a tiger.

Now an intimate knowledge of wild animals' habits told me that an attempt at flight was not to be thought of. No beast of prey can resist the temptation to pursue a flying quarry; and with a couple of tremendous bounds the awful creature would be upon me. I turned slowly and retraced my steps singing loudly the while to maintain my ebbing courage. Below me apparently within a stone's throw was the grove where my steed awaited a master who would never again press his glossy flanks. Beyond it my white tents gleamed and a column of blue smoke rose in

token of the dinner which I was doomed not to eat. What would my servants think of the absence of one whose punctuality was proverbial? I remembered the poor burgher in Juvenal's Third Satire, crushed to death by the upsetting of a ponderous Roman wain. While his slaves bustle about their various avocations, in happy ignorance of their master's fate, he, luckless wight:—

“Jam sedet in ripá tristisque novicius,  
horret,  
Porthmea,”

—a novice in the nether regions, trembles on Stygian banks at the approach of the grim ferryman. These and many other incongruous thoughts floated through my troubled brain as I held my course, glancing furtively into the woods from time to time only to see that awful yellow patch fitting parallel with me at a distance of fifty or sixty yards. The tension was unbearable. And, a very short distance ahead, the jungle ceased abruptly, giving place to a broad belt of sward. My enemy would certainly deliver his attack before that place of comparative safety were reached. There was, but one course open. Summoning up all my courage, I sprang towards the tiger in a succession of leaps yelling fiercely and flourishing my switch. The jungle echoed back his frenzied rush: but the sounds grew fainter and a few seconds afterwards I got a glimpse of his lithe, crouching form disappearing behind a rock several hundred feet above me.

F. H. SKRINE.

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# THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE

NEW SERIES.

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## PARIS LETTER.

The National Opera has produced a most successful work by M. Samuel Rousseau—the *Cloche du Rhin*. The author of this lyrical drama that President Favre and his lady honored with their presence, and frequently applauded, is 45 years of age, the son of a piano manufacturer of Neuvenaison, in the Aisne. He was the favorite pupil of Cesar Frank, and so had a natural leaning to religious music. His mass of *Sainte Cecille*, always figures in the solemnities of the Churches of Paris. He was sent as an official pupil to complete his musical education at Rome. On his return, he was nominated organist to the Church of Sainte-Clotilde, dear to the nobility, and chief of the choruses at the consenatoire concerts, where the best music in Paris can be heard. He has composed some small works for the lyrical houses. He is a star that is risen, and will be much heard of as time rolls on. The libretto is by Messrs. Montorgueil and Ghensi. In January 1897 M. Rousseau commenced to write the score; on the 10th February last, it was completed, and has had the rare chance to be given to the public without any of the annoying cuttings down or transformations. The story is laid in a profound valley of the Rhine, at a time when Paganism was in the throes of extinction by Christianity. It is in this valley, that remains of a sect of ancient Gauls or Germanis, have taken refuge, to live and to exercise their pagan worship. The old chief is Hatto; his grandson,

Konrad ; Liba a priestess, and there are some wild warriors. Liba predicts victories for them, if they make human sacrifices faithfully to Odin. While she is declaiming, there ascends from the convent in the valley, the *Ave Marie*, chanted by the nuns, and also the funeral tinkling of the bell—the *Cloche*, predicting a death—that of Hatto, who instinctively feels he is doomed. The warriors now return from their hunting, and bring with them a captive nun, “Hervine;” they found her praying in the forest. She explains to Hatto, she was coming to warn him of his approaching end, as did the bell, and to convert him, ere he died, to the true faith. He orders her to be sacrificed, but Konrad, protects her, Hatto succumbs in a fit of rage, and the bell tolls. To appease Odin, the warriors demand Hervine’s death : Konrad carries her away, falls in love with her, is partly repaid, when he is ultimately refused. That awakens in him the barbarian. The warriors announce the arrival of the enemy, Konrad leads them to the attack. Liba and her followers ascend a tower to watch the fight : the convent is in flames, the *Cloche* has been cast into the Rhine. Liba discovers Hervine praying : orders her to be sacrificed to Odin : she is, and is thrown into the Rhine ; Konrad returns victorious and Liba informs him his victory is due to the sacrifice. He wanders in the forest disconsolate encounters on a flag beneath a giant oak, the priestesses spreading leaves for another sacrifice : he scatters the leaves : the people rebel at that sacrilege ; attack him, and leave him for dead at the altar. He has become a Christian in his dying moments ; a beautiful Oriental landscape appears, and the Star of Bethlehem ? while the Pagans melt away. Konrad slowly rises, calls upon Hervine at the river side ; the miraculous bell sounds his death knell from beneath the waters ; Hervine gradually rises, passes along the water, assures Konrad the Lord of the Christians will pardon and love him, and asks him to follow her to heaven while the earthly music ceases, an angelic host welcome the departure of the two lovers, heavenwards.

There is Wagner, both in the sceneries and in the score, but the work remains truly original. It is expressive, melodious, caressing and scientific ; readily seized and easily remembered. There is a sound softness about several of the airs very pleasing, and nothing jars, all flows gently and uniformly to the close and every *motif* is in its natural place. The duo, “Come, O’Virgin blonde,”—“Hervine and Konrad”—is one of the prettiest songs in the Opera. Two female figures dominate the work : Liba, Madame Hélyon and Hervine, Madlle. Nekte. The

first was superb in the grave, warm in the medium, and purity itself in the upper notes. Madlle. Nekte has made "Hervine" her own, as Nilsson did with Ophelia; to the melancholy of Marguerite she united the passion of a Juliet. Konrad, was represented by M. Vagnet, and never did his tenor voice display more power and charm.

The new chamber is not expected to be very productive in solid legislative works, and there is plenty to be executed. The deputies—581 in number—represent so far seven groups, but the socialists, 59 strong, will not mix with the others—hence their importance. Gambetta delighted to boast that Socialism had left France for Germany. It has come back like Chinese chickens to roost, and must be counted: no use shutting eyes to its existence. It has scored nearly two millions of votes at the general elections just concluded. It commences to have the discipline and patience of German socialism, and simply aims at the elevation of the working man, of the *proletariat*, but at the cost of the moneyed and the employer classes. Its schemes of reformation have not yet been put into the shape of a "short bill" for parliament to discuss: it rather hangs on the skirts of measures that nibble with social reforms, and tries to mould what it can with its views. The socialists are all able and determined men, and very serious. Their global plan at present is, to win for the French workman, the advantages his fellow toilers enjoy in monarchical countries, and then like Oliver Twist, demand "more." In any case they keep the claims of the *proletariat* well to the front, and prevent any class from having monopolies. The socialists have well fought a good fight for fair play and truth in demanding the revision of the Dreyfus trial.

While France is busy opening up a route to her port of Lake Tchad, she does not apparently make any headway in the extension of her general commerce. She still remains the sixth in rank as a mercantile marine power. In the Far East, where England, America, and Germany, are preparing to extend their trade, France affords no evidence of following their example. She clings, like a limpet to a rock, to the system of bounties to ship builders and ship-brokers, but that does not send new ships into the Far Eastern Seas. She relies for her carrying trade on her bi-monthly mail subsidised packets, while Britain counts her ships by thousands and Germany by hundreds. Surely if France were up-to-date in her plans, she ought to find return cargo in the ports—the same as England and Germany do. Financiers will not put any money into mercantile speculations, so the



nation must take the consequence. What then is the use of her causing trouble to neighbours seriously engaged in the work of commerce? The State cannot afford any grants for industries that should be exclusively the work of private citizens. France has some five ship building yards, while England has fifty, and England can build ships in half the time it takes the French to do so, and at half the price. Bordes, the great Dunkirk ship-broker, and the only French house that sends vessels round Cape Horn, commands all his ships—chiefly sailing—in England. They are delivered to him at Rouen, when he baptizes them and registers them under the French flag. I often think that the ideal of national industry in France is trending to scrape and save cash, in order to lend it to needy foreign states: to be a vast International Loan Fund Office. That explains why she at present holds half the external debt of Spain, and may rue her investment. If repudiation by Spain arises there can be no more interest, and where there is nothing the king loses his rights. France is said to have no less than five milliards of francs of Russian Public Funds. If a "Crash" came—what next?

The Paris Municipality is a very bright spot in French administration of to-day. Its Councillors may have advanced, socialistic or wild ideas, but there is nothing wrong in the matter of looking after the city's farthings. The city budget is a model of clearness: no accounts are "cooked" there: the annual revenue—about 365p. millions—is as well accounted for as a five pounds note in the coffers of the Bank of England. All the State has to do, is to keep a break on the Council, so as not to go too fast, and to remember, that Rome was not built in a day. The city is now undergoing two evolutions—that of superseding the stone, by wooden pavement, and the adoption of electricity for gas light. For nine years more, the Gas Company will be in the enjoyment of its monopoly and fat dividends; after that their concession passes in *toto*, with most of the plant, to the Municipality. Then citizens can have gas for about two sous the cubic yard, instead of six. A reduction of 66 per cent. in the price of gas, would allow Paris to prove she was truly "a city of light."

A FRENCHMAN.

## DIALOGUES OF RAM KRISHNA PARAM- HANSA.

(According to M., a son of the Lord and Servant).

Place:—*Dakshineshwar Thakurbadi, Calcutta.*

Scene:—*The Master's room.*

Date:—*3rd August, 1884, 2 P.M. to 9½ P.M.*

Present,—*Balaram, M., Rakhal; Bauls\* from Shibpur and visitors from Bhowanipur; Hazra; Adhar; Ram Chatterji, etc., etc.*

The Master was seated on the bedstead as usual with his face to the north. The western and the northern doors of the apartment in which He latterly passed His days looked out on the sacred waters of the Ganges. The *Bauls* from *Shibpur* were seated on a mat spread out on the floor of the room. They were singing forth hymns upon musical instruments—one of which was the well-known *Gopijuntra* with one string, popularly called *Bong-bonga-bong*. They were seated with their faces towards the Master, *i.e.*, towards the west. Others of the company were seated with their faces to the south and towards the Master.

One of the songs had a particular reference to the *Shatchakra* or the Six Lotus Wheels marking the different stages of the *Yogi's* progress towards Union with the Universal Soul.

At the end of this song the company was favoured by the Master with an exposition of

### I. THE SHATCHAKRA (SIX WHEELS) AND SAPTABHUMI (THE SEVEN MENTAL PLANES).

The Master said:—

"The *Shatchakra* mentioned in the *Yoga* System of the *Tantras* corresponds with the *Saptabhumi* mentioned in the *Vedas*.

"When the mind is immersed in worldliness, it makes its abode in 1st, the *Guhya* (the anus), 2nd, the *Linga* (sexual organ) and 3rd, the *Nabhi* (navel).

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\* A sect of Hindus; lit. mad for the Lord.

"In the 4th *Bhumi* (mental plane) the abode of the *Manas* (mind) is the *Hridaya* (the heart). The man is blessed with the Vision of Divine Glory (*Jyoti*) and cries out, 'What is all this! what is all this?'

"In the 5th plane, the place of the *Manas* is the *Kantha* (throat). The devotee talks only on subjects related to God and gets impatient if any other subject comes up before him in the course of conversation.

"In the 6th plane the *Manas* is localised between the eyebrows. The devotee comes face to face with God, only a thin glass-like partition, so to speak, keeps him apart from the Divine Person. To him God is like a light within a lantern or the photograph behind a glass-frame. He tries to touch the Vision, but he cannot. His perception falls short of complete realization, for there is the element of self-consciousness (*Aham*) retained to a certain extent.

"In the last or the 7th plane it is perfect *Samādhi*. Then all sense-consciousness ceases and pure God-consciousness takes its place. In this state the life of the Saint lingers for twenty-one days after which he passes away. During these days he ceases to take any food. Milk, if poured into his mouth, runs out and never gets into the stomach.

## 2. THE EGO OF VIDYA OR DIVINE KNOWLEDGE.

The Master continued :

"Some *Mahapurushas* who may have got on to the Seventh or the highest Plane and have thus become lost in God-consciousness (*Samādhista*) are pleased to come down from that spiritual height with a view to the good of mankind.

"They keep the *Ego* of Knowledge (the *Aham* of *Vidyā*) or in other words, the Higher self. But this *Ego* is a mere appearance. It is like a line drawn across a sheet of water (*Rekhāmātra*).

ILLUSTRATION 1 :—"Hanuman was blessed\* with the vision of God both *Sākār* and *Nirākār* (with form and without form). But he retained the *Ego* of a servant of God. (*Dasāmi*).

ILLUSTRATION 2 :—"Such was also the case with *Narad*, *Sanak*, *Sananda* and *Sanat Kumar*.

Here the question was asked whether *Narad* and others were *Bhaktas* only and not *Jnanis* too.

The Lord said :—

"*Narad* and others had attained the highest Knowledge (*Brahmagñān*). But still they went on like the murmuring

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\* *Adhyatma Ramayana*, etc.

waters of the rivulet to talk and to sing. This shews that they too kept this *Ego* of Knowledge."

"They were *Jñanis*, but they talked and sang about the Lord with a view to the good of others.

ILLUSTRATION:—"A 'steam-boat' does not only get to its own place of destination, but also carries numbers of people on board to the same place.

"*Acharyas* (Preceptors) like *Narad* are like 'steam-boats.'

### 3. THE MASTER ON PARAMAHAMSAS. (THE HIGHEST TEACHERS OF MANKIND): THE HIGHER SELF AFTER REALISATION.

*Paramahamsas* may be divided into two classes:—

"1st. Those that are *Nirākār-vādis*, *i.e.*, declare the Supreme Being as the Formless One. *Trailanga Swami* belonged to this class. Generally speaking, Holy men of this class are comparatively selfish, so to speak. They care only for the liberation of their own soul.

(THE MASTER ON HIMSELF—A HINT.) "Those of the second class are *Sākār-vādis* also, *i.e.*, say that God is with a Form as well as Formless, and that He does manifest Himself to his devotees as a Being with a form.

ILLUSTRATION I.—"Have you ever seen a *nālā* (water-passage) running over with the water of the river with which it is connected?

"The *nālā* has sometimes no trace left being entirely one with the river water. But very often there may be noticed a slight movement in its water which proves its separateness from the river-water.

"Pretty much the same is the case with the *Paramahamsa* belonging to the second class. His soul becomes one with the Universal Soul. Still there is this *Ego* of Knowledge kept on—a slight trace of individuality to mark his separate existence from the Deity."

ILLUSTRATION 2:—"Again, such a *Paramahamsa* may be compared to a *Kumbha* (a jar or pitcher of water) when it is filled to the brim. At the same time its contents or part of its contents may be transferred to another vessel. The disciple is the second vessel. The *Kumbha* filled to the brim indicates the perfect state derived from *Brahmajñān*.

"Thus the *Ego* of Knowledge is kept for the purpose of teaching others the saving truths of Religion.

ILLUSTRATION 3:—"Again, suppose a person digs a well. He is thirsty and drinks of the water of the well. It is not

unusual for such a person to keep with him the digging implements, *e.g.*, the hoe, the shovel, the spade, *etc.*, for the sake of others who may want them for the same object. In the same way a *Paramahansa* of the second class who may have drunk the waters of Everlasting Life and may have thus quenched his spiritual thirst, (*i.e.*, come to the perfection of *Brahma-gnân*) is often anxious to do good to mankind. With this view he retains the *Ego* of Knowledge, the *Ego* of *Bhakti*, the *Ego* of *Achârya*, or Preceptor."

ILLUSTRATION 4:—"Some persons eat mangoes and then take away all traces of eating by wiping their mouth with a towel. These persons care only for their own selves. But there are others who are sure to share the mangoes with other people whenever they eat them."

ILLUSTRATION 5:—"The case of the Gopies. This was precisely the mental attitude of the Gopies of Brindaban. They always desired to retain the power of tasting the God of Love (*Sree Krishna*). To them the God of love was *rasa* (the thing to be enjoyed, *i.e.*, spiritually). They wanted to be the *rasikas*, *i.e.*, the persons enjoying. So sang *Ram Prasâd* 'I would much prefer to eat the sugar to being the sugar itself.'

#### 4. INVOLUTION AND EVOLUTION. (BILOM AND ANULOM).

"It is a case of Involution and Evolution. You go backwards to the Supreme Being and your personality becomes lost in His Personality. This is *Samâdhi*. You then retrace your steps. You get back your *Ego* (Personality) and come back to the point whence you started, only to see that the world (*jagat*) and your *Ego* or self are evolved from the same Supreme Being and that God, Man and Nature (or the world) are mere identities, so that if you hold on to one of them you realise the others."

#### 5. THE DOCTRINE OF SIN AND WORSHIP FROM FEAR.

"Call with *Bhakti* upon His Hallowed name and the mountain of your sins shall go out of sight much as a mountain of cotton will burn up and vanish if it but catches one spark of fire.

(POPULAR CHRISTIANITY AND BRAHMOISM).—The Lord said "the worship from fear, *e.g.*, of hell-fire is intended for the *Pravartak* (beginner). Some people talk of sin and sin only. Take popular Christianity and *Brahmoism*. Now these Christians and *Brahmoes* as a general rule look upon the sense of sin as the whole of religion. Their ideal of a devotee is he who can pray 'O Lord I am a sinner; deign to forgive my sins.' They forget that the sense of sin marks only the earliest and a lower

stage of spirituality. There is yet a higher ideal, a higher stage of spirituality—viz., the Love of God\* as our own Father or Mother.

"People do not see the force of habit (*abhyāsa*). If you say eternally 'I am a sinner,' 'I am a sinner' you will remain a sinner to the end of the chapter!"

"One who says 'I am *baddha*' (bound to the world), I am *baddha*' will go on to be a *baddha* indeed!"

"But that man is free (*mukta*) who says 'I am *mukta*' (free from the bondage of the world), 'I am *mukta*.' Is not the Lord my own Father?"

"Such is the great force of habit."

#### INTOXICATION WITH THE WINE OF DIVINE LOVE.

Then turning to some of the company present that were singing, He said, "Will you sing songs which have for their burden the enjoyment by the human soul of God realised? I say, R—(this He said to one of his young disciples present) "do you remember the song sung the other day at *Nobin Neogi's* house, viz.: "Be intoxicated with the joy of the Lord?"

One of the Company then said "Sir, may we be favoured with one of *your* songs?" Our Lord said "What shall I sing? Well, I sing pretty much like yourselves. Very well, when the time comes I will sing."

So saying He remained silent for a while.

\* \* \* \*

The first five songs that he sang were about *Sri Chaitanya Deva* and *Sri Krishna*, that is, from the point of view of the *Vaishnavas*. Of the last three songs the burden was the Goddess of the Universe or "Kāli." They were as follow:—

#### SONG I. PREMA.

*The Devotee and her Ecstatic Love for Chaitanya Deva,  
the God Incarnate.*

1. The waves of the love of Gour come dashing against my body. The swell of His sea of Love causes the fall of the unrighteous: nay, the Universe itself goes down.

2. I thought of stopping on the shore. But there is the alligator—the *Prema* (ecstatic love) of *Gour Chand* which swallows me. Is there anybody that feels for me and will take me by the hand and drag me out of the water?

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\* "But one thing is needful and Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her." St. Luke, Chap. 10. *The one thing needful is Bhakti or Love of God.*

## SONG II.

*The Devotee and her Prema (Erstatic Love for Chaitanya Deva).*

1. Come, O my friend, look at the Fair Form of *Gour* ! Behold, it is the Lightning that has become one with the dark cloud !\*

2. Here is a man made of gold (so fair he is). The sea of his heart is moved incessantly into waves of *Bhava* (tender feelings). The tenderness of his loving heart has made his fair form *tribhanga* (broken in three different directions). So my mind has been conquered by the sight of *Gour*, especially of his bewitching crooked side-glances.

3. The body of my *Gour* is rubbed over with a mixture of curds and the red *alta* dissolved in water.† At the sight of this Fair Form my tender feelings of love (*Bhakti*, &c.) are stirred up. The maker of this Fair Form is *Bhangad* (*Siva*) and the *Mistri* (architect) is the daughter of *Brisabānu* (*Rādhā*).

## SONG III.

*The God of Love or 'Dive Deep.'*

1. Dive deep, dive deep, dive deep, O my mind into the Sea of Beauty.

Make a search in the regions (*tala*, *atala* and *pātala*) lower and lower down under the sea ; you will come by the jewel, the wealth of *Prema* (intense love of God).

2. Within thy heart is *Brindaban* (the abode of the God of love). Go about searching, go about searching, go about searching. You will find it.

Then shall burn, without ceasing, the Lamp of Divine Wisdom.

3. Who is that Being that doth steer a boat on land—on land, on solid ground ?

Says *Kuber*, 'Listen, listen, listen ? meditate on the Hallowed feet of *Guru Deva* (the Divine Spiritual Preceptor).

## SONG IV.

*The Mother of the Universe and the Difficulty of Realisation :—*

1. Is it given to everybody to be blessed with the Wealth of SHYAMA ?

It is beyond the power of *Shiva's sādhan* (practice of religious austerities) to cause the mind to be immersed in the contemplation of Her Hallowed Crimson Feet.

\* *Krishna* is the Dark Cloud ; *Rādhā* is the Lightning. The two have been made into one, viz., (*Gour Chaitanya*).

† *Alta*—round-shaped cotton leaves impregnated with lac.

2. Of him who meditates upon my Mother, the wealth of 'Princes, Potentates and Powers' like *Indra*, the God of Heaven, is beneath the contempt.

He is set afloat upon Joy everlasting, once SYAMA, my Mother of the Dark Blue colour turns back and looks at him.

3. The King of *Yogis* (*Siva*), the King of *Munis*\* and *Indra* (the God of Heaven) meditate in vain upon Her Hallowed Feet—so difficult is it to realise them.

*Kamala Kanta* is devoid of all virtues. But he still longs for the vision of those Blessed Feet!

### SONG V.

*The Mother of the Universe; Mukti and Bhakti.*

1. What a nice machine hath Mother SHYAMA made, what a nice machine hath Mother *Kali* made!

What splendid tricks is she playing in the machine which is but three and half cubits in length!

2. Herself within the 'machine,' she it is, who holds in Her hand the string which sets it in motion; but the 'machine' says, 'It is I that am moving of my own accord.' It does not know Who causes it to move.

3. The 'machine' that has realised Her will not be required to be a machine the next time. SYAMA Herself is bound to certain particular 'machines' by the string of *Bhakti* (love).

### THE MASTER IN SAMADHI.

Our Lord was singing of the Mother of the Universe. At the end of the song, He was in *Samadhi*.

The eyes were fixed and half-closed. The 'functions of the corporeal frame were suspended. Sense-consciousness left Him, giving place to pure God-consciousness.

### REVELATIONS BY THE LORD AFTER SAMADHI. THE MASTER'S SERMON.

Returning a little to His senses, He talked to the Holy Mother saying "Don't trouble, O Mother! Come down to this place.† Be still O Mother!

#### 1. PRE-ARRANGEMENT BY GOD.

"What is by Thee, O Mother! pre-arranged in the case of everybody that alone shall come to pass! what shall I say to these people!

\* Ascetics who observe a vow of silence.

† Did the Master mean 'from the Seventh to the Fifth Plane'



## 2. NECESSITY OF VIVEKA AND VAIRAGYA.

"Nothing can be achieved in the path of spirituality without *Viveka* (i.e., discrimination between the Real or God and the unreal or phenomenal universe) and *Vairagya* (or want of attachment to riches, honours, sensual pleasures, &c.).

"*Vairagya* is of many kinds—one kind of *Vairagya* springs from the acute pain due to worldly misery. But the better kind of *Vairagya* arises from the consciousness that all worldly blessings are unreal. At the same time all these blessings are within the reach of that man. Thus, having all, he has not anything.

## 3. RELIGIOUS AWAKENING AND THE TIME FACTOR.

"Everything rests upon Time. For all religious awakening we must wait. But at the same time the precepts of a Religious Teacher should be listened to. One may be put in mind of these precepts on a future occasion and then one would probably cry out 'O! I heard this from such and such a person at such and such a time?' Another reason is, our worldliness might then gradually wear off as the result of our listening to these precepts from day to day. Our worldliness is like the intoxication caused by wine which goes off gradually if doses of rice water are taken by the drunkard.

## 4. LIMITED NUMBER OF JNANIS.

"The number of those who attain Divine Wisdom is very limited. So in the *Gita* "out of thousands only one does strive for knowledge; and out of a thousand such people striving for knowledge only one succeeds in reaching the goal."

One of the company present, here quoted the *sloka* in the *Gita*.

"Manushyânâm Sahasreshu Kashchit Yatati Siddhaye.

"Yatatamapi siddhânâm kashchinmâm vetti tatvatah.

## 5. JNANA (DIVINE WISDOM) AND VAIRAGYA (NON-ATTACHMENT).

"The more is a person's attachment to the world the less is he likely to attain *Jnan* (Divine Wisdom). The less is his attachment the more is the probability of his getting *Jnan*. Thus, *Jnan* or knowledge may be said to vary directly as *vairagya* (non-attachment to the world, its riches, its pleasures, &c.) and inversely as attachment to the world."

## 6. STAGES OF SPIRITUALITY: BHAVA AND PREMA.

"Bhava is the state of being struck speechless at the thought or realization of *Sachchidânanda* (the Supreme Being of whom the only things that can be predicated are Existence, Absolute

Knowledge and Joy). *Bhava* is the utmost point that can be reached by *Jiva* (ordinary mortals.)"

PREMA: THE DIVINITY OF OUR LORD (A HINT).

"*Prema* (ecstatic Love of God) is attainable only by a few. They are human beings with extraordinary original powers and entrusted with a Divine commission. Being Heirs of Divine Powers and Glories they form a class of their own.

"To this class belong *Avatars* of *Iswara* (Incarnations of God) like *Chaitanya Deva* and their *Bhaktas* of the highest order, who are *amsa* (fractions) of *Iswara*.

"The two characteristics of *Prema* are, first, the forgetfulness of the external world and, second, the forgetfulness of one's own body,—so very dear to one.

"*Bhava* is like the unripe mangoe, *Prema* is like the ripe mangoe.

"*Prem* (Love of God) is like a string in the hands of the *Bhakta* which binds *Sachchidānanda* (God). The devotee holds the Lord, under his control so, to speak. The Lord must come to him whenever he calls out to him.

"In *Persian* books it is written that within the flesh are the bones, within the bones is the marrow, within the marrow is *etc., etc.*, and that last and innermost of all is *Prema*.

MEANING OF TRIBHANGA.

"*Sree Krishna* is called *Tribhanga*, *i.e.*, broken in three different directions. It is only a soft thing that is capable of changing its form. So this triangular form of *Sree Krishna* implies that he must have been softened in some way or other. The softening in this case is accounted for by *Prema*."

#### 7. HOW TO PRAY.

"*How to pray* is the next question. Let us not pray for things of this world, but pray like *Nārada*. *Nārada* said to *Ram Chandra*, 'O Ram, grant that I may be favoured with *Bhakti* (love, devotion and self-surrender) to the Lotus of your Feet.' 'Be it so, *Nārada*,' said Ram. 'But won't you ask for anything else?' *Nārada* replied, 'Lord may it please Thee to grant that I may not be attracted by your *Māyā*, which fascinates the Universe.' *Ram Chandra* said once more 'be it so; *Nārada*, but won't you ask for anything else?' *Nārada* replied 'No, Lord, that is all I pray for.'

#### 8. JNANA.

"*Jnana* varies in degree and kind. There is first *Janna* or knowledge belonging to men of the world—ordinary mortals.

This knowledge is not sufficiently powerful. It may be compared to the flame of a lamp which only illumunates the inside of a room. The *Jnan* (knowledge) of a *Bhakta* (Devotee) is a stronger light and may be compared to the light of the moon which causes to be visible things outside of a room as well as those inside of it. But the *Jnan* of the *Avatar* (Incarnation of God) is still more powerful and it thus may be compared to a yet stronger light, *viz.*, the resplendent glory of the sun. Such light causes to be visible the minutest things both outside and inside of a room. Nothing is problematic to the *Avatar*. He solves the most difficult problems of life and the soul as the simplest things in the world. His exposition of the most intricate questions in which humanity is interested is such as a child can follow. He is the sun of Divine Knowledge whose light dispels the accumulated ignorance of ages.

9. CHAITANYA DEVA, OWNER OF BOTH JNAN AND  
BHAKTI.

*(The Master indirectly describes Himself.)*

"Lastly, there is that unique composite light which may be called the Lunisolar Light—alight made up both of the light of the Moon and of the light of the Sun. To this composite light may be compared the unique *Jnan* of Incarnation like *Chaitanya Deva*, who are marked alike by *Bhakti* and *Jnan* strictly so called. It is like the Sun and the Moon, appearing in the firmanent at one and the same time. Thus *Jnan* and *Bhakti* in one and the same person is a phenomenon as much unique as the corresponding phenomenon of nature above mentioned.

10. THE WORLDLY MAN: HIS HOPE.

"The man immersed in worldliness cannot attain the knowledge divine. He cannot see God.

"Does the muddy water ever reflect the sun or any surrounding object?

"Is there no remedy for this state of things? Is there no hope for the wordly man? YES, THERE IS.

"If you drop a purifying agent, say, piece of alum, into muddy water, the water is purified and the impurities all settle down upon the bottom of the vessel. *Viveka* (discrimination of the Real *i.e.*, God, from the unreal *i.e.*, the phenomenal universe) and *Vairagya* (non-attachment to the world) are the two purifying agents. Thus it is that the worldly man ceases to be worldly and becomes pure."

## II. THE STAGES OF SADHAN (OR PRACTICE).

" *First stage* :—*Sadhu-sanga* or the mixing in good company, i.e., the company of Holy men

" *Second stage* :—*Sraddha* or admiration for higher things, i.e., things relating to the spirit.

" *Third stage* :—*Nishtha* or single-minded devotion to one's Ideal. The Ideal may be one's *Guru* or Spiritual Preceptor. The Ideal may be the Formless.

"The Ideal may be God Personal or any of his innumerable Manifestations. It may be one's tutelary God or Goddess. The *Vaishnavas* or the worshippers of *Vishnu* have this *Nishtha* for their tutelary God, *Vishnu* or *Sri Krishna*. The *Shaktas* or the worshippers of *Sakti* (the Goddess that rules the Universe) have this *Nishtha* for *Shakti*, also known as *Kali*, *Durga*, &c.

" *Fourth stage* :—*Bhava*, that is the state of being struck speechless at the thought of God.

" *Fifth stage* :—*Maha bhava* : when *Bhava* is intensified when the feeling of devotion of God reaches the highest point, it is called *Mahabhab*. The devotee sometimes laughs, sometimes weeps like a mad man. He loses all control over his body. *This stage is not attained by Jiva, that is, ordinary human beings who are not capable of conquering the flesh.* It is reached by *Mahapurushas* alone—Incarnations of God who appear in this world for the salvation of mankind.

" *Sixth stage* :—PREMA goes hand in hand with *Mahabhava*. It is the most intense Love of God and is strictly the highest stage of spirituality. The two marks of this stage are, first, the forgetfulness of this world; second, a forgetfulness of self which includes one's own body.

M.

### *HINDU SOCIETY: MARRIAGE EXPENSES.*

We have elsewhere shown, and it was indeed a long time ago we wrote, that a demand on the part of the bridegroom or his guardian for any consideration for accepting the bride as his wife, detracts from the merit of the *sanskara* of marriage, and properly speaking, reduces it from the *Brahma*, a more approved form, to the lower rank of the *Prajapatya*, which is forbidden in the current age. The country, however, has in the present transition either not yet wholly come out of the condition so very much deprecated, bearing still the stain of reproach; or it is lapsing into a state of contempt, owing to the pre-dominating force of temptation, or the more powerful and practical influence of barter—then, the second of the alternatives being true, why should a worthy bridegroom, who is on a fair way to earning degrees in the university, or who has already been decorated with them, encumber himself with a bride, be she of the same class and endowed with rare gifts of nature, and those other qualifications too, which are insisted upon not so much for mental culture as for domestic and other useful purposes? Worldly prudence suggests the exaction! Oh, the shades of the *munis* and *rishis* of old! What a metamorphosis of your system has overtaken Hindu Society! Yet the end of it is in itself like all other things, and the denouement of the plot is being slowly carried out.

Or, perhaps, we should seek elsewhere for the source of the abuse. Although at first sight it would seem as if the fault was wholly with the acceptor, the anxiety of the bride's parents to bestow her on the most eligible person sets on foot an enquiry and encourages a selection among a number of candidates; and the principle of higher qualities carrying the better prices, imported into and vigorously pursued by the merchants of the west, is found to be so conveniently accessory to moral needs and social purposes as to lead to its adoption in arranging marriages, and to a pitiable disregard of time-honored ancient custom. Perhaps some might impute to the system of early marriage of girls this monstrous evil, on the ground of the urgency that is attached to

the necessity for early disposing of the daughter, and the consequent hurry to conclude a settlement. But, however-much this may be accounted as a factor in the calculation, the struggle between the different parties for selection and approval of the fittest, not on the grounds considered proper hitherto, but on the basis of the degree of comfort and happiness and luxury expected upon a particular alliance, creates a competition in the matrimonial market; and the keener the desire to secure a wealthy or a degree-holding son-in-law, the higher the money-value set upon the transaction. The abuse thus brought about of the noble system of Brahma marriage, will of itself be cured, when the parents of girls will find it beyond their means to secure the youth of their choice; that is to say when it has arrived at its climax, and when therefore, people will come to entertain only reasonable aspirations regarding the future of the bride. There is a limit to giving, but none to taking; so long, therefore, as the purse can supply one can spend, but after the pounds and shillings have run out, there will be the direst necessity for moderation in hopes and sentiments, and the higher flights of one's desires will be subdued. And again unless one gives one cannot get; if, therefore, for the reason of want of means the offers get crippled, the discretion of the recipient will be circumscribed and lie only among them, and healthful work will begin. But the good sense of the community should certainly prevail, and without waiting to tighten the string of the empty purse, bring about a system of general refusal to pay more than is proper, and relieve society from disgrace, and individuals from ruin.

Yet, from another and more practical point of view, the remedy seems to be in the evil itself. One evil begets another, and avarice is no exception to the rule, or is, perhaps, a more notable example in itself. Instances have come to notice, and the records of Courts will bear testimony, that by reason of want of ready funds, notes of hand or similar documents were offered and received, which in due time proved to be worthless like Lysippus's bonds, for the same reason that led to their exaction. Disagreement between the relations followed as a necessary consequence and cases of divers descriptions. Why, of more frequent occurrence, are disputes of a similar nature owing to faithlessness in promises to bestow ornaments on the bride, which at the time of the marriage could not be secured and offered. These are not all the developments of the custom; criminality too comes in, and the trade in chemical gold is in some measure helpful for the presentation of ornaments that glitter but do not

stand the test of gold. These will, no doubt, have a deterrent effect at least upon those that expected much but got little, and induce them on subsequent occasions to barter for certain bounties *albeit* of smaller value than what their imagination and greed would suggest. And as rumour would spread the news of the disappointment with a thousand tongues, people would get more and more wary, and feel the truth of the adage that one bird in hand is worth two in the bush. So it seems that when this state of things will come about, enough will have evolved from the evil to cure it. But this will be work of time.

Are our countrymen willing to revert to our old ways in this matter? Will they have any regard for the custom itself, out of which they have evolved the egregious horror? The pretence for a demand was about a quarter of a century ago based upon the *bata* or premium which would be imposed in case the bride-groom belonged to a higher section than the bride's father; but that was merely a nominal amount, whereas the practice that has grown up under the influence of education and free thought, has given support to a rule that money consideration is of the essence of a Hindu marriage. Whether other nations suffer from a similar state of things, or approve of it, is not of any importance in coming to a conclusion as to its character, but if the good sense of the nation is against the abuse, the remedy is simple enough and is in their hands. Why, if the parent of the bride in those cases where he has to pay, refuses to pay at all, or so much as is demanded, the owners of bridegrooms will necessarily have to reduce their demand when the refusal becomes general. The bride's side may in the struggle have to undergo some slight sacrifice in their *kool* or social status, but will lose nothing in morality or in religion, in regard to which on the other hand they will indeed raise themselves in the estimation of all, as being no lip-reformers but practical opponents of a widely felt abuse.

The gradual disappearance from our midst of the *ghataks* or heralds, who used to keep the record of kulinism and settle marriages and disputes regarding precedence and preference, is an additional reason furthering the growth of the system which we deprecate by our words, and foster by our conduct. If those of them that are yet alive, be encouraged in their avocation and provided for by the community, as they used to be before, and strength be given to them by this means of asserting their rights, and dictating how the details regarding presents and gifts should be settled, that would be a step towards the achievement of social improvement and progress. But that does not seem

possible in these days when people would not pay a quarter-rupee a year even for such a noble purpose, and in avoiding the *barshik* would contend that the revival of the class would neither have a far reaching effect, nor guide individual action in society.

When we ask then what ought to be done, echo answers "meet and lecture on," and "the result of it will decidedly be the passing of some resolution". But what good comes of noble resolutions if there is no means at command to carry them out? Let the fiat go forth that no one shall demand anything for marrying another's daughter; the ventriloquist's ghost repeats "no one" with emphasis; but in the present state of Hindu Society, specially in Bengal, the emphasis, however strong loses itself in the air in the absence of any power to render compliance imperative. The only hope lies with the heads of the different branches of the several castes, even of those that receive consideration for giving their girls in marriage. But alas! it is with them and them alone! If there were no sacrifice of personal interest involved in the matter, benevolence would have asserted itself. But Mammon claims his own!

Some seem to think that if the rule of marrying daughters before puberty be disregarded the parents would get time extending over at their pleasure, to secure good husbands at a moderate outlay; but practical considerations would at once show that allowing girls to grow beyond that event is raising the premium against her, and that to this is due the excessive high biddings of the present day: because it is evident that the anxiety of the parents to marry their daughter, if once the limit fixed by religion be done away with, and with it ceases the earnestness of relations and friends for a speedy wedlock, would become more and more intense and intolerable, without creating a desire in others to come to their relief; and on the other hand those that fixed premiums on their daughters against supplicating bridegrooms, would find this mode of reformation, very much to their advantage, and charge high fees, allowances and perquisites for grown-up daughters. Therefore, whereas on the one hand religion would be violated, no corresponding benefit on the other would accrue to the community, but enough of probable danger and scandal, and certainly no abatement of the difficulty itself. Without relying therefore, on the mode we referred to, of attempting to stamp out or keep under control the practice complained about, can we not derive a lesson and a successful precedent, from the manner in which the more heinous of the two evils has been grappled with in the Shastras; which is popularly understood to be the sale of daughters, and is declared



to be a great sin which lowers the rank of the parents and all concerned ?

The effect of this admonition is that none but the very avaricious and unimportant members of society have anything to do with the practice, and those that have the slightest concern in the affair are held in contempt by their relatives, neighbours and all.

ন কস্তায়ঃ পিতা বিবান্ গ্রহীরাচ্ছ্রুমণপি

গ্রহণ শুঙ্কং হি লোভেন স্থানরোহপত্য বিক্রয়ী ॥

“Let no father who knows the law recover a gratuity however small, for giving his daughter in marriage. The man who through avarice takes a gratuity for that purpose is a seller of his offspring,”

In the same spirit was the ritual of Brahma marriage conceived.

“আচ্ছাদ্যচাচ্ছ্রিত্বা চ শ্রুতশীল বতে স্বয়ম্”

(মহা. তৃতীয়—২ )

and in Yajnavalkya (১—৫৮)

ব্রাহ্মবিবাহ আহুয় দীয়তে শত্ৰুলাঙ্কতা ।

It is clear that on the part of the father importance is attached to his inviting the bridegroom and bringing him to his house and offering him wearing apparel and to his adorning the bride with ornaments according to his means, and to his making a free gift of the daughter to the bridegroom. Costly presents to the bridegroom are out of the question. It is only the bride that may receive them, both from her father and his relations, and also from the bridegroom's relations ;—those from the father or guardian being limited to his means. There is no room for suggestion, that the bridegroom is entitled to any gifts other than the adorned daughter ; but if the father desires to offer any valuable or useful things, that should be a matter left to his option, and the bridegroom's stipulations of any kind are unwarrantable and improper.

It is a satisfaction to find that the shastras do not countenance the payment of any sum of money to the bridegroom or his father, nor either to the bride's father. It is clear that the Brahma form of marriage being the only form allowed in the *Kali yuga*, out of the several in vogue in earlier times, the imposing of any conditions precedent to a marriage is not contemplated ; such conduct therefore is outside the scope of the shastras, and inconsistent with their tenor. In what manner can it then be justified either in morality or in religion ? Witness Gautam Chap. IV. How succinctly he puts the whole matter before us, and prominently as well—

ব্রাহ্মো বিদ্যা চারিত্র বহুশীল সম্পন্নায়

দদ্যাচ্ছাদ্যলঙ্কতাং সংযোগমন্ত্রঃ প্রাজাপত্যে

সহস্রাঙ্করতামিতি । অর্ধে গোমিথুনং কন্যাবতে দদ্যাৎ ।  
 অন্তর্বেদ্বিজ্ঞে দানং দৈবঃ । অলঙ্কৃত্য  
 স্বয়ং সংযোগে গান্ধর্বঃ বিভেনানতিক্রীমতামাহুরঃ ।  
 প্রসূত্যা দানাদ্রাক্ষসঃ । অসং বিজ্ঞানোপসঙ্গমনাং  
 পৈশাচঃ ।

It is not unoften a plea is raised on behalf of the recipients in the transaction that the money and other valuable things offered are by way of gift or "*Dan*." These certainly are no gifts in any religious sense. All are aware that marriages take place at night or earliest at dusk, when nothing can be bestowed as *dan*, except the daughter. But they may be considered *jautuk* "যৌতুক" yet they are not quite free offerings, and the way they are secured renders the character of the "যৌতুক," objectionable.

No approved custom, not to speak of Hindu religion, contemplates the payment of যৌতুক before marriage. The practice therefore by whatever name we may call it takes away from the merit of the marriage which should be a free and unconditional gift of the daughter. The following propositions may, therefore, be fairly stated as evident that Hinduism does not contemplate such negotiations as are in these days lustily indulged in, regarding the quality of the gold and other valuable presents, that would have to be weighed in the balance with the daughter on the one side against the bridegroom on the other.

2nd.—That such negotiations are in conflict with the form of marriage observed among Hindus.

3rd.—That no ancient custom exists in regard to such payments or presents.

4th.—That the custom that has grown up is inconsistent with *sadachar* or approved conduct, and therefore not allowable.

5th.—In morality there is no justification for the exaction.

6th.—Such acquisition of wealth is vicious, so long as the bestowal is accompanied by a demand on the one side and a grudging consent on the other.

A word on *kulinism* is, perhaps, necessary here in support of the statement already made that it is hardly responsible for the state of things under which the opprobrious system of extortion has arisen. The rank of a *kulin* was given to a man who had some very excellent qualifications. All over India this has been so from time immemorial. In Bengal particular distinguished classes of Brahman and Kayastha *kulins* were inaugurated during the reigns of Adisur and Ballal Sen; and their sons continued to be *kulins* by right of birth, until they lowered their dignity by

ill-affiliated marriages. Next to the kulins, the *Srotryas* occupy a prominent place in Hindu Society, and kulin wedded to the daughter of a *Srotrya* is esteemed as brightening his escutcheon. By such a marriage a kulin would not get, nor would have any reason for demanding, any consideration; and similarly also in the cases of a kulin marrying a girl of the same rank.

It is only when the girl happened to be of a lower rank, that the difference would be squared by payment of a small sum by way of *kulamariyada*. This custom has gradually been developed into undue proportions, and abused in a manner so as to admit of no apology based upon kool or nobility of birth, which is now merely a matter preliminary consideration, having no bearing upon the question of settlement of the marriage. If there is no particular objection on the ground of *kool*, the demands of kulinism are considered satisfied. And this is the very least thing in modern match-making, although it was, when the shastras were more respected, the main and the most important point upon which marriage negotiations should rest. Now, the real inquiry turns upon the value in sovereigns of the bride's ornaments insisted on, that of presents to the bridegroom and the consols in addition, sounding from one to twenty thousands in no exceptional cases, but varying according to the position of the bridegroom's father and his own attainments, Kulinism stands a poor chance in these days. Its claims are but meagre, and if it is relied on by any, that is but a pretence and a blind. Instances are not rare of kulins of very high order marrying their daughters to men of much inferior rank, and paying exorbitant sums in silver and gold to the discomfiture of the system altogether.

Here we have very clear evidence of the decline of that social compact which holds a community together in weal and peace. Those forces, the resultant effect of which produced uniformity in the practice of virtue, and the discouragement of vice in Hindu society, lack the necessary strength, and dismemberment follows as a matter of course. What would the solar system in fact be, if the centrifugal force became less powerful! What remains of Hindu society now, after it has cast off several groups, can hardly be held fast by reason of the destructive effect of the discordant elements of avidity and covetousness growing under the influence of modern education and the western mode of life.

KANYE LALL MOOKERJEE.

## *HOW TO DEVELOP THE RESOURCES OF INDIA INDEPENDENTLY OF GOVERNMENT AID.*

"India possesses," says Sir William Wedderburn, "the conditions of almost boundless agricultural wealth. In her vast domain she has climates suited to every known product. She has a fertile soil and an unfailing sun with abundant labor, skilful and cheap. All that is wanted is working capital. Give the ryot that, on reasonable terms, so that he may be able to command a proper supply of water and manure, and he will produce in perfection every valuable crop known to cultivation. But unfortunately at present the ryot as a class has no capital."

India is a vast country almost a continent full of inexhaustible natural resources. Her poverty is mainly due to the ignorance, prejudice and want of enterprising spirit on the part of her people to develop and utilise such resources thereby bringing out her potential wealth. Instead of joining in an indiscriminate rush either towards the learned professions which have ceased to be lucrative by reason of overcrowding and keen competition, or the Government Service the scope of which is too limited to allow any large admission into it, they would do well to cultivate the growth of local industries. These are mainly the construction of roads and bridges, the reclamation of marshes, the conservation and regulation of the local water-supply and a better method of conducting agricultural and manufacturing operations. The last two fall within the scope of private enterprise, the rest being largely dependent upon Government aid.

Of the three principal elements for the production of wealth, land, labor and capital, India possesses a unique advantage as regards the first two. She has an abundance of fertile and culturable lands and available cheap labor. The deficiency of capital can be made up by means of Joint Stock Companies which if well organised and conducted on economical principles would turn to good account small capitals belonging to several individuals. Small capitals, which if separately applied would do little towards the production of wealth, are brought together by Joint Stock Companies and accomplish industrial works of the

utmost importance. A thousand individuals who have saved Rs. 1,000 each, may not have the time, capacity or inclination themselves to employ the money in any business. If each of these individuals subscribe his Rs. 1,000 to one common fund, a capital would be created sufficient to work a large Manchester Manufactory; they would become proprietors and promoters of a great commercial concern, annually employing many hundreds of laborers.

All the available means of enriching India being ready, how is it that she is getting poorer and poorer day by day? Why vast areas of land are lying fallow for want of cultivation? Why the local industries are gradually dying out giving place to foreign enterprise? Why notwithstanding many local advantages the people of India are being beaten hollow in the contest for commercial supremacy? The reason is not far to seek. They seem to lean too much on State support. They have a mistaken notion that every thing must be done by Government for the people and nothing by the people, forgetting the golden principle, God helps those who help themselves. The principles, of free-trade have been pronounced by competent authorities to be more beneficial than those of protection. State aid rather clogs and hampers private industry instead of fostering it.

Then again the middle class gentry though poor have a narrow prejudice against agricultural or commercial pursuits which they are in the habit of treating as menial ignoring the most important truth that no avocation, so long as it is an honest means of gaining a livelihood, is ignoble. Prejudice against sea-voyage has also a considerable share in keeping the people of India ignorant of the modern improvements on the arts of agricultural and manufacturing industry. The reason why the native handicrafts have been to a great extent supplanted by European industries conducted with the help of machineries is that the Hindus who constitute the bulk of the Indian population cannot overcome popular prejudice against embarking for foreign countries in order to obtain scientific knowledge without which it is hopeless to carry on these pursuits successfully in competition with European skill and machinery. They ought to know that sea-voyaging to foreign countries for the purpose of acquiring useful knowledge is not against the principles of Hindu religion. According to the authority of the Mahabharat what is beneficial to mankind is in conformity with religion. As useful sea-voyage is beneficial to mankind it is perfectly allowable according to that high authority although not sanctioned by the Dharma

Shastras. The Hindu religion as inculcated in the Upanishads and the Geeta is liberal in its provisions. In case of conflict between these original scriptures and the Dharma Shashtra which is a later compilation the authority of the former should prevail. There is no conflict between true religion and shanatan (ever-lasting) Hindu religion. Sea-voyage as it is beneficial to mankind is consistent with true religion and, therefore, consistent with Hindu religion irrespective of the provisions of the Dharma Shashtra. Let us now see what are the best methods of developing local industries in India. These industries are mainly two, agricultural and manufacturing.

#### AGRICULTURAL INDUSTRY.

India is purely an agricultural country nearly 83 per cent. of her population being agricultural. When such a large proportion of the people is engaged in husbandry they will fare badly unless it receives considerable improvement. "No doubt the margin of cultivation," says Mr. T. N. Mukerji, "has rapidly expanded on all sides. Where formerly the roar of the tiger broke the stillness of the sleeping jungle, the busy hum can be heard of the multitude reaping the golden harvest. A more careful cultivation has also enabled valuable to take the place of less valuable crops." But our peasants are ignorant of agricultural science even of an elementary character. Their imperfect knowledge of the nature and properties of the soil, the best form of manuring it, of the choice of seeds and their inability to protect the crops from the action of birds and insects, prevent them from obtaining the best available out-turn of crops.

The nature of the soil is different in different parts of India. Some are low, others high, some moist and marshy, others hard and rocky, some waste and sterile, others arable and fertile. How to improve the soil, to know what particular soil is adapted to the growth of a particular crop, or how many different crops can be annually raised without impairing the fertile powers of the soil, in these and other divers matters the husbandmen are guided more by a sort of instinct than rudimentary principles of agricultural science. Like quacks they can deal only with the limited cases coming within the range of their experience, but when anything unusual turns up, they are out of their element. If to their natural sagacity they could add the advantage of an agricultural knowledge of a scientific nature, much benefit would be derived.

The out-turn of crops is materially affected by the ignorance of our peasantry of the most approved method of manuring the

soil. What sort of manure is adapted to particular soils, when, how and in what proportion to use it, cannot be satisfactorily known without some knowledge of chemistry. The result is that capital and labor bestowed upon some lands often go for nothing. The disappointment of the husbandmen becomes very bitter as they look up to the expected crops as their only provision for the whole year. When to these are added the contingencies, unfortunately frequent, of drought and inundation, their misery and distress know no bounds. It is high time that steps should be taken to teach them the art of manuring so as to reduce the chance of failure of crops to a minimum.

The want of a proper knowledge and choice of seeds has also its share in the failure or scanty growth of crops. Seeds to be effective must be preserved for a long time. The husbandmen on account of their necessities consume or dispose of all the paddy and wheat, the staples of the country, grown upon their land keeping little or nothing for seeds. These are either advanced to them by the landlord or have to be obtained by borrowing. Seeds secured under such difficulties cannot be expected to be the best or as the tenants would have them. The choice is often left to the landlord who, in most cases not having seen the land and not knowing its nature and properties, is in a worse position than the tenants to make a proper selection. The agricultural knowledge of a scientific nature, so needful in those matters, should, under existing circumstances, begin at least with the land-holding classes from whom by a natural process of filtration it will gradually permeate the cultivators of the soil.

The art of agriculture has retained its indigenous character in India. It is susceptible of improvement. For instance, the ploughing machine may so skilfully be framed or arranged as to be capable of being plied by one bullock instead of two as are necessary at present. A similar alteration in the machine may, in its working with two bullocks, form two furrows at a time instead of one. The English plough, no doubt, turns up more earth and makes a deeper cut than the implement used by the Indian peasants, but if we calculate the comparative net profits after deducting the expenses of cultivation by means of the two implements, the native method is more remunerative. The choice and use of simple tools being indispensably necessary, the opinion of experts may be advantageously availed of with a view to introduce the use of such of the English implements of husbandry as are simple, fit for using bullocks, and productive of greater profits than are derived by the use of native tools.

Some knowledge of Botany is necessary to improve our horticulture and agriculture. Without it how can the peasants be expected to understand the structure and life of plants so as to preserve it carefully? As our preservation and healthy existence depends upon a knowledge of the medical science so the life of the vegetable kingdom depends upon a knowledge of Botany. The inability to protect the crops from the action of birds and insects is another cause why our peasants cannot reap a full harvest. It has been stated by some authority that by means of the ravages of the weevil in the grains of India, no less a sum than half a crore of rupees is annually lost to the country. By counteracting the ravages of this insect, this amount could be secured and the wealth of India thereby increased.

An objection may be raised that our husbandmen are so ignorant that it will be difficult to give them even an elementary agricultural education but it should be borne in mind that they have practical knowledge of the subject sufficient to enable them to understand and profit by the kind of theoretical knowledge which they are required to obtain.

A primitive system of husbandry which sufficed to meet the wants of a scanty population when there was plenty of land available, no longer suffices now that the demand for human food has become great and such a large area of poor soil has to be tilled.

Sir James Caird probably the highest agricultural authority in England says. "The agricultural system except in the rich and irrigated lands, is to eat or sell every saleable article the land produces, to use the manure of the cattle for fuel; and to return nothing to the soil in any proportion to that which is taken away. Crop follows crop without intermission, so that Indian Agriculture is becoming simply a process of exhaustion."

The test of agricultural success lies in making the land yield not only a greater quantity but a better quality of crops than ordinarily produced. This can only be done by a better system of manuring the land and by all those favorable methods of cultivation as have been pointed out in the preceding pages. The various better specimens of country product as are shown in the exhibitions establish the fact that the soil is capable of producing a superior quality of crops, if only the requisite amount of skilful labor is bestowed. There are certain fruits which are very sweet if produced in certain localities such as the oranges of Sylhet and the mangoes of Bombay and Maldah. Experiments should be made in order to produce such good fruits in other parts of India. Similar experiments should be tried on potatoes and bhootas which may



serve as good staples. Gradually the experiment should be extended to foreign produce. The Cabul fruits of various descriptions are remarkable for their sweet flavour and wholesome and durable properties. Has any body tried the experiment of importing their growth in India? No doubt English fruits and herbs are grown in India but we should not stop short until we succeed in producing these exotics as excellent as they are in the country of their origin. As India possesses diversities of soil resembling the different kinds of soil of almost the whole world, attempts at transporting the growth of foreign produce here can be more successfully made by our countrymen than by other people.

For this purpose a knowledge of the nature and properties of the soil is indispensably necessary. There are several instances in which Europeans have been found to make considerable fortune by taking on lease a vast area of what hitherto remained as waste land by successfully cultivating and growing a particular crop or discovering mines under-ground. Europeans have opened our eyes not only to the wonderful capabilities of the soil, but the excellent properties of several plants and vegetables which we used to regard as useless. For instance wild tea grew in this country but no body knew its uses until European planters began its cultivation here. Tea industry has attained a considerable development especially in Assam. But like other local industries it has been monopolised by foreigners. British capitalists have sown and are now reaping the harvest hundredfold. For the last three seasons the tea of Mr. M. L. Halidar, Manager, National Tea Company, secured the highest price in the market. It is not lack of capacity but lack of enterprise which stands in the way of native progress in the development of the local industries in India.

#### THE COTTON INDUSTRY.

The Cotton industry of India which almost died out shows signs of revival at least in Bombay. Mr. Jamsetjee N. Tata, a public spirited citizen of Bombay, published last year a valuable memorandum suggesting experiments on a large scale in the growth of Egyptian cotton in India. "The present state of our cotton industry is," he writes, "a subject of great anxiety, not only to the capitalists who have invested very large sums in the erection and purchase of buildings and machinery but to all who have the well-being of India at heart. Our greatest reliance is at present on a foreign country China. But there is an awakening of the nations of the farthest East. The new infant prodigy Japan is advancing in all the arts and sciences with leaps and bounds, and the old giant China seems to be just awakening from her sleep of ages,

Then Germany, Austria and Belgium have seriously come forward to compete with England in the effort to stuff us with their manufactures. Under these circumstances it has become an obvious necessity for us all to consider how our young industry is to be saved from threatened destruction."

If we look at the statistics of our foreign imports, our attention is at once rivetted by the enormous amount of grey, dyed and printed goods we receive at our four principal ports. The sum of these imports totals up to an average of not less than thirty crores of rupees per annum. All these are principally superior classes of goods made out of foreign cotton. Some passable wefts of the coarser grades may be made out of our home-grown cotton; but for higher classes of goods the use of exotic cotton is more or less necessary. If India were enabled to grow for herself the long-stapled varieties she would derive immense benefit in three different directions.

- (1) Her agriculturists would have an additional and probably more paying crop to handle.
- (2) The country would gain by having so much less foreign produce to import and pay for.
- (3) The State would gain immensely in her exchange operations if India were not under the necessity of importing goods to clothe her people to very nearly the extent of 30 crores of rupees per annum.

Of course all this is not to be attained in a year or even half a dozen years; but if the cultivation of Egyptian cotton proves at all feasible, it may be the means of solving one of the greatest problems of the generation.

#### THE SUGAR INDUSTRY.

The sugar industry of India is being gradually developed. The area under sugarcane has enormously increased during the last quarter of a century; while the task of extracting the juice has been cheapened and simplified by the introduction of the portable roller mills which India owes to the enterprise of Messrs. Burrows, Thomson and Co. The immense home production has not, however, sensibly affected foreign imports. Almost every tropical country is laid under contribution. Mauritius, the Islands of the Spanish main, South America, even Germany compete to supply an ever-growing demand. And yet it admits of no dispute that the consumption of sugar would be still vaster but for the suspicion with which orthodox Hindus regard the refined article. For most people know that the snowy color so much admired in

the higher grades is the result of a process of filtration through layers of animal charcoal made by calcining the bones of beasts both clean and unclean. The people of India should overcome their prejudice against the use of sugar refined by the above process before they can be expected to improve the sugar industry of the country. In most countries the opportunity of catering for a population twice as large as Russia would long since have been seized by capitalists. Here in spite of the contagion of foreign enterprise, it is only within the last few months that an attempt has been made to exploit this untrodden field.

The Cawnpore sugar Works, a limited company with a capital of six lakhs, largely held by Indians, is now engaged in turning out daily 15 to 20 tons of refined sugar of absolute purity. Cawnpore has been selected as the sphere of its operation, because it is the greatest railway centre in India, has an abundance of cheap labour and is already an important market for crude sugar. "At present," says Mr. Skrine, late of the Indian Civil Service, "the company's sugar is largely bought by brokers who insist on supplying their own bags and who dub it by whatever name stands highest for the time in the market. Now the old proverb 'good wine needs no bush' certainly does not apply in modern commerce. He who wishes to succeed must 'boom' his wares. The company would be well advised if they inserted on every bag a certificate in several languages, signed by a Hindu of high caste and great repute testifying to its purity. The contents should be secured by a leaden seal bearing the sign of *saraswati* which might also be stamped very legibly on each bag. Agents should be appointed for the vend of this special product at all the great centres of population. With these precautions the Cawnpore Sugar Works would soon become a household word in millions of Hindu families; and its wares would be in equal request with all who value purity in the great sweetener of their existence."

#### THE MINERAL INDUSTRY.

The mineral wealth of India has to some extent been developed. The soil in any place is chiefly composed of underlying rocks which largely determine its value and show its capabilities. There is, therefore, great reason for acquiring a knowledge of the geology of the country. India is rich in good iron ore, but without coal it cannot be smelted on a large scale. For a number of years scientific men have been engaged in the Geological Survey of India. Already some valuable coal fields have been discovered. The East Indian Railway uses Bengal coal costing

only Rs. 2 per ton while imported coal costs Rs. 15. The saving to the Company in 1885 alone amounted to upwards of 30 lakhs. Nor is this the only gain. Mr. T. N. Mukerji estimates that through the coal and coke brought to Calcutta no less than 50 lakhs a year is saved to that city and its neighbourhood.

"By the introduction of coal and coke the land formerly covered with fire-wood trees has been relieved for the cultivation of rice. Not only have those lands been made available for a more valuable crop, but by the substitution of an underground product the whole of the present underground product is so much now wealth to the country."

The principal art of production of wealth lies in this, that every country should mainly produce that for which it has the greatest natural advantages. England is rich in coal and iron the great requirements of modern manufactures. It is, therefore, most profitable to England to import food and raw produce, giving in exchange manufactured goods. India has plenty of iron ore, but it has only scattered patches of coal without which the former is of little avail. It is also only recently that these patches have been worked. On the other hand India has fertile plains with brilliant sun-shine, favorable to the growth of cotton, grain, indigo, &c. While manufactures should be encouraged, India must be chiefly agricultural.

#### FOREIGN COMMERCE.

Steps should be taken to improve foreign commerce for it has proved a great incentive to the production of wealth. The husbandman of Bengal formerly grew almost everything for himself. A holding then upland or low-land with clayey or sandy soil was forced to grow all manner of crops whether the soil was favorable or not for the growth of any particular crop. Now with money in his pocket to buy oil one finds it pays him better to grow paddy on land on which he formerly grew oilseeds; while another at the same time finds it more lucrative to sow oilseeds where formerly he sowed rice. Jute had no exchangeable value before; it has been converted into gold by the mere touch of the foreign trade. Some years ago myrobalams could be seen rotting in the jungles; foreign trade has turned them into valuable commodities.

It is gratifying to note that foreign commerce has increased from 2 crores a year to 190 crores. Mr. T. N. Mukerji says:—

"The vast increase in our exports and imports, that has taken place of late years, signifies that our increased purchasing power is being utilised for the purchase of articles which we now

consider necessary for the satisfaction of our wants. The increase in our purchasing power has taken place owing to the following reasons:—(1) The readiness other countries have expressed to exchange their goods for our goods; (2) the facilities afforded for this exchange by a settled Government and the improved means of inter-communication between different countries; (3) the increase in the quantity of our wealth by increased production; (4) the increase in the value of our wealth compared with foreign wealth with which it is exchanged."

#### MANUFACTURING INDUSTRY.

The permanent remedies for the poverty of India rest with the people themselves. False ideas with regard to labor should be given up. Educated young men in India should be willing, like some of England's noblest sons to engage in any occupation that offers an honest livelihood. "The sooner the idea that Government employment is the *Ulima Thule* of education is scooped out of the heads of our youths the better. The wielding of a spade or the driving of a plough or the treading of a water-ing lever in one's interest, is not a whit less honorable than scratching foolscap by goose-quills taken by itself."

Side by side with agricultural improvement there should be development of the manufactures of the country. One thing which struck Sir James Caird was the number of idle people in India.

"In no agricultural country that I know of are so many people to be seen stalking idly about during the hours of labor as in India. The streets and Court-houses and yards are full of idlers; the roads are never empty and the railway stations and native railway carriages are crammed with people. Entering a village at any hour of the day, you are surrounded by idlers. Much of this arises from the absence of other occupations than agriculture."

The Famine Commissioners begin their report by saying:—

"We have elsewhere expressed our opinion that at the root of much of the poverty of the people of India, and the risks to which they are exposed in seasons of scarcity, lies the unfortunate circumstance that agriculture forms the sole occupation of the mass of the population, and that no remedy for the present can be complete which does not include the introduction of a diversity of occupations through which the surplus population may be drawn from agricultural pursuits and led to find the means of subsistence in manufactures or some such support."

Sir William Hunter thus pointed out the necessity of using every means for improving Indian manufacture.

"It is no use in disguising the fact that India has to compete with other countries in her industries in a way which she has not done before. India has to compete with Australia for wheat, &c., with China for tea, with California and other countries and she will only be able to do this if she gives her children the same kind of education as the people of those places have. That lies at the root of all technical education. We wish that our agriculture shall beat the agriculture of other countries; that our artisans in metals shall beat the artisans of other countries; that our employes in cotton mills shall beat those of other countries; and if you are to enable them to go so far, you must give them the education of those in the other countries, and I sincerely hope that the country will take hold of this feeling."

Among the articles or processes may be named the manufacture and refining of sugar; the tanning of hides; the manufacture of fabrics of cotton, wool and silk; the preparation of fibres of other sorts and of tobaccos; the manufacture of paper, pottery, glass, soap and candle. We should not forget the old saying current in our country that commerce is the abode of the Goddess of Wealth.

Some of these arts are already practised with success at Government establishments such as the tannery at Cawnpore which largely supplies harness for the army. The resolution of the Government of India, that "in all cases where Indian manufactures can be obtained as good in quality as imported articles and not dearer in price, they shall be substituted for them," is an encouragement to their production.

The plans proposed by the Famine Commissioners are as follow: "In treating of the improvement of agriculture we have indicated how we think the more scientific methods of Europe may be brought into practical operation in India by help of a specially trained experts and the same general system may, we believe, be applied with success both to the actual operations of agriculture and to the preparation for the market of the raw agricultural staples of the country. Nor does there appear any reason why action of this sort should stop short at agricultural produce, and should not be extended to the manufactures which India now produces on a small scale or in a rude form, and which with some improvement might be expected to find enlarged sales and could take the place of similar articles now imported from foreign countries."

## THE CALCUTTA MUNICIPAL BILL.

### I.

At the last Annual Meeting of the British Indian Association held on the 30th July 1898, Maharajah Bahadur Sir Narendrakrishna, K.C.I.E., the President elect, is reported to have said that the Association had accepted the principle of the Bill now before the Bengal Legislative Council, and that all that remained was the consideration of the details. Was the Maharajah aware of the grave import of the words he used? In the first place we understand that a small sub-committee of the Association or rather of its Executive Committee is still sitting to consider the Bill, that it was assumed it would be well nigh *useless* to say anything against the principle of the Bill, inasmuch as it had received the approval of the Government of Bengal, the Government of India, and the Secretary of State in Council, and that it would be useful only to look into the provisions now put in for the first time. How far this view of the matter is likely to be adopted by the Committee of the Association remains yet to be seen; the question is a very serious one. Under the circumstances to commit the Association to an acceptance of the principle is a most unwise and injudicious proceeding. In the second place what is the principle enunciated in the Bill? If it is that the Corporation should be shorn of most of its powers; if a small coterie should "rule the roost,"—a coterie in which one-third of the members would be Government nominees, one-third appointed by European public bodies, and one-third only would be representatives of the rate-payers at large; if the executive must wield extraordinary powers, then we may be perfectly sure that Self-Government would be, if not at an end, "beautifully less," at all events; and no one outside the Association would thank either the Maharajah or his Committee for accepting such a principle.

We need not, however, concern ourselves with what the Association does in the matter. It is composed mostly of landholders who have large stakes not only in Calcutta, but in the Provinces generally under the Bengal Government, who must necessarily be anxious to stand well with the powers that be, and

whose policy as a matter of course must be shaped in accordance with the wishes and feelings of its leaders. It would be wrong to expect these to be oblivious of their own interests and to devote themselves to those of the community at large. Before dealing with the Bill as affecting the general public we may again ask the question,—what is the principle of the Bill? It is not one which admits of an easy answer. More than one principle is involved. The rate-payers, public bodies, and the Government are, as now, to elect between themselves 75 Commissioners constituting the Corporation. Fifty of these are elected by the rate-payers, ten by the Chamber of Commerce the Trades Association and the Port Trust, while fifteen are nominated by Government. The majority accordingly consist of the representatives of the people who naturally wield the powers vested in the Corporation. This is perhaps as it should be, if Self-Government is to be sustained; but the Bill curtails most of its powers. The Corporation is to appoint the Controller of Accounts (the Vice-Chairman under the present law being degraded to this position) and the Secretary, to fix the rates, to pass the Annual Estimates, to borrow money and to perform some other business connected with the disbursement of money, holding meetings once a quarter, and going to sleep fully eight months out of twelve. If the representatives of the people are to be thus treated, where will Self-Government remain? Is it likely that under such circumstances, people of position intelligence and business habits will waste their time on elections to stand forth as the people's representatives, but without the power to do them any real good? Does one of the principles of the Bill consist in giving these representatives a semblance of power without the substance in the main?

Sir W. W. Hunter in the *Times* describes the measure as implying "a partial return from the self-governing to the centralised official model." Referring to the account of the measure given by Sir Alexander Mackenzie he says—"In these polite phrases the Lieutenant-Governor wraps up a change which will rest a stronger control in the hands of the Government and which will substitute a directly responsible Executive for the less directly responsible Corporation." The Hon'ble Mr. Risley on the other hand not only denied in Council that the Bill infringed the principle of Local Self-Government, but declared that on the contrary, it "affirmed and extended" that principle. Certainly we shall have the 50 Commissioners elected by the rate-payers, but where will be their powers? Referring to this



circumstance the *Statesman* naturally exclaims—"This is the way in which this Bill" affirms "the principle of Local Self-Government. In what way it "extends" that principle it is for "Mr. Risley to explain."

One of the powers taken away is that of appointing the Engineer, Health Officer, Assessor and Collector. Why this power is taken away does not at all appear. The Bill is based on the model of the Bombay Act. Under this law the Engineer and the Health Officer are appointed by the Corporation. No officers corresponding with our Assessor and Collector appear in the Bombay Act: Again the Corporation is deprived of the power of the purse in many cases. It is required to find the "sinews of war;" it should, therefore, have the spending power as well, or rather a control over expenditure as a rule, except in cases in which such power or control is delegated to the General Committee or the Chairman within certain limits.

Considering the position to which the people's representatives are relegated, it is only putting dust into their eyes by retaining the provision, that they are still to return fifty Commissioners. The office of the Commissioner will not henceforth be a coveted or desirable one, and it would be as well to have one Commissioner instead of two from each ward or twenty-five in all. With twenty-five nominated by Government and public bodies, there would be fifty to constitute the Corporation—a manageable body whose powers under the altered state of circumstances might to a great extent be preserved intact. The nominated and European Commissioners would meet the elected representatives of the people on equal terms, the total number would be reduced by one-third, and there would be less opportunities of speech-making or obstructiveness. Such a reduction in numbers would be better than a drastic curtailment of powers.

Leaving the Corporation to such fate as may be in store for it, we come to its working or General Committee. It is composed of twelve Commissioners and represents the different interests to be found in the association. Twelve is a charmed number: the earliest disciples of the Christian religion were twelve in number, though even now very few people may be found to preside at a dinner where the guests number twelve; twelve good Brahmins and true is the least number which a pious Hindu may entertain on ceremonial occasions. The number twelve may therefore, be accepted as a proper number, especially as that Bible of the present day Reformers of Calcutta—the Bombay Municipal Code—provides for twelve as the number of the Stand

ing Committee of the Corporation. That the Committee should represent the several interests existing in the Corporation may also be admitted, but in the proportion which the representatives of the several interests should bear to each other and to the numbers in the Corporation lies the essence of true Self-Government.

Let us see how the model Municipality of the Principal City in India elects its Standing Committee. The Corporation consists of—

Thirty-six elected by the rate-payers,  
Sixteen elected by Justices,  
Two elected by fellows,  
Two by the Chamber of Commerce, and  
Sixteen appointed by Government.

The Standing Committee is composed of—

Eight appointed by the Corporation,  
Four by Government.

Among the sixteen Justices and two Fellows twelve may be reckoned as the number of native gentlemen: these with thirty-six elected by the rate-payers make forty-eight, who return eight, while the Government, on behalf of its own nominees and European Justices and members of the Chamber of Commerce, assumed to come up to twenty-four, send four to the Committee. On the supposition that the actual numbers representing the different interests in the Corporation approximate those given above, the proportion of members of the Standing Committee to those of the Corporation may be said to be fair.

Now let us see how stands the case in Calcutta as set forth in the Bill now before the public. The Corporation is to consist of—

Fifty elected by the rate-payers,  
Four by the Bengal Chamber of Commerce,  
Four by the Trades Association,  
Two by the Port Commissioners, and  
Fifteen appointed by Government.

For making appointments to the General Committee, however, it is provided that—

Four shall be elected out of the Fifty of the People's representatives,  
Two out of the Four Members of the Bengal Chamber of Commerce;  
One out of the Four of the Trades Association,

One out of the Two Port Commissioners, and  
Four out of the Fifteen nominated by Government.

It will be at once evident that the proportions, which the members of the General Committee bear to the interests they represent, vary beyond all reasonable conception. It is monstrous that Fifty representatives of the rate-payers in the Corporation are to send only four of their number or 8 per cent. to the General Committee, while members of the Chamber of Commerce and the Port Commission send in half their number or full 50 per cent: the Trades send 25 per cent., while the Government return a still higher percentage. At present the General Committee is composed of eighteen members, twelve being nominated by the Fifty representatives of the rate-payers, while six are nominated by Government out of the twenty-five Commissioners who are either Government nominees or delegates of the different public bodies. If Self-Government is to be maintained the fifty should be allowed to return eight to the Committee and the Government should be authorised to nominate only four out of the twenty-five Government nominees and European Members taken together. This is perhaps as it should be; but it is to be feared *cannot* be under the ideas of Self-Government entertained by the authorities at the time the Bill was brought forward. Even the election of eight members by the Corporation as a whole and four by the Government as in Bombay would be fair. Self-Government here in Calcutta has hitherto proceeded on wrong lines. A knot of Bengalee "adventurers" had always the best of the game; a sop is given them, they are allowed to elect fifty representatives as now, but they are relieved of their superabundant powers, and their influence in the working Committee of the Corporation is reduced to the lowest possible limit. We have thus the principle of Local Self-Government "*affirmed.*" The European element in the Corporation which has made Calcutta what it is, must have its smallness in the Corporation compensated for by a disproportionately larger voice in the Committee and thus the principle is "*extended.*" We are wiser than the *Statesman* which was at a loss to find how the principle was "*extended*" and left the Hon'ble Mr. Risley to answer the question.

Viewing things in the light in which they have been placed, it would be useless for any person to hazard any suggestions of his own. Nevertheless the boon of Self-Government, first conferred on the people by that great and good man the Marquis of Ripon, has become so dear to the subject race, that at the risk of being tiresome we cannot resist the tempta-

tion of putting forth our views in the matter. If the Corporation should remain to be composed of 75 members it would be well to have 20 per cent. of their number in the General Committee. The fifty elected by the people might return ten and the Government with the public bodies return five, making the total number fifteen,—larger than the mystic number twelve, but short of the present number eighteen. This, however, would only “affirm” the principle, but not “extend” it. We would, therefore, again venture to suggest that the Corporation should comprise only 25 elected rate-payers, and 25 others as at present; and that the former should return six, and the latter another six to the General Committee. The natives of the soil or rather the “adventurers” would be at least on equal terms with the European pillars of the City, and both might be left to ride their hobbies or air their schemes of reform with no fortuitous advantage given to either.

Coming to the third division of the municipality, *viz.*, the executive, we are free to confess that in our opinion it ought to be made as strong as possible consistently with the supreme authority of the Corporation, and the maintenance of a strict supervision over the subordinates. It is only human nature which prompts a master to be kind to his servants, to look at their failings with an indulgent eye, and to leave no opportunity to pass by when he can further their interests. Under an irresistible chief, there is a tendency in the subordinates to become tyrannous, oppressive, and corrupt; but if the chief himself is made responsible to a higher authority for the acts of the executive, there is every chance of the whole body doing its work ably and honestly. While, therefore, wishing that the Chairman of the Corporation should not be at all hampered in carrying out the work of the municipality, we are anxious at the same time to see that sufficient powers of supervision should remain in the Corporation to overhaul the acts of the Executive.

It is to be regretted that while the Vice-Chairman, who in Calcutta has always been a Member of the Corporation and at the same time a very useful officer, is proposed to be “abolished” or reduced to the position of an Accountant, it is in contemplation to have a Deputy Chairman totally irresponsible to and independent of the Corporation. Model Bombay has a Deputy Commissioner appointed by the Corporation if it appears “expedient” to that body to have one. Here we are to have a Deputy Chairman appointed by the Government; the Corporation not

being thought fit to be consulted in the matter, and being quite powerless to interfere.

Having dealt with points involving changes in principle we reserve our comments on the details for a future issue, should there be time to make them during the progress of the Bill.

ICONOCLAST.

## SONNET.

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*(An unhappy woman on her birthday.)*

It may be six and twenty summers since  
My mother's life and mine from one grew twain,  
It may be more : I loath to note the train  
Of rolling time. From meanest clown to Prince  
Of high degree the cycling years evince  
Some chance or change to all—pleasure, or pain  
Joy, grief, now grief, now joy, or hope or fear  
Or love. But not for me from year to year  
A change of lot or life brings this sad day.  
Grief turned to stone, tears froze in polar ice,  
Sighs changed to moaning echo in the vale,  
Were fitter emblem than the flowers gay  
And blithesome, or these other gifts of price  
From faithful friends unconscious of my tale.

SYED HOSSAIN BILGRAMI.

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# THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE

NEW SERIES.

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No. 8.—AUGUST 1898.

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## PARIS LETTER.

The question of the Municipal Lyrical Theatre, for the performance of sound and healthy Music, has been rejected by the Municipal Council—80 members strong—for twelve months certain. The minority desired to represent many operas—*Norma*, &c.,—whose copy right has lapsed through effluxion of time, as well as to bring out contemporary works of composers, and the productions of young musicians, but at prices 30 or 40 per cent., cheaper, than is demanded at play houses now. By this means it was expected, to draw away a good slice of the clients from the Music Halls and the *Cafes Chantants*. That was the first mistake, because the people who support these entertainments are “peculiar.” They desire to enjoy a good laugh; songs not suited for young ladies’ boarding school; to smoke, and to drink their beer or coffee at their ease. Then they escaped the dismal and sepulchral interludes of one-half, or three-quarters of an hour. You cannot secure a respectable comfortable seat at a first class theatre, under ten francs; the play commences at eight, is over at half past eleven, and half that time the curtain is down for the entr’actes. There is a limited, serious, music loving public that the Lyric theatre would suit, at low prices. But no one will venture. At present the leading establishments—the four subventioned houses excluded—close for the three summer months; the Brothers Milland rent one of the establishments, bring out old but relished operas, at



fifty per cent., reduction in the admission tariff; they have a very fair troupe, and the house, despite the dog days, is ever crowded. The contemplated theatre could not be guaranteed a success, unless the Municipality granted a concession of 300,000 fr. a year; that it declined to do. Hence, the failure. It endows no theatre, but would prefer allocating such a sum, to two new Municipal Commercial Colleges.

M. Henri Rochefort is well recognised, as an authority on all that relates to art. He regrets not being able to keep his "Turners." Had he when in London, £8,000 to speculate with in pictures, he would have been able to gain £160,000. "The English" he says, "do not know how to seek and consequently do not find pictures." A young nobleman who marries entrusts his agent to purchase a picture gallery for £40,000—he himself having no taste for the idea—as it is a matter to be accomplished. So the gallery is stocked. If a crisis in his life arrive—he resells the collection. Rochefort admits having secured for £12, a picture in a pawn-broker's establishment, that was later on sold for £2,000. Only in France does the taste for objects of art exist.

The motor-car is the order of the day; it is commercially important also, as some fabricants of bicycles are uniting to form a central factory for the construction of the automobiles. At the recent exhibition of the machines, £2,400 alone was expended in the erection of tents in the Tuileries Gardens, where the Exhibition was held of all that was new in the way of motor cars. And care was taken to exclude all attempts to show what was not practical, as no car was allowed to compete, if it had not made an initial trip, certified by a technical commission, between Paris and Versailles and back. Petroleum is the motive power employed because easily obtained, but depots of electricity are being established at present throughout France, and where the builders of the motor cars contribute to organize. One motor car was much admired, which had a graceful swan-like figure head. Indeed they are still the gondolas of Venice and in the forms of the antique sledges, that supply the figure head ideas to builders.

merce. A law was voted last December, calling upon all towns within a year, to abolish the duties on wine, beer, cider and hygienic drinks; if not abolished, to reduce them to a fixed minimum. Towns that never taxed such beverages to raise revenue, are prohibited from ever doing so. The loss of revenue must be made up by finding other sources of taxation. As such indirect taxes are paid daily by means of fractional, or unfelt imposts, the retail world cannot expect any sensible amelioration; but if the new rates were adopted, and turned into a direct impost, the pressure would be no longer indifferent. The landlord would have to pay a higher tax on the global value of his house, and the tenant a higher per centage on his rent. The land lords could recoup themselves by raising rents.

An outcry is being raised, against the system of tariffs employed in new countries, by continental powers. The value of the original treaties is whittled away by local decrees and explanatory notes. The moral effects are bad, as they tend to alienate the parties from upright and loyal dealing. M. Rove states that the French tariff is deluged with these explanatory notes. Since 1890, no less than 126 special circulars have been published, expounding the meaning of a tax. This is not assistance, but demoralization. In this chaos how can commerce recognise the intentions of the legislator? Madagascar is not happy in her recent reform of fiscal laws, which augments the duty on foreign cotton goods, from 62 to 77, up to 95 and 118 fr. Also she insists that the native functionaries must be in a uniform made of a tissue exclusively prepared in France.

The question of socialism is assuming a vast extension. It has been observed that we are all socialists now. The General elections in France of May last, showed that the two classes of Socialists—the radical Socialists, and the Socialists proper, have scored 2,069,000 votes, being an augmentation of 454,000, as compared with those of 1893. The Socialist party cannot then be viewed as in decadence. Socialism is simply association by compulsion opposed to voluntary co-operation which is individualism. This, it is expected, will kill that. It is the only remedy recognised. Mr. Sydney Webb does not recognise the cure, still less Mr. John Burns.

The Opera Comique, that will enter its new house next October, continues to draw crowded houses by the *Vie de Bohème*, of M. Pucini. It is modern and Wagnerian. The aim is to compose French and Italian works, but to interpret them after

the principles of Wagner. That is musical progress. The Italians have since thirty years past been pursuing that idea: they do not always succeed. The French have followed up the lead, but at a greater distance. In the *Vie de Boheme*, it is merely the foolish lives of students of 1830, full of youthful thoughtlessness. The score, the more it is heard the more it is admitted to have merit; it is complicated, and is neither German nor exactly Italian music. Verdi in his too learned Falstaff, has emasculated the *verne* of Shakspeare: M. Pucini has converted the dash, gaiety, and *abandon* of the libretto into motives as if it were a symphony. The music is not exactly amusing, although it ought to be. In the comedy one laughs sufficient to burst one's vest. The duet between Marcel and Mimi, which is comical, is made to be as severe, as in *Faust* or *Romeo*. In the scene of the Fair, the crowd recalls too much the first act of *Lohengrin* and the second act of the *Maitres Chanteurs*. That said the work of M. Pucini is full of talent and promise and in parts exceedingly happy.

At the Hall of Leography, a very interesting concert of Norwegian music was given, when Madame Schjelderup Petzold, proved she was truly a pianist and singer of great ability; she assisted by M. Herbeigh, an excellent violinist, executed a sonata from Grieg, with a rare perfection. The Fire incantation from the *Valkyrie*, accompanied by the piano, created a veritable sensation.

A FRENCHMAN.

### *AN INDIAN GHOST STORY.*

Every man, we are told, is born an Aristotelian or a Platonist and treats the phenomena around him in an analytical spirit, or with awe begotten by a consciousness that there are realms which science can never explore. I belonged unwittingly to the latter school, long years before I was of an age to enjoy the communings held by the poet-philosopher and his disciples under Athenian plane-trees. But, as youth ripened into manhood, the struggle for existence gave a preponderance to the material in my nature; and it needed the shock of contact with the unseen world to recall me to a conviction that our environment has a spiritual side. Things fell out in this wise. In January 1871, I was a very junior member of the Bengal Civil Service, posted for my sins to that province—

“Where nature either drowns or burns ;  
A desert and a swamp in turns.”

The preliminary arrangements for the Census were in active progress. Amongst them was the difficult task of selecting the least ignorant of the rural population and teaching them how to fill up printed forms with particulars as to the sex, age and occupation of residents within their several circles. To myself, as the latest addition to the administrative staff, was assigned the duty of preaching this prosaic gospel in the extreme north of the Jungipore district, a tract seldom visited by Europeans stationed at head quarters. It were a bootless task to record the vexations I encountered owing to my Cimmerian ignorance of Bengali and the still crasser stupidity of Indians whose untutored minds inspired them to record the “occupation” of new-born babies to be “sucking their mothers’ breasts.” A well known administrator, when asked whether he believed in Indian Statistics, was fain to confess that he did not: for he had made too many of them himself. I am afraid that the methods employed during the Jungipore Census would not have met with the approval of the Royal Statistical Society.

While therein engaged, I returned to my little camp one evening worn out with a heavy tale of work and feeling even

more homesick than usual. While sipping my *brandy-pani*—afternoon tea was then indulged in only by the fair sex and whisky was regarded as a smoky fluid appreciated only by patriotic Scotchmen—I asked my native messenger whether there were any of my countrymen in those parts. I was enchanted to learn the existence of an indigo factory five miles away. Here was a relief to the barbarism and monotony of my daily life! In a few minutes my pony was saddled and I speeding northwards through fields of scarlet chillies relieved by the old gold of grain ripe for the sickle. Half an hour's canter brought me within view of an avenue of casuarinas—large pinniform trees which in Bengal invariably bespeak the proximity of a European bungalow. They are as grateful to wayfarers in the jungles as—

. . . . "to thirsty Arab's gaze  
A fountain fringed with rustling palms  
Seen through Sahara's haze."

Alas, the ruin which has fallen on a once great and flourishing industry too often produces a bitter disappointment. The giant pines still lift their heads heavenwards, but the sweet English home which once nestled in their shadow, is often a heap of formless ruin, the haunt of the cobra and jackal. In this instance, however, no such disillusion awaited me: for I was greeted with the blessed vision of a white skirt in the verandah of the straggling, creeper-covered house: and soon received a warm welcome from the fair *châtelaine*. She was a French woman on the sunny side of thirty, trim, *petite* and charmingly dressed with a wealth of hair whose beauty was not obscured by the immense chignon then in vogue, and a pair of haunting hazel eyes. Soon afterwards her husband rode in from his daily task of superintending the cultivation of the capricious weed which makes or mars a planter's fortunes in a single season. There was no mistaking his nationality—a portly, bearded Gascon, whose volubility and love of gesture would have qualified him to pose as a model for M. Tartarin de Tarascon. We were soon deep in a discussion of the latest phases of the war which was desolating his country. Dinner came an agreeable relief to the emotions evoked by a condemnation of the imbecility of French Generals and the ruthlessness of the man of blood and iron. By me it was enjoyed with a zest begotten by a five weeks' experience of leathery *chapaties*, and still tougher foul-curry. Truly, we, Englishmen feed, thought I, unconsciously parodying Brillat-Savarin: but Frenchmen eat! Our hostess had listened to our eager debates with a well-bred semblance of interest: but she was evidently

a prey to some grave pre-occupation. Was it the woes of *la belle France*, then writhing under the Teuton's heel? Evidently not: for I saw her lovely eyes fill with tears, as she turned over the pages of a photographic album. Ten o'clock was struck on the factory gong, and I asked for my horse: but M. Gilbert would not hear of my returning to my lonely tent through the dedalous village paths and told me that my bed-room would be ready before we had finished our second bottle of Poutet-canet. Such was Indian hospitality before the influx of "globe-trotters" and the paralysis caused by inept legislation conspired to make it nearly impossible. Madame soon bade us good night; and an hour later I was inducted into my room and left to woo a well-earned sleep. My courtship was of short duration, in spite of a rocky couch—for feather beds are unbearable in the tropics and spring mattresses were still in the bosom of futurity.

I was awakened in the dead of night: and sat up, trembling with the terror which comes once or twice in a lifetime from the approach of the Unknown. A child's voice came from without. In tones of agony it shrieked, "Mamma! Ayah!!" I sprang through the open French window into the flower-garden. All was still, except the thump of my heart as I listened intently. It must have been a jackal, I thought: but, hark! again the wail rang out—"Mamma! Ayah!" This time there was no mistake as to the direction. The sounds came from the indigo-vats, an appurtenance of every factory. They are deep masonry cisterns, in which the green plant is immersed in order to extract the colouring-matter. I ran down the avenue: climbed the pasty wall separating the ranges of vats, and peered into the dark recesses of each. All were empty, save one, filled with clear water to serve as a reservoir for the garden; and it showed no sign of human life. Filled with creeping fear, I turned and walked slowly towards the house over ground on which the feathery foliage of the casuarinas seemed to be photographed by the moonlight. High above their mournful sigh there came again the childish screams. I ran back to the vats and searched each in vain. "Shall I alarm the house?" I asked myself. The feeling that human intervention was useless restrained me: and I sought my bed: whereon I tossed till the morning sun pierced the venetian-blinds. It was very late, according to Anglo-Indian ideas, ere I joined my entertainers at breakfast. There was something in my appearance which showed that all had not gone well: for I was pressed with questions as to whether I had slept soundly. I admitted that I had not: and began to tell the

strange episode of the night. Before the *denouement* was reached my hostess sank from her chair in a swoon. M. Gilbert, as he ran to her assistance, cast on me a glance of menace and reproach which I shall never forget. With the help of the servants he carried the poor creature to an adjoining bed room, leaving me in mute amazement at the effect of my plain, unvarnished tale. After ten minutes or so he returned, and striding up to me, said in a voice trembling with fury :—" Well, Sir, what am I to understand by this mystification ?" " What on earth do you mean ?" " Yes, Sir, mystification : and permit me to observe that it is in execrable taste." So saying M. Gilbert brought his pudgy fist down on the table with a thump that made the hot water dishes sound a carillon. Shifting my position to a point within reach of the carving-knife, in view of active hostilities, I replied :—" Now M. Gilbert, perhaps you will explain the meaning of such language to a guest." There was something in my manner which impressed the unhappy man. He grew calmer : and asked anxiously whether I had really heard the voice in the dead of night and whether I did not know the misfortune which had wrecked his life and was breaking his wife's heart. I assured him, on my word of honour, that I had heard his name for the first time on the previous day. " Sir," he replied after a pause, " our little boy was drowned a year ago in those vats."

F. H. SKRINE.

### *A SCENE FROM THE MODERN BURMESE HISTORY.*

I gather the materials for the following story of romantic interest from an English Magazine of an old date. It is a narrative received by the contributor to that journal at first hand from a maid-of-honour of the ill-fated ex-queen of Burmah. It begins with a description of the Council of State held by King Theebaw on receipt of the ultimatum from the Government of Lord Dufferin. The Council was much divided; the Queen heading the war-party in collusion with a "fierce old minister of state" who by the bye, is now a prisoner in India and who was for nothing short of "making war upon the foreign devils and driving them into the sea" and Kinwon Myngyi, a wise old man who had seen India, France, and England counselling peace, at least temporising for a few days till they should be in war trim; this minister had also his followers. The King vacillated. The Council was held in a spacious chamber of the palace with the pillars gilded to the top and golden bosses on the red ceiling. The chamber looked out on the white court-yard where the water-tassel leaped in a basin and all over the floor were spread mats and rugs of many colours imported from France. There were large mirrors on the walls in which might be seen reflected half the room with the King and the Queen seated on the *dias* and the councillors seated before them at some distance on rugs and mats covering their bare feet with their silks as was the custom. The maids-of-honour attended the Queen and sat behind her.

The Queen smiled on those who argued for war; but on Kinwon urging peace she rose in wrath and shivered all over. Her cigarette went out because she breathed very hard, and she reached back to a female attendant for another. Kinwon bowed his head, but stuck to his point. "Let my lord hearken unto his servant" said he addressing the King, "and not make war, lest he lose Ava." Theebaw shuddered and inclined his head towards the speaker. The Queen looked hard in the King's face, and went forward, and put her hand on his sleeve; and she spoke



her voice ringing like a silver gong in that audience hall. "I am the Queen" said she, "and have a right to be heard in this matter. Is my Lord, the King, a servant of these foreigners that he should be ordered about by them? Better lose Golden Ava than honour and be a slave." She stopped for a moment; and when she spoke next her words fell slowly "like drops of water from a tree when after the rain there is a gentle breeze." "My Lord is a King"—these were her words—"and his sword is sharp—let him reply to the ultimatum with the edge of his sword. If he do not, he can at best be in his palace but as a paltry governor of a province doing this and that at the bidding of his over-lord." She then turned to Kinwon and regarded him with a withering look of supreme contempt.

"As to Kinwon Myngyi—the wise minister" said she, "he is but an old woman for whom my maidens shall presently fetch a petticoat which becomes him better than his trousers. And lo! when he goes forth from the King's presence all the world will know him for what he is!" She then hid her face in her hands and her maidens, and the King, and all the rest could hear her sob and see her tears drop off the diamond rings on her fingers upon her garments staining them. And the whole Council looked in blank amazement and fear, for none of them had ever seen the great Queen weep. Kinwon bent his head to the ground and seemed as if he would escape through the earth if he could find an aperture in it. Silence reigned in the hall and nothing could be heard but the splash of water in the basin without and the low sobbing of the Queen. The King looked first at the Queen and then at the ministers—particularly at the bent form of old Kinwon whom his father had honoured before him and then over their heads into the white court-yard and at the gardens beyond. The Queen rose again and said to the King nervously "My Lord, I leave the chamber with your gracious permission." He put his arm on her shoulders lovingly and faltered forth "stay yet one moment more and listen to me; your will shall be done—we shall go to war in spite of Kinwon." Then the Council was dismissed; the King walked towards his apartments and the Queen and her maidens followed. Before the door closed behind them one of the maidens (the narrator of this story) looked back at the old minister, Kinwon. He was tottering towards the opposite door with his eyes cast down while the advocates of war were eying him with the consciousness of triumph.

The war began; there was scarcely any fighting on the part of the Burmese—they were routed and driven back like

a flock of sheep from the very outset. Yet there was no want of 'Napoleonic bulletins' of Burmese victories—the English had been slaughtered, two of their steamers taken, and so forth—reaching Mandalay day after day. There were great rejoicings and a magnificent play and dance were ordered though Kinwon and his associates and a good many others could be seen shaking their heads at every fresh arrival of such news. I pass over the pathetic spectacle of the anxious Queen. The truth came at last in the shape of booming of the English guns which could be heard from the palace. Now there arose a terrible confusion. Guards were doubled and trebled around the palace.

At peep of dawn the following day the Queen was found sitting at the open window of her sleeping chamber looking out upon the darkest spot of the garden. She was in *dishabille* and her eyes were red which showed that she had not touched her bed overnight and had been crying. There were few maids-of-honour about her—most of them had fled from the palace, during the night; one only, the narrator, who loved her mistress better than her life, sat beside her and was tying up her hair and arranging her clothes. The Queen made no outward sign of grief of any kind only faintly asked for a cigarette now and then. The sun had risen and was sending forth rays of light across the eastern sky. The Queen looked mournfully at the God of the day and perhaps thought of the changed state of things he should look upon at Mandalay when he reached the meridian or the western horizon. A while after she got up and walked down and through the Court-yard and up the watch tower to the 3rd storey whence she sent her attendant to ask the sentry on the look-out if he saw anything on the river. The maiden returned with the answer, that he saw steamers moving rapidly up the river with colours flying and funnels smoking like a volcano. Then she returned to her chambers exclaiming softly, but disconsolately all the way, "We are lost, Ma Shwe Huin, irrevocably lost!" Throwing herself on a seat she passed a while vacantly looking out of the window.

She took down a pretty dagger with an ivory handle mounted in gold and played with it, perhaps, unconsciously. Huin looked alarmed which the Queen perceived and said—"Do not fear it, girl, the Queen is incapable of killing herself." She threw away the dagger and threw herself on her breast upon the marble pavement; she wept and recited her prayers mingling tears with words, while the maiden sat like a statue at her feet, and joined her tears with those of her mistress.

Then the Queen rose up again and sent for the sentry to know what he saw from his watch-tower. "I have seen, Madam," said the man, "long lines of soldiers in khaki coats landing and marching up to the city." "Was there no firing from our side and no opposition of men?" interrogated she, scarcely able to articulate.

"None whatever—Madam, none" was the rejoinder. As soon as the sentry was gone a great confusion arose and a noise could be heard as of a storm approaching from a distance. Then the poor Queen threw herself once again on the floor crying bitterly—"It is I—I the Queen—that have brought destruction to the King—my husband whom I love.—It is I—I alone!" and she beat her breast with her hands and her whole body shook with terror. For a time she lay on the ground, but it seemed a year. She was wholly exhausted in body and spirits. Shwe Huin gently raised her from the ground and took her to the bath-room where she had a cooling bath; then, at her bidding the maiden dressed her in crimson silk with waves of silver on it and a jacket of fine white cambric "like a morning mist;" and in her hair were the freshest roses and round her neck a necklace set with a large diamond; on her arms were bracelets of gold set with rubies and her face and throat were powdered with fresh *thanaka*. She looked like a bride going to the altar, but not cheerful—she was calm and resigned and no one could guess that only half an hour before she had been crying. But Shwe Huin could plainly see the red spots on her breast where she had beat it with her hand. After she was dressed she ate some food and wanted to see the King. She desired the maid-servants about the palace to leave Mandalay at once. Immediately after, in the company of the King and her mother they adjourned to a summer house in the garden and there awaited their fate. There they were found by the late Colonel Sir Edward Sladur, and were told by that officer, that they had nothing to fear further than their immediate removal from Mandalay. Soon after, the entrance of General Sir Harvy Prendergast and the European troops, made King Theebaw aware that his reign in Upper Burmah was at an end.

Then the last act—the King and Queen with her mother and a few attendants were to be taken to Rangoon in one of the steamers. Huin, who was not to go, went with her mother to the landing place to see the Queen off. The royal couple were placed in a bullock-cart richly fitted up which was the daintiest means of conveyance in Mandalay before the English introduced horse-carriages. They were escorted by a strong body of

infantry. The ministers of states, and other officers, and vast crowds of miscellaneous people—men, women, and children followed the procession with loud lamentations and beating their breasts; they were not molested nor any way interfered with by the troops. When the procession reached the pier the King and Queen were helped down by their own people at the request of the English commandant. The pier was covered with mats. The commandant signed to the King to walk up to the steamer; but Theebaw seemed torpescent—he did not, or rather, could not, stir. The officer grew impatient and beckoned again—still he hesitated. Then the Queen took the hand of the King and led him up the way to the steamer gently and affectionately as a mother leads a child. “I wept and all the maids-of-honour present wept at this sight” says Huin, “but the Queen did not; she was calm and collected. The King’s face was blank.” In a few minutes the steamer weighed anchor and amid a vast storm of puffing, and smoking, and whistling rode down-stream with the speed of a race-horse. “I watched and watched” says Huin, “till I could see nothing but the smoke from the funnels; and my Queen was gone for ever. Perhaps she was not a good Queen, but she was very good to me and to her other attendants and we devoutly loved her.”

DVIJENDRA N. NEOGI.

## A FEW WORDS ON "OUR PLAYS AND PLAY-GOERS."

It is extremely to be regretted that sometimes long articles are written and published through many esteemed journals, and long harangues are delivered from the pulpits to put a stop to our so-called "full of nonsense" and "full of filth" plays, which are now-a-days produced on our stage, but no attempt is made to show what the renovators of our plays *actually* want. I perused with much interest in this Magazine of June last, an article under "Our Plays and Playgoers." The learned writer wants a thorough so-called overhauling of our theatres. I agree with him that the "theatre is not only a place of amusement, but of instruction also." Does not this hold good with some of our much advanced theatres? Do our theatres simply attract us on account of their amusements only and not for any instruction? I would request all only once to witness a play like *Purna Chandra*, *Billamangal*, *Praphulla*, *Pravāsmilan*, *Buddha* or *Tarubālā*. Are these all "full of nonsense" and "full of filth?" I should consider myself quite satisfied, if a single so-called renovator of our plays could assure me that any of these plays was out of taste and full of amusements lacking in instruction. I wonder why *Raja-o-Ranee*, *Mrindlini*, *Chandrashekhar*, *Devichowdhurāni*, *Rājsinha*, *Bijay-Basanta*, *Naramedh-Yajna*, *Janā* and many others of the like sort should not be allowed to draw crowded houses. Are these plays all "stale, matter-of-fact events of every day life described in a dull prosaic style" and "make no impression on our feelings which are the predominant factor in morals?" On the contrary, the instruction conveyed in a pleasing garb by those plays is more enduring than what is imparted by a sermon from a pulpit. As an instance in point we ought to mention that the impression caused by the harangue of Buddha on behalf of a lakh of goats doomed to be sacrificed before the goddess Kali to complete her worship was so deep on the mind of one of our millionaires that he at once waived all religious considerations and gave peremptory orders for the discontinuance of

the practice of sacrificing goats before the goddesses, Durga, Kali, and Jugaddhatree on the occasion of the Pooja of these goddesses at his house although that practice had prevailed from generation to generation in his family. True it is that "mirth and music, dancing and fooling, are what the audience want." But at the same time we should not insinuate that mirth, music, dancing and fooling are the sole aim and object of the majority of the audience who go to the theatre.

Exceptions should certainly be allowed in every case. There may be some plays—the number being too small to be taken into account—which are to some extent out of taste. To our knowledge we can assure our learned writer that no sensible man will ever indulge, or would have indulged, in such plays. Some years ago when Professor Archibald gave a performance of Edison's phonograph on the stage of one of our theatres, the theatre company at the end of the phonographic exhibition very injudiciously placed a play called *Widows' College* on their stage. But lo! what happened? Immediately all the audience hissed and did not hesitate to cry out "shame," and spared not a moment to leave the theatre.

Farces and satires—their very utterances breathe the idea of foolery and humour. I don't think, there can be a farce without any foolery, or a satire without any humour. Should not *Raja-Bahadoor* be classed among one of the first-class satires of its age? Or should *Babu* fail to impart a sound instruction to those Anglicised Babus, who are eagerly desirous to have their wives out of the zenana, while they have not the least courage to protect them when in danger? Every petty zemindar should imbibe good instructions from the *Raja-Bahadoor*, and never hanker after titles for which they are totally unfit. And every "unrough youth" of the present age should be ashamed to find his brethren so blackly depicted in the *Babu*, and should try to prove himself a well-behaved boy to his parents and superiors. Now, instructions and lessons to a sufficient degree can be had from the farces that are now-a-days produced on our stage. If we neglect them who is to be responsible for such neglect? Are the play-wrights to be blamed for the folly of the play-goers? You cannot make a man good who is determined to be otherwise. Those of the play-goers who have sense enough to understand the gist of these plays and farces are sure to gain advantage over the rest. In trying to please all you must be like the painter who pleased nobody and everybody. Some must be left discontented. So the poor players are on the horns of a dilemma, when one corner

cries out "encore," and the other shouts out "no more." Now then, what course is left to our poor players? They must leave aside the "microscopic minority" and hear the "overwhelming majority."

Is there any harm if a cobbler and his wife are musically disposed? It is a known fact in our country—and every one is sure to admit it—that our barber-women are the repositories of wits and humours, and their gay frolicsome spirits are proverbial. When such is the case can we not reasonably expect to overhear a single song of theirs? What to speak of these hawkers, sweepers, mehters, beggars and others.—Hawkers are generally known to be musically disposed. They, when out—selling their articles, cry out at the top of their voices in various sorts of doggerel as well as rhythmic expressions, and a nice melodious tune is often heard in the street-cries of these hawkers. So, what harm if a hawker is represented on the stage with music? People who live in up-country, or have any idea of that part of India, will never murmur at the dancing and music scene of the mehters and sweepers, the cobblers and their wives, but are sure to feel the want of it with sorry hearts. Above all arguments we should at least give these persons the benefit allowed in the famous lines of Shakspeare—

"The man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;  
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,  
And his affections dark as Erebus:  
Let no such man be trusted."

I do not know how "theatres have forgot their functions." They are doing their best to point us out our defects. It is the fault of our promising young man who clings to the husk and cannot reach the kernel. The theatres are not to be considered by the standard set up for "missionaries" or "sermonising pulpits." If anybody requires direct instruction I leave him to the preachers and sermonisers though the instruction received at their hands is ephemeral only. He should know that he has no place in a theatre.

BHUPENDRA NATH MOOKERJEE, B.A.

### A JOURNEY TO MOURBHANJ.

Snatching a hasty breakfast, I drove with a companion and my two elder hopefuls to the Steamer Ghat. The Steam-boat was *Shukerhi*, bound for Ghattal. She was a beautiful and commodious vessel with first-class and second-class cabins on the upper-deck. She weighed anchor at 8 A.M. I bade farewell to my two sons, and with my companion, went on board. There were three European passengers whom I found pouring over their papers. They are not a race to spend a moment idly.

As the cabins were full of native ladies, the Serang asked me to take my seat where the Europeans were seated. I laid myself down on an easy chair, and after having refreshed myself with smoking, fell to reading. I was rather shamed into it by the study of the European passengers. An hour's steaming brought us to Budge-Budge, where the steamer touched at the jetty to land passengers and take in fresh ones. The Bowreah mills stood on the opposite bank. They formed a town by themselves. What enterprise and what energy! It is the fashion now to carp at English character. That is mis-called patriotism. But can we ever approach them in enterprise, energy, manliness and resourcefulness of character? We have still very much to learn from them. If instead of carping at them, we tried to imitate their virtues, it would be so much for our good. They are a mighty race and it is their character alone that has made them a great nation. Shall we ever be like them?—a vain dream!

Half an hour's fresh steaming brought us to Uluberia, with its long rows of huts which are used as shops or resting places for passengers, a poor, shabby sight! That is our Mofussil town, and it has remained so for a considerably long time in spite of its being the sub-divisional head-quarters. Just compare a town founded by English enterprise, take Chandballi for instance, or Port Canning. They were swamps but are now turned into thriving towns. Or to go off home, look at Sydney, once a mere convict colony, and see what it is now! The enterprise and energy that drained away the Cambridgeshire and Lincolnshire fens into sanitary towns and markets, can



do anything. Oh the magic touch of labour ! Industry, thou art truly great ! Thou canst change a bleak rocky coast into a flourishing city, a morass into beautiful garden, markets, and towns ! Oh the dignity of labour ! If anything in this world is dignified, it is labour. Truly does Carlyle say "work is worship." There is no higher worship than that, and so teaches the Venerable Gita.

"Two classes of men I honour," says Carlyle "and not a third," and they are those that work with the hand, and those that work with the mind. But we orientals are slowly roused to exertion, we find greater pleasure in inaction, than otherwise. Hence there is such a difference in the material condition of Europeans and Indians. Nothing is so easy as work ; when the habit is once formed work goes on smoothly and we find pleasure in it and no pain.

An hour's steaming from Uluberia, and we reached Gaonkhalli. Here we had to get down and to catch the canal steamer which was in waiting off the lock. It was a disappointment for us to change the roomy steamer for the narrow, crammed canal boat. But there was no help for it. Our luggage was taken down and we hired a country vessel to take us to the canal boat.

But what was our disappointment again when we found that it would not enter the lock for fear of the toll but landed us on a muddy beach, from which we got up the embankments somehow ! A few minutes' walk brought us to the canal boat.

This transshipment of passengers is very uncomfortable and it is hoped that the Company (I. G. S. N. Co.,) would look to it. We got on board, but the cabins of the first as well as the second classes, were uninhabitable. They were too near the engine and too hot to be comfortable. The deck again was very narrow. I had my bed spread upon the poop-deck, that was comfortable provided there was no rain. But it blew a gale, on the 8th, 9th and 10th August. In the afternoon and night there were pretty heavy showers and I had to go down to the cabin, but could not have a wink of sleep. The sea-trip is comfortable if there is no cyclone, but on those days there was a mild cyclone. We reached Balasore the next afternoon but neither palki nor carriage could be had. So we sent on our luggage by a cart, and walked all the way along a nice broad road to the house of my good friend Babu Suresh Chander Sen. Balasore is a neat little town quite healthy. The change improved me very much. I found a Eurasian family had come there for change. But the journey is tedious, otherwise it could be a good health resort for people of malarious towns of Bengal. The East Coast Railway

Line has passed through Balasore. The station houses are being built. It is hoped that the Railway will work the next year. With the opening of the Railway, the civilization of Orissa will advance by leaps and bounds. "It is impossible," says Lecky, "to lay down a railway without creating an intellectual influence. It is probable that Watt and Stephenson will eventually modify the opinions of mankind almost as profoundly as Luther or Voltaire.

They (railways) foster and even create trade, encourage agriculture, promote manufactures, diffuse wealth, diminishes sickness, humanize, civilize, and educate. They are at once the messengers of peace and the best allies in war and render actual famine impossible. Such are the advantages of Railway, though in this poor country whether it diminishes or increases sickness is an open question.

Balasore has a select native society headed by the enlightened Rajah Baikanto Nath. He has founded a social club and a public Library, where Papers, Journals, Magazines or Books in current literature may be read. There are sporting clubs too. These are indeed great blessing and for them the Balasore public have to thank the Rajah.

After a halt of 4 days, we resumed journey by the Maharaja's carriage at 9 A.M., on the 14th August. The first 20 miles we did very well in 3 hours. The ferry on the Fullasi river; took a long time but on the whole the journey was pleasant. At Bysingha, the first stage, we rested our horse gave him a good rub, a feed of gram and drink and he was quite refreshed and fit for a fresh start. The Maharaja has had 4 stage houses built on the side of the road which is 36 miles long. Each stage house is a good sized Bungalow with two spacious rooms which are well furnished, and there are kitchens and stables. We reached the middle step—Bethnati—at 1 P.M. The Bungalow is excellent. It is situated in an extensive open field and has a good compound which is well kept. At a distance peer the sal forests and hills, tier above tier, presenting a vast amphitheatre of nature. This extensive panorama is indeed beautiful to look at. The drinking water of this station seemed to be very nice. There was a bluish tint of the rim of the water when we poured it into a glass tumbler; that was owing to the existence of iron in it. It were much to be wished that the Maharaja would have this water chemically examined. I found it as good as that of Bydanath or Madhapore, if not better. It might well serve for a health resort if there were any easy mode of journey, and sufficient accommodation in the place. But beyond the Maharaja's Bungalow, there is available neither accommodation nor any thing to eat. This

Bangalow has a Brahmin cook for Hindu passengers, and a Muhomedan cook for Europeans, and they have stores. But beyond this no more accommodation can be had in the place either for love or money. I wish the Maharajah had a house there for his summer residence, and there were some good private houses which could be had for hire. The place is so healthy and beautiful! I felt a temptation to stay there for the night so much it had taken my fancy. But when the coachman assured me he would be able to take me to Basipadu by evening, I changed my mind. So we changed horse and started. But here began our troubles. The horse was a vicious beast, it would not trot. If whipped it would rear up and plunge, so we suffered the animal to have its own way. For some minutes it would not stir. I coaxed the animal, 'challo mor bapa, get on my lad' and so forth but to no purpose. When at last it did stir, it walked at a gentle pace quite ladylike! We went on for 3 miles in this way but we could not keep our patience further, and got down. We walked for three miles. The coachman now pulled up the reins to stop the animal but the brute was at its old tricks again and at last jumped into the ditch. It was full of water breast-high. There it struggled to tear off the traces but failing began to groan. I feared the brute would be strangled to death. In a few moments it would have hurled the coachman and the cart along with it into the ditch. But we dragged down the coachman and told him to cut off the traces. But the man had lost his head. At last he brought out his pocket knife and cut away the traces and the animal begun to breathe freely. The groom then brought it out to dry land, and we narrowly escaped with our necks. Bidding good bye to the horse, we walked on for a mile more and reached the 3rd stage, Nangolcottah, and took shelter in the rest-house. There is a mission house and church of the Jesuit Fathers in this village. I dropped a line to them saying in what a predicament I was, and that we had no bedding as our cart with the luggage and bedding had gone on before. The good fathers at once sent a neat blanket, a clean bed-sheet, and a feather pillow for me, and a mattress and coverlet for my companion. I spread my bed on the camp cot and two tables were improvised for a bedstead for my companion. They also sent some hot water, tea, milk and sugar, and some bread and jelly. We made our tea. It quite refreshed us. I had some good warm milk from the village, and asked my companion to take bread and jelly besides. He fell to eating at once and did ample justice. Then the refreshing *chillum* went on and we were comfortably

lying down when the junior pastor Brother Sewnen came in. We had some pleasant chat after which he went away. In the morning we went over their place to thank him and the senior pastor Father Genglo, in person. We were shown all over the grounds. They have turned a dense jungle into a beautiful place. That day being a Saint's day, the father was rather busy. They keep a school for Sonthal boys and girls, and their flock consists of 200 souls; what a nice place they have made of it! These missionaries are the beacon lights of civilization and India owes much to them. We left that place by a bullock cart which the good Fathers lent us and arrived at Basipadu at 10 A.M. The Mourbhanj State Road from Balasore to Basipadu is broad and well kept. It has fair sized tanks about four miles apart on each side. Most of these were constructed by Mr. Wylli, the late manager. These tanks are covered with beautiful lillies red and white, they supply good drinking water to the village. Altogether marks of progressive administration were visible in our journey from end to end.

RAM DAS CHUCKERBUTTY.

### *SRI RADHA AND RADHAISM.*

In the whole range of our Shastric literature there is no figure so sweetly interesting and solemnly instructive as Sri Radha,—the Divine consort of our Lord. She is a burning object-lesson worthy of being treasured up in the inmost recesses of our heart. The devout Vishnuvite looks upon her as the fulcrum of his faith, the cynosure in his wordly voyage, the haven of rest and the Paradise of Bliss. It is, therefore, that the Vishnuvitist day dawns with the chaunting of her blessed name. It is therefore that the Vishnuvitist deeds, be they secular or spiritual, are done by invoking her sweet inspiration and when the Vishnuvite dies it is the utterance of her name which buoys up hope in his dying breast. I propose in this essay to speak a few words about the noble cult which I may be permitted to Christen as Radhaism,—a cult which has existed in our fatherland since several centuries past, which has considerably shaped our civilisation and polity, and which has permeated through our household. I propose to trace its origin and describe its development and its present condition. I propose to deal with the poetic and Pauranic Radha and thereafter with the Psychic Radha, and lastly how Radhaism has contributed to the betterment of our spiritual state.

The subject is indeed a vast one. It deserves to be meditated upon with philosophic calmness and not debated or wrangled with hairbrained frivolity. It should be remembered that saintly minds have interested themselves in it for purposes of spiritual advancement and that godly persons have shaped their character according to its tenets. It should be remembered that Radhaism is not merely of doctrinal interest but has been availed of in the formation of character and for silent meditation and worship. We are in the midst of a religious revival when every phasis of Aryan religion is being canvassed and scrutinised with considerable care. It behoves young India to take up Radhaism for examination with a view to determine its merits and demerits and then to say once for all whether it should be displaced or upheld. There are people who would say that it has contributed to the

modern degeneration of Hindu India. People who have not drunk the nectar of Radhaism at its fountain head will turn up the whites of their eyes at the bare mention of Her name. Their information is that Radha is conjugal infidelity personified, that she is everything what a woman ought not to be, and her advent has been the cause of much domestic and social degradation. It is a law of nature that the best of things are apt to become offensively putrid. Milk, butter, and curds when putrid stink in our nostrils in a much more pronounced manner than ordinary vegetable and grains. Thus it is with many other things. It is an historical truth that such a godly faith like Buddhism became with the efflux of time and change of circumstances, rank and fetid. The readers of medieval history of Europe knows well how Christianity became corrupt as to pave the way for the rise and growth of Islamism. We have no time, however, for more illustrations.

The offensiveness of Radhaism is partly due to a gross garb being given to it by some of our later Shastric writers. Those who have read the *Brahma Baibarta Purana* will bear me out when I say that the anthropomorphic embodiment of the Divine Sri Radha in that work is very much at the root of the evil which young India now complains of. In that work which is certainly of a more recent origin than the *Srutis* and *Upanishads*, we read that once upon a time Narayana and Luchmi, located in Baikuntha, were enjoying each other's company amidst celestial environments. All on a sudden, Narayana looked at the orb below and saw a young damsel named Beroja, in woody Vrindavana casting bewitching glances all around. The Lord was at once enamoured of her, left His celestial abode and was in a moment by Beroja's side. Luchmi, not understanding the object of her Lords' mission, descended from her skyey abode and detected her sinning Lord in Beroja's sanctum. We read further in that Shastric work that Beroja gave birth to several offsprings. They were the seven oceans, &c., &c. Enraged at Her Lord's infidelity, Luchmi pronounced a deep curse, upon Sridam, who had escorted Him thither, a devout servant of His, who in his turn cursed Luchmi. To make a long story short by virtue of the mutual curses, Sridam became a demon cowherd in Vrindavana and Luchmi a cowherdess there. Stories like the above were swallowed by poets like Jaydeva and Vidyapati, Chandidas and Govindadas. From them our itinerant kathaks (public reciters of Shastric lore) derived their inspiration. Our popular dramatists and jatra-wallahs reproduced the stories with such additions as suited their

fancy and moral taste so that what was pure and sublime at the commencement became, with the march of event, a harlot's creed.

Now the slightest reflexion will satisfy the most superficial thinker that the story recited above is pregnant with deep allegorical import. Beroja is nothing more than Divine energy (Rajash) itself. The Shastric conception of Narayana is the conception of the purity of Divine Essence. God in His Satwa state is absolute passivity. According to the Srutis it is only when His Satwic and Rajashic attributes act and react upon each other that creation takes place. The readers need not be told that oceans, &c., are the phenomenal manifestations of that creation. Therefore, what reads like an indelicate story is nothing more than the material embodiment of a cosmic truth.

But let that pass. The real truth of Radhaism is an Idea—an eternal Idea, as we shall proceed to shew. It is enveloped in deep mysticism which is only intelligible to people as have undergone the requisite Sadhana or culture. Radha is the impersonation of deep and fervent *anuraga* or attachment, of the ardent pursuit of the divine object thereof, of disappointment in securing divine companionship in onward course, of momentary companionship with Him, of pangs of separation caused by His sudden disappearance, of fresh pursuit and of final and eternal unification with Him. This is the long and short of Radhaism. Call it indelicate or immoral, obscene or fetid, the esoteric significance of Radhaism—is nothing but so. Substitute the *Jivatma* or human soul for Radha, Paramatman for Her Lover and Love for attachment, pursuit for spiritual culture, eternal bliss for spiritual unification, the indelicacy and obscenity of the matter vanishes in no time, and Radhaism becomes a presentable commodity to ultra-puritanic aspirants.

One may ask where was the necessity of dressing a spiritual truth in such a coarse garb? The answer is obvious. Spiritual truths are not easy of comprehension to men of ordinary intellects. The policy of our Shastric writers in the Puranic times was to give those truths an anthropomorphic character to attract ordinary minds and to leave to really cultured people, by a process of rational dissection, to get at the esoteric reality. The whole of Puranas bristles with stories like the above. They constitute a big treasure chest, but we have by our spiritual degeneration lost the key for unlocking it. The old generation of *Sutguroos* or spiritual preceptors have passed away. Our archaic modes of thought have ceased to exist. Materialism has contributed to the blinding of

our spiritual senses and instead of reading the Puranas in the light in which our Rishis have read them, we identify them with fantastic tales and cock-and-bull stories. As a matter of fact there is hardly a story in the Puranas which is not susceptible of a rational interpretation, and it is a thousand pities that we calumniate them without taking the trouble of understanding their true import.

I have stated above that Radhaism partly owes the coarseness and indelicacy of its garb to the Brahmo, Baibarta, Purana, Jaydeva and his followers. A word of explanation is here needed. Those who have read their poems will readily admit that they were staunch Vishnuvites in thought and feeling. Jaydeva's Gita-Govinda is a monumental work of poetic art, which has yet to be surpassed. It breathes throughout devotion of a superior order which one may profitably learn. It is also a matter of history that Sri Gouranga with his ultra-puritanism could not merely tolerate Jaydeva's poetic effusions, but actually caused the Gita-Govinda to be recited and sung in the Jugunnath temple at Puri, for spiritual edification. It is also a matter of history that Rupa Goswami in giving to the Vishnuvite world, his celebrated dramas Lolit Madhab and Bidagdha-Madhava followed in the wake of Jaydeva to a considerable extent. The problem for solution is how could Puritanic people put up with Jaydeva's indelicacy of thought and sentiments. The thing is possible only upon the hypothesis that the Gita-Govinda is not really what it is ordinarily taken to be. Either it was an attempt to clothe in a coarse garb really psychic truths that the student may ascend from the conception of the gross to that of the fine and from the fine to the transcendently spiritual, or it had for its object to blend the gross and the fine into a complete synthesis. But more of this hereafter.

Those who have studied the biography of Sri Gouranga are familiar with his assumption of Radha-Bhab on various occasions. Now Radha-Bhab is nothing more than the realization of a particular emotion and the manifestations of that emotion by thoughts words and acts. In the midst of his Radha-Bhab Sri Gouranga alternately laughed and cried, quivered and swooned, danced and sung, in a manner which staggered his associates. Under the influence of Radhaism, Sri Gouranga distributed Harinama broad-cast. His was truly a message of *Prema*,—not merely to the fallen and the degraded, but to men of deep culture, like Prakasunando of Benares and



Sarvavouma of Puri. Sri Gouranga maintained that it was God's name, and name only, which man could know, and human liberation was possible only by taking God's name always. It was Radha's burning passion for Krishna which operated as a medium for the publication of Harinama. The doings of Sri Gouranga throughout India and the success of his propagandism are standing proofs of the potency of Radhaism as a proselytising faith. So far Radhaism is not merely devotional zeal or the manifestation of ardent love of god by His votary, it is also the force of the spirit, aye of the Supreme Spirit, to the Vishnuvite fraternity. Therefore, following the ancient Rishis the Vishnuvites look upon Radha as the Divine *Adya Sakti* or His Primal Force. She is also the Maha-Bhaba or Supreme Idea. The concept of Radha or the Vishnuvitish Radha is something akin to that of the Holy Ghost we read in the Bible with a much higher something as we propose to show later on.

BULLORAM MULLICK,

### THE PESSIMISM OF SHAKESPEARE.

Shakespeare is so vast and various that to measure any one phase of his universal mind would be superficial at best. But even superficial knowledge of such a mind would be no small gain ; the surface of the ocean carries the largest ships of merchandise though the richest gems may lie hid in the unfathomed bottom. The present article is an humble attempt to give a rough idea of one phase of Shakespeare's mind, *viz.*, his pessimism.

Life is short at the longest, and this short period of life is full of ups and downs. Moreover, death is a stern reality. Shakespeare's pessimism is not mere sentimentality to which poets are so often prone. It is "a stern reality or fidelity to fact." Death is a stern fact, and life with all its hopes and dreams must obey this stubborn fact. Wealth, honour, rank, power, beauty, and honesty are no safe-guards against it. And is it then unnatural to be a pessimist when one thinks that this mortal clay might be shuffled off at any moment and in spite of our reluctance all shall have to leave this stage a few applauded, many hissed, and the largest majority unobserved, that we must part for ever with those dearest ones even a short separation from whom is so painful and, that some of them will be missed from our happy home never to be found again anywhere in this vast world? Philosophy, Science, pray religion cannot cure this pessimism, for with all their boasted theories and speculations, they cannot conjointly raise the dark curtain which hopelessly hides from our view all knowledge of "that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns." The problem of what becomes after death is involved in insoluble mystery and so pessimism will continue as long as the world exists. Even in that optimistic poem of Long-fellow underlies a shadow of pessimism :—

Life is real, life is earnest  
And the grave is not its goal,  
Dust thou art to dust returnest  
Was not spoken of the soul.

Life is real indeed but what is its ultimate goal, what becomes of the soul when the body returns to dust? The poet does not,

cannot give any satisfactory answer to that *vexata-questio*. In vain we turn to philosophers in order to quench this soul-thirst. Aristotle, Plato, Kant, Descartes, Mill and a host of others, where are they and what are they at present? They wrote able discourses on subtle questions, but they do not throw any light on this eternal question of the awful blank after death. The giant intellect hopelessly tumbles here. Cæsar, Alexander and Napoleon, the mighty conquerors of the world, where are they now and what regions in the universe do they conquer? Are they acting their part over again in some other worlds or have their part and existence too ended with their lives? Homer, Virgil Shakespeare and Kalidas where do they now pour forth their happy strains of "unpremeditated art?" Does life with all its sweets and bitters, with its desires, hopes, ambitions, and all sorts of dreams, end in nothingness as soon as the breath ceases, or travel into other unknown regions in some other form? No one knows, imagination reels and staggers, science and philosophy are, but Lilliputian pigmies to peep through the immense and incomprehensible barrier of death.

Besides death there are other facts which naturally turn one either a pessimist or a misanthrope. Faithlessness of friends, frailty of woman, "ingratitude more powerful than traitor's arms" in man, deceit and selfishness of the world, disappointments and diseases which flesh is heir to, all these are sad realities which cannot, but inspire pessimism in thoughtful and sensitive minds. No man is a born pessimist or a born misanthrope. It is with the bitter experiences of life and of the world that a man turns such. Our boyhood and early youth are full of optimism and happy dreams, but as we come in contact with the actual dull and prosaic facts of life that optimism vanishes by degrees, of course, "he jests at scars who never felt a wound," but there are moments almost in every young man's mind when he suffers much from world-weariness and is apt to repeat these lines of Byron:—

"Once I beheld a splendid dream  
A visionary scene of bliss.  
Truth! wherefore did thy hated beams  
Awake me to a world like this?"

Every one cherishes some splendid dreams in his boyhood and early youth, but as soon as he enters the world, the hated beams of truth turn him a pessimist and misanthropy is but one step more from pessimism as despondency is from despair. Young Hamlet was a pessimist because his ideal of the world was falsified. Timon, who was a good soul turned a misanthrope

through the ungrateful treatment of the world. Hamlet despaired, Timon was driven to despondency, the difference between them is only of one degree. Both of them had no idea of the ways of the world, they lived in the ideal world of their own, filling it with persons like themselves. But the ideal world is not the real one, this bitter truth never comes upon us before we enter the world and gain worldly experience, but lose the sharpness of our conscience.

These are the causes of pessimism, and it is a (universal) disease which has prevailed in all times and which will prevail as long as the world goes. The causes cannot be remedied and so the disease cannot be cured. The best optimistic answer amounts to this "what cannot be cured must be endured." This is in fact not optimism but stoicism. There is virtue in stoicism, but not much consolation. It equips the mind, but cannot soothe the heart. It helps us in the battle of life, but cannot vanquish the foe altogether. But as there are degrees of pessimism, there are also kinds of it, and morbid sentimentality like that of melancholy Jacques in "As you like it," is such a one. Human nature is so strange that it sometimes delights to indulge in sorrow real or imaginary and, therefore, tragedy makes a deeper impression on our heart than comedy, and, therefore, "our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thoughts."

But of what kind is Shakespeare's pessimism? It is not superficial sentimentality, but profound "fidelity to fact." Shakespeare was not a pessimist in his early years. His early plays are full of mirth and merriment. The shadow overcast in his earlier plays is ephemeral arising from error or crossness of love, but the gloom which darkens the pages of his later plays is eternal arising from the serious passions of the soul. Shakespeare's pessimism begins in Hamlet and although he overcame it by superhuman force of will, still mere *will* was not sufficient to suppress it altogether; so even in his last play we find a trace of it when we are told that "we are such stuff as dreams are made of." It is a curious co-incidence that Shakespeare's pessimism has the same cause in both the plays where it first appears and where it dies out ultimately. Hamlet's pessimism (as well as that of Timon) has its growth not in the fear of death, but in the falseness of a base world. The trace of pessimism which we find in the utterances of Prospero originates from the same cause. The evil treatment which an honest man receives from the world more painfully cuts him to the quick than the fear of

death over which there is no human control. Moreover in death we might have some consolation afforded by faith and religion, the hope of a happier future world and blessings of heaven, which might sustain our drooping spirits, but the injustice and wickedness of the world make us lose all faith in goodness and honesty, even all faith in religion and in God; and in that chaotic state of mind we naturally turn a pessimist or a misanthrope. This is clearly illustrated by the story of Silas Marner, the weaver of Raveloc, in which George Eliot gives an accurate psychological evolution of pessimism in the mind of a simple, honest and modest man. In spite of all his eccentric appearance and ways of life, Marner was highly thought of in Lantern Yard world and was considered as a young man of exemplary life and ardent faith. He had formed close friendship with another young man, a little older than himself, who too was regarded as an example of piety. He had also formed an attachment of a closer kind to a young servant woman whom he intended to marry ere long. But his false friend William got up a case to prove Marner guilty of murder, the drawing of lots declared him guilty and he was suspended.

His trust in man and God was cruelly bruised and in an agony of despair he said "There is no just God that governs the earth righteously, but a God of lies, that bears witness against the innocent." In the bitterness of his wounded spirit he said to himself "She will cast me off too," and indeed his sweet-heart instead of healing his soreheart, did cast him off, nay married his false friend William! When an honest and innocent man is thus wrongly injured not only by the world at large, but by those in whom he placed implicit faith and love, is it to be wondered at if he turns a pessimist? When a young man enters the world he has many theoretical ideas of an ideal world in his head, but by and by he sees that practical worldly wisdom usurps the place of abstract moral worth and is a surer way of success in life. Now if he wants success in life he must give up his dearly cherished ideals of book-taught morality, and must conform to this less moral, but more practical ways of the world. So we see many a scoundrel prospering in this world while many a saint is suffering from persecution and poverty. If he sticks to his theoretical ideals he is sure to meet with failure like Brutus, Hamlet or Timon. Such a failure might win him applause after his death, but what's that posthumous applause to him? He suffered what he ought not to have suffered. Moreover, such applause is not a sufficient allurements to others to

follow his example. The failure of Brutus might be more glorious than the success of Antony and Octavius Caesar, as Dowden rightly thinks, but how many would sacrifice their lives for such a glorious failure, if they know that they can secure sure success by going with the stream of the world and letting the ideals take care of themselves? If they go against the stream their high ideals will never be realised, despair and pessimism will overtake them. And in this state of mind Timon said :—

“There’s nothing level in our cursed natures,  
But direct villany, Therefore, be abhorr’d  
All feasts, societies and things of men !  
His semblable, yea himself Timon disdains ;”

what a pity, how painful is this. Timon does not like even his own self ! Hamlet’s pessimism does not border on misanthropy like that of Timon, but still “man delights not him nor women neither.” In this state of mind Death, the grim king of terrors is not feared, rather courted. In fact this period of world-weariness is the suicidal period of life. Hamlet is the true type of a class of young men whose ideal dreams have been falsified by the stern realities of actual life, and whose hopes and happiness have been blasted. In this period of life many could “take up arms against a sea of troubles and by opposing end them.” And so suicide is more common among young people than among old ones. If some cannot their “quietus make with a bare bodkin,” it is not due always to the “dread of something after death, but perhaps to some other individual or family reasons.”

Now we come to the other cause of pessimism, *vis.*, Death. The cause of pessimism in Hamlet, Timon of Athens and in Tempest (to some extent) is the bad treatment of the world ; while Macbeth, Lear and Othello illustrate the other cause of pessimism over which we have no control, but which is an inevitable and painful fact. Why should Desdemona die and Iago live, why should pious Banquo meet with a foul end, why should Cordelia have no breath at all, when a dog, a horse, a rat has life ? Shakespeare could not help it, he must be faithful to fact, he knows that Death the leveller makes no distinction of rank, power, beauty or virtue. Neither Napoleon, nor Helen, neither Christ nor Buddha could escape the jaws of death. If this painful fact inspires pessimism in our hearts Shakespeare is not to blame, he being the best observer and the greatest dramatist in the world, could not be false to nature and to his own self. Shakespeare’s pessimism, as has been already said is no mere sentimentality, but a fidelity to fact. Every moment by some

“funeral marches to the grave” we are reminded of the emptiness of life which is nothing but a—

“Brief candle, a walking shadow; a poor player,  
That struts and frets his hour ‘upon the stage  
And then is heard no more: it is a tale  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing.”

Is this sentimentality, can any one give the lie to these lines? He must be a bold optimist who can. Tennyson echoes the same sentiment in these two lines:—

“Poor little life that troddles half an hour  
Crowned with a flower or two and there an end”

SAILENDRA NATH SIRCAR, M.A.

*A TRUE STORY.*

Ram Chandra was a landlord with a rent roll of about Rs. 1,00,000 a year; but he was not noted so much for his wealth, as for his kindness and piety. He used to rise from his bed at 5 A.M. in summer, and at 6 A.M. in winter, bathe and perform his religious services in his temple as a Brahman up to midday, and then take his first meal prepared by his wife, and rest a while. In the afternoon he used to see his neighbours, friends and tenants, look into accounts and correspondence and pass orders, and in the evening again go to the temple for evening services. He lived the pure life of an old class Hindu and was revered by all. Indeed, such great a reverence was paid to him that none of his assistants or tenants, when questioned, ventured to tell him a lie, lest his sin would be greater in the sight of God. He lived up to sixty-five years, and died a peaceful death, retaining his consciousness to the last moment, and praying to his maker.

The day before his death he summoned his only son Preonath to his death bed, and asked him to try his best to lead the life of a Hindu, to read religious books every day at least for an hour, to be kind to his tenants and servants and especially to those who were unaccustomed to kindness, to regard truth and to read the instructions he had left in a note-book for him. Preonath, with tears, assured his dying father that he would do his best, Preonath was only twenty-two when his father died. He had a good university career and passed his B.A. Examination with honour.

After the full period of mourning had passed, he one day sought for his father's note-book, and read and re-read his instructions till he almost learnt them by heart—they were so sensible and elevating. In one portion of the note-book, an allusion was made to the subject of youth wherein the old man seeming to apprehend the risks his son would be likely to run on account of his youth, addressed him as follows:—

“My son, youth is the most perilous period of a man's existence. It is a period of fancy—of imagination. It is a period



when the world appears most gaudy and pleasure most enticing. Reason as yet has not detected the sophistry of sin, nor has experience revealed its bitterness, and all the avenues of the heart are left open and unguarded to the attacks of every invader."

To Preonath neither the world nor its pleasures were then anything otherwise than what they had been during his father's life time. He loved his young wife. He loved and esteemed his mother. He loved his morning and evening exercises on horse-back and loved to see the glories of heaven at night by the aid of charts and a splendid telescope supplied to him by his father.

Under the instructions left by his father, he had now to perform his morning and evening worship in the temple and superintend the daily feeding of the poor before he could take his own meal. This he did to the best of his power. Thus a year passed. One day it so happened that he received a pressing invitation to attend a *nautch* party at 9 P.M. There for the first time he faced the pleasures of life hinted at by his father; for, he saw a display of luxuries which if his father had, he never displayed. He heard the soft, delicious, soul-abandoning sounds of music and saw the youthful *nautch* girls robed in voluptuous dress, come and seat before him, while the distribution of garlands of Jasmine and sprinkling of rose-water lent, what is generally termed, a double arrow to the Cupid's bow.

After the first dance was over, he was led by his relatives to an adjacent room where he was offered a glass of iced-water for it was a hot summer night, and then a glass of champagne which he first declined to take, but after repeated solicitations and after being advised to be "above prejudice," he sipped a little. Then after each successive dance he took a little and a little, till the great inequality of position between him and the dancing girls was gradually broken down, and he was found towards morning in the soft embrace of one of them, who was tenderly bathing his hot temples with ice and rose-water.

With a conscience stricken by remorse he went home next morning. He dared not approach his place of worship, his mother or wife. His religious duties that morning he made over to another. In the evening he wished very much to thank the young girl who served him last night with a degree of tenderness that won his young heart. He went to her with the thought of coming away soon, but, alas! her sweet words, her winning ways, her tender attentions for him and her brilliant conversation, chained him to her presence; and time flew as if on unconscious

wings till the hall-clock chimed the hour of ten, when he hastily took his departure with a parting assurance that he would come, again and again, and not without a silent wish that one so sweet, so young, and so fair should not be left alone in the gay world to earn a livelihood.

Since that night a great change came over him. Hitherto he had very little concern with the world. His relations, now finding him no longer tied to the duties of a rigid, pious life, took him to several associations, literary, social and political, where he was made much of for his money, and his opinions were asked and received with applause. In the political associations he heard the speeches of great speakers and tried to speak like them, and why should he not? He was educated, he was clever. In many places he was offered the first seat in spite of his youth. He doffed his native and took to English dress after the fashion of the England-returned worthies with whom he at times dined in hotels and restaurants. Thus a thorough change came over him within a year; but was he happy?

One evening while sitting in his barouche at the Dhurumtollah bazar near Hotel de Paris and looking at various articles then offered for sale, he received from a Christian Missionary a tract in which image-worship by the Hindus was strongly denounced. He read it with much attention and came to think that the images he was enjoined by his late father to worship, were objects not worthy of respect. The little lingering faith that he hitherto had in his mind about their divinity was gone. While his faith in images was thus destroyed, nothing better or sublimer was substituted in its place.

One night after carousal with his friends, while he was sleeping alone on his arm-chair in his room, he dreamt he saw an eye-ball burning like a red hot coal steadily approach him from a distance, and a voice address him. He knew the voice was that of his late father and trembled with fear. It spoke again:—

“Preonath!”

“I thought Sir, you were dead,” stammered Preonath.

“I am more living now than when I was in life; but what is that dress you wear?”

“English,” faltered Preonath.

“But you are not by birth or association an Englishman.”

“Sir, it is so convenient.”

“Do you find it so convenient to proclaim yourself a half-caste?”

"Sir you are very severe."

"You have neglected your promise to me, you are degrading yourself—every day. You are squandering my good money. You gave the other day Rs. 5,000 to a knave."

"For a political cause."

"Political nonsense! If you had given that sum to 50 poor tenants, you would have made 50 poor families prosperous and happy. I will not say any more to-night. I will come again."

"Pray don't. I am already too much frightened."

The remembrance of the dream next morning cast a gloom over Preonath. "What if the dream were real," thought he. How much his father's spirit must have been aggrieved by his conduct. "I must reform" said he aloud.

In the morning he narrated the incident of his dream to his friends. They all laughed and said he overheated his brain with wine.

For more than a fortnight he led a quiet life and did not drink, nor did he enter the temple, but anxiously made enquiries whether the worship of the images was properly going on, and the poor were regularly fed.

The dream seemed to check a while the downward course of Preonath's life, but his inclination for pleasure and notoriety was as strong as it had been before. At times, when alone, he would often ask himself, did his father's spirit really come to admonish him, or was it a phantom of his imagination? He thought on the question, he consulted many works, but could not find any satisfactory answer. Still he did not associate very much with his friends. One evening as he was sitting alone in his study, a carriage drove up and stopped at his gate, and an exceedingly handsome youth, dressed in a foreign costume, entered his room. He could not at first recognize his visitor. He rose and offered his hand, not knowing who his visitor could be; then when the cap was removed for a second, the face of the dancing girl whom he neglected to see, was revealed. He laughed and asked what madness prompted her to see him in his house. She looked softly at him for a minute and said with a sigh, "You are strong. I am weak. I wrote, I prayed to see you, you never answered. O! I had never loved you!"

"It was duty—duty to my dead father. I know not what to do," said Preonath, covering his face with both hands. "O! if I could shew my heart to you."

"You love me—you love me still, I have no wish to alienate you from your duty. I can be one of your friends; can I not?"

"Yes my sweetest friend."

"I must go down stealthily as I came up. Will you see me to-morrow?"

"Yes in the afternoon."

"I must not wait long lest I compromise you—I go." With these words she rose to go, casting a soft glance at Preonath. Preonath sat on his chair thinking what to do, to go back to pleasure and company or to stay at home, and then to what a monotonous cheerless life he would sacrifice himself! "O that I had not accepted the invitation," he said, "and then I would not have known what the pleasures of the world are. I was happy enough in the discharge of my duties. I was happy enough in the life I was leading afterwards, until this dream I dreamt. O! how much would I not give to know that it was a phantom of my imagination, but who can satisfy me in this point? no one. The best thing would be for me to go back to the life I was leading immediately before, and then if I dream another dream as real as I dreamt before, I would know that my father was really aggrieved. I would risk his displeasure once more. If that was really the spirit of my father who admonished me and not my own unconscious self, I do hope my once loving father will come again and give me further instructions."

With a lighter heart that night he ate his supper and went to bed. Next day afternoon he went to see the dancing girl according to his promise, and entered into a conversation with her with a heart far less burdened than what she imagined to have seen in the previous evening. She was puzzled and then she said. "I must not detain you long from your duties. It is sufficient that I see you. It would be sufficient if I were to see you now and again—only remember that I love you."

"But who will look after you, who will protect you?"

"Your own image that I hold next to my heart. A woman knows no looking after when she loves."

"You are weak you once said."

"I shall be weak when you cease to love me. With your love I am strong against the whole world."

Preonath kissed and left her for the day.

Days passed into weeks but no fresh instructions came to him from the other side of the life. He gradually thought less of the dream. One day his friends proposed a dinner on a grander scale than any preceeding and he agreed to meet all expenses. The question still left was where it should take place. One of his friends suggested that the marble hall situated within

the compound of the garden where the temple was, would be the most pleasant place. Preonath hesitated at first to give his permission on account of the sacredness of the place; but his scruples were overcome by his friends, the hall being situated so far away from the temple.

The day of the dinner came on. Dishes of various sorts, garlands of flowers and bouquets, wine, fishes and fruits were brought by liveried servants. The friends sat in company of dancing girls. The servants distributed wine, and as the music struck up, the company became more and more mirthful. Then as the night advanced, a friend rose to propose three cheers for the host. The host smiled and said that he was very grateful for the proposal, but if any one amongst them could convince him that the images in the temple were nothing more than pieces of stones carved, painted and adorned, he would be very happy. One among them, half drunk, rose from his seat and holding a glass half-filled with wine in one hand, and a fried fish in the other, said that he was marching thus armed to the temple, and if there was any divinity in images his course would be stopped, and he would come back. "Bravo" said every one. He reeled out of the marble hall. The night was dark. There were heavy clouds in the sky and the winds moaned through the trees as he advanced with wine and fish towards the precincts of the temple, and then suddenly he started, shrieked and fell flat on his face and became senseless. His shriek drew forth his companions from the hall, who came out with lights and found him senseless on the ground, a few yards from the temple. He was raised and taken to the hall; and utmost endeavours were made to restore him to consciousness, but without success. Towards morning before a medical man could be called, he passed away, leaving no clue as to what he saw or what had cut short his blasphemous career.

The sudden death of a friend, so full of hope and life only a few hours before, cast a deep gloom over the whole company, and awakened a superstitious awe in their breast. Preonath sought the counsel of the aged and the wise, and was advised to remove the images at once to his house and to fast and pray till grace would come to him from above, and then to resume his duties. He did accordingly. In one of these days of penance he received intimation that the dancing girl was afflicted with confluent small-pox and was in her death bed. He went there and was shocked to see that one so lovely was so hideously

disfigured. She could not speak. She only looked at him with grateful eyes. He took a seat close to her, and sat and watched the ebbing soul, till she was no more. A paroxysm of grief overpowered him and he wept: he thought on the transitoriness of the things of the earth and said, "she who loved me so deeply in this life, must not cease to love me after death. I will have now another dear spirit to watch over me." That night when he slept in his house, he dreamt that his room was flooded with a light as soft and silvery as that of the full moon and heard again the voice of his father calling him.

"Preonath."

"Sir,"

"I am so happy you have reformed."

"By thy grace."

"God's Grace, I bless you and go."

K. CHAKRAVARTI.

## BUTTERFLY AND MOTH.

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A pansy-pinioned butterfly,  
 Flitting from rose to mignonette,  
 Espied a moth on wings to hie  
 To where an open casement met  
 The dusking day with timid light,  
 That every minute grew more bright.  
 Said butterfly to moth in jest,  
 "What wings you, cousin, on your way?  
 The sun is all but gone to rest;  
 They tarry now who tarry may,  
 For flowers heretare sweet to see,  
 And sweeter still for company.  
 But here the busy trifter spied,  
 Ere half his jesting speech was done,  
 A tall white lily by the side  
 Of a steep bank kissed by the sun;  
 And flitted forth incontinent,  
 On ever-changing pleasure bent.  
 The moth scarce seemed to heed the song,  
 But sped demurely on his way,  
 As one impelled by purpose strong,  
 Whom way-side trifles might not stay;  
 Till past the curtained casement-frame,  
 With deathless love he fed the flame.  
 But ere his life was half consumed,  
 I seemed to hear some murmuring,  
 As of a soul to silence doomed  
 (Though death for him be void of sting)  
 Who still would voice his inmost pain,  
 And would not make his passion vain.  
 That sweet sad wital no mortal ear,  
 Though kindred passion give it name,  
 May in the body ever hear,  
 For singeing wing and hissing frame—  
 Burnt offerings of steadfast love

With inward sense he sees the light,  
He feels it in his inmost soul,  
He finds it fair, he knows it bright,  
He seeks it for his destined goal:  
Welcome to him the chastening fire,  
For love is one with love's desire.  
At love's hand shall love see good things  
Only—soft sunshine and sweet shade;  
And wayside blossoms, and blithe springs  
Recurrent, in the valley-glade;  
Smooth paths that will caress the feet,  
Sweet wines to drink, sweet food to eat?  
At love's hand shall love wince or cry  
When frosts sting or hot suns smite;  
And bitter tears that blind the eye  
Well up unbid; and aches that write  
Strange wrinkles on the anguished heart,  
And galley-marks that ne'er depart.  
Go to! Thy creed is wearisome:  
Nay! may not love once smite for love?  
Is travail vain? Do trials come  
In wrath alone? Nay! up above,  
Thy fire and light, thy wrath and ruth,  
Are witnesses of one same truth.  
Say which slays soonest—light or fire?  
The sun speeds swiftest or the day?  
Why need the fearless heart enquire  
If wrath may quicken, ruth may slay,  
When faith and hope are given to love,  
And all consecrated above?  
A Voice calls! and the exiled soul  
Rejoicing, answers back—"I come!"  
What boots it how the goal is won,  
The way was long and wearisome,  
The way was long, and bleak and strait,  
And 'twas an agony to wait.  
An unsung Idyll in his life,  
The little fragile moth reveals,  
The primal lay of mortal strife  
To win the light that death conceals:  
And dying thus he leaves behind  
A burning message for his kind.



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**NEW SERIES.**

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## *PARIS LETTER.*

The Municipality appears to be always in search of springs and rivers, to supply the capital with water. When they succeed in securing a tap, and laying it on to Paris, at the cost of millions, and the maledictions of the 30 or 60 miles of country through which the conveyance tubing is run, it is only time to commence to find a further supply. As the population augments the demand for more drinking water naturally increases. At present the city suffers from a shortage of water for the streets, and at any moment may appear the notice, that water from the Seine must be turned on for some days. That rather makes the flesh creep, as the use of the river water implies the arrival of typhoid fever and other zymotic diseases. The population of Paris is calculated to arrive at 3,400,000 inhabitants by 1930, and the suburbs to one-fourth more. Engineer Duvillard proposes, then to provide an unfailing supply of the best drinking water for a population of five millions, by drawing on the Lake of Geneva—the Jura side of that crescent sheet of water—which is French. He has been studying the question, has made his calculations, and prepared his plans of the great work. The Civil Engineers Society admit that it can be readily accomplished : a delegation from the Municipal Council has been over the surveyed route, and the Government has been consulted. To execute the idea will require 450 millions of francs, and the Municipal Council hesitate to add that last straw of taxation

to the already well-burdened shoulders of citizens. Then the Swiss object to taking the water from Geneva Lake; that would reduce its volume, and compromise the navigation of its discharge river, the Rhone. Take, they say, the water of Lake Neufchâtel: no, that body of water is exclusively Swiss, and falls into the Rhine—so, patriotically, objectionable. Each inhabitant of Paris if supplied with 72 gallons of water daily, would represent the required volume of water for all wants, domestic and industrial. The Lake of Geneva receives its supply of water from the melting of the snows and glaciers on the mountains of Savoy. The residents of the city of Geneva, it is well-known, drink the purest of waters: it contains only 38 microbes in a cubic centimetre; whereas the water of Paris, the purest of its five supplies, contains in a like volume, 1,250 of the *infiniment petits*, and in others as many as 3,825, and for that quality, the pipe water-tax is 12 centimes, nearly one-eighth of a franc, per cubic metre. The projected Geneva water would be taken from a point in the lake 1,207 feet above the level of the sea, and conveyed in pipes and underground tunnels, for 317 miles, to the clamast heights, a suburb of Paris, 333 feet above the level of the Seine. Hence, no necessity for pumping up the water. The works would be completed within five years.

There is no solid evidence for the assertion, that Parisians are commencing to be fatigued with Wagnerian Music. The hostility against the works of the great composer has died out, and the calm seems to be interpreted as decadence. The admirers of Wagner are less eccentric. Then again a large section of people, while in no way attacking Wagner, demand to be served the old operas, because such please them. To meet this view was the backbone of the agitation for establishing the cheap Municipal Opera House. Twenty years ago Paris did not adopt the existing plan observed by its leading theatres—save the subventioned houses—of closing from the end of June till the commencement of September. New pieces were actually brought out then. At present during July and August the Opera House is so filled with country cousins, that the receipts surpass every other month of the twelve. The Brothers Milliand, since three years, pending securing a structure for themselves, have taken to lease by turn, one of the closed theatres, at a small rent, with right to utilise some of the "properties." This summer they have the Variétés theatre, and given quite a popular selection of popular operas, to crowded houses, where the tariff of admission is low, and the artists all round good in their rôles.

First let it be remarked, that the National Opera has treated visitors to *Lohengrin*, with Maddle. Nekte in the part of *Elsa*. She is not a star exactly, but a serious actress. Mesdames Carvalho and Rose were never treated as stars in their day. M. Vaguet was a good *Lohengrin*, he has voice and talent; perhaps he lacks a little of the *prestation* of his personage. To return to our *montons*. At the Variétés, *Lucie de Lammermoor*, the old chef d'œuvre, proved a great success, with all the pathos, charm, grace, and poetry that the Italians have in their blood, and which make them born singers of musical lore. Does Wagner music so catch hold of a spectator? Not very long ago at Nuvemberg, or Munich, Bellini's *Norma* kept the bills for the whole season. At this moment at Berlin, it is *Gounod* that is applauded. In Paris, *Lucie* is liked because it has pretty airs. Have we any musicians to-day capable of writing the "Fountain duet?" Nothing more touching and penetrating. True, there are old lines in *Lucie*, but the grand lines are there also; they paint the scenes of the drama. Besides, you cannot struggle against an emotion that sieges you despite yourself. The Variétés even gave a novelty for Parisians at least—*La Martyre*. It is not exactly an opera, but something as *Cavalliera rusticana* or the *Vie de Boheine*—a short, taking-away-the-breath drama—without explanations or developments. This gives an air of rough incoherency. Yet the programme or livret, explains scene by scene. It is ever best for the play to explain itself. Why these interminable recitatives in an opera comique, where the spectator does not hear a word? Of the three acts, the first is gay and full of animation; the others are sad and pathetic: the music is easy and clear. The last act is too lugubrious: a wife who in despair from the death of her child and being abandoned by her husband, lights a pan of charcoal and awaits the coming of death, singing.

There is fuss and bustling about the commerce of France, but cool on-lookers demand something more. They search for augmented imports and exports with the new additions of territory, but financiers display no desire to loan money for industrial speculations in distant countries, and the State has none to lend. The effort of France appears to be confined to acquiring regions, and that done, the fire of adventure dies out. There are numerous commercial commissions from time to time sent into distant countries, to investigate and report, but their recommendations are no longer followed up. Colonial ministers make regulations and plan schemes, but all are caparisons, not advance. The bent

of the French mind is, to put money in loans anywhere that their Government will back the speculation. France has excellent Commercial Schools and Colonial Institutions for training, but the graduates seem to utilise the advantages to obtain some petty post as a functionary. That is the evil the authorities should combat and smash.

The Socialists are not giving their attention to the amelioration of labour, but rather to unity of political concert as in Belgium and Germany, and co-hesion of movement. French socialists will ever remain a party of "splits," each desirous to gain supremacy over the other in all personal rivalries and sterile dissensions. Had they been united there would have been no difficulty in securing them some contracts on the works of the 1,900 Exhibition. It is that same absence of patience, of plodding perseverance, that hinder the French workmen, from accepting remuneration in past division of profits, when the examples of that success are many, and the ways to practice it so facile. Capital, which is but the crumbs saved by frugality, can never be acquired, save by calm and patient labour. It is useless for the Municipality or the Government to socialize work-plans, so long as socialists will not accept the ordinary conditions of work.

A FRENCHMAN.

## ONAM, THE OLDEST MALABAR FEAST.

The Onam is the oldest of the national feasts of Malabar. "*Hastam pattu Tiruvanum*" is the Malayalam proverb which means that the tenth day from the *Hasta* asterism (in the fifth solar month—*Simha*) is *Tiruvana* or the *Onam* feast. *Tiruvanam* or *Onam* in its abbreviated form is the 22nd lunar asterism. The *Onam* feast generally falls on the *Tiruvanam* day in the month of *Simha*—12th August to 12th September—when the full moon is in the constellation of *Sravana*. The feast proper commences 9 days previous to the *Onam* day and lasts 3 days after it. The commencement of the festivities is announced by the youngsters twanging a bow string which is called *Villukkottal*. This *villukkottal* is very harsh but is carried on throughout the continuance of the feast for ten days. It corresponds to the sounding of harsh drums by the low caste people of the Madras Coast during *Sankramana* festivities—the entrance of the sun into the sign *Capricorn*. The *Onam* is celebrated to commemorate the reign of Mahabali who is said to have ruled over Malabar in old days. The God Vishnu it is related by the Malayalis humbled this king in the following way. He appeared in the shape of a young boy weeping at Tirukkarai, Travancore, where Mahabali was reigning. The pride of this sovereign was that he was giving away in donation everything that was demanded of him. Vishnu, as a boy assumed the name of Tirukkaraiappon and demanded 3 feet of land. This is in fact another version of the *Vamanavata* or dwarf incarnation of Vishnu. The boon was of course granted by the unsuspecting king. The cunning boy at once assumed a huge shape and with one foot covered over all Mahabali's dominions. The second foot took in all the sky covering the kings dominions, but where was the third foot of grounds? The king saw with wonder what took place and concluded that it was Vishnu that stood before him. "Where am I to measure the third foot," demanded the deity. "On my head My Lord," was the calm reply of Mahabali. And so it came to pass and Mahabali was humbled to dust. And this event took place on the *Onam* day

But a question may arise here as to why this day which is a sorrowful day on which a good sovereign died should be observed with such festivities. It is stated that Mahabali requested Tirukkaraïppon that the day of his departure to the other world should be observed with festivities and the boon, it is said, was granted by the deity. There is also another belief. On the *Onam* day King Mahabali is supposed to again pay a visit to his country with the object of seeing whether his subjects still enjoy the same amount of happiness and prosperity as they did under him. So to give a right impression to their whilom sovereign the Malayalis keep up the festivities on the *Onam* days for, if they mourn, Mahabali would return to his abode in the other world with a grieved heart and vexed mind.

At the approach of *Onam*, the houses in Malabar are decorated with flowers and festoons. A clay image of Vishnu, in the shape of Tirukkaraïppon, is made in every Hindu house and especially worshipped during these 10 days. The God is inaugurated with a special feast called *Puadai* feast in which rice and *nedra* plantain are greatly cooked and offered to the God. Any male member of the house with the orders of the Karnavan—the family head—is made to act as a priest and he performs the worship of the image thrice every day. The women and girls at home amuse themselves with a dance in a circle called *Tappatta kali*. This is a play in which all stand up and circle round and round clapping their hands and singing sweet songs in praise of Vishnu or some other deity. One of the elders of the party starts the song and leads dancers. The others accompany her by repeating what she says and following her movements. These amusements continue until the *Onam* day when presents of new cloths are made. On this day all the male and female members of every family including children receive their new cloths from the Karnavan or chief member. The women also receive any other new cloths meant for some other future occasion as *Onam* day is considered an auspicious occasion for receiving such presents. Early in the morning the labourers and cultivators visit their masters with a number of *nedram* plantains and receive in return new cloths and other presents as becoming their position. *Nedram* plantain must form one of the preparations in the food eaten during the *Onam* festivities. In every *Taravad*, during these days, all the lower orders such as *Tiyyans*, *Moplahs*, *Pulayans*, *Cheramans* are sumptuously fed, each caste on a certain day. The house of every Nambadri Brahmin is thrown open to as many Brahmins as may care to visit it. On the *Onam* day a

special dish of Nedram plantain is partaken by every Malayali. This is called *pulingiya norukka*.

After the distribution of presents the worship of Vishnu in a grand scale succeeds: then the feast follows. After all these are over, the Malayali men assemble to witness a grand sham fight called *Padakkali Kayyankali*. Each of the opposite sides must be under the patronage of some influential Malayalis who a month or two before Onam agree to conclude the feast in this, the usual way. This entertainment is rather a very costly one. The men engaged to fight as generally famous wrestlers and acrobats: and they live at the expense of the person who engages them and are specially trained for the display of their full skill on the Onam day. All the people assemble to witness the sports. They divide themselves into two parties or *cheries* and sit on the ground in rows 15 or 20 yards being left between them and this is the platform in which the combatants display their skill. Two men are chosen as umpires on each side. The game commences at 1 o'clock on the Onam day and lasts till 6 P.M., every evening on the Onam and the two succeeding days, when the decision of the umpires is declared. A commencement is made by one party sending out ten boys to challenge ten boys from the opposite party. These display their strength and agility of limb by acrobatic performances and then challenge the boys from the other party. The latter accepts the challenge by sending out 10 boys to meet them. Both the sides return to their respective seats. Then the umpires stand up and call out one boy from one party and ask him whether he would fight so and so—on the other side. Sometimes the boy accepts and sometimes he sneeringly says that it would be a disgrace on his part to be matched against such a poor and weak opponent. Of course, these doubts are decided by the umpires and the fight takes place. Certain conditions are agreed upon before the fight and woe betide him who disregards them. The conditions are on what parts of the body are the blows to be struck. If they are to be on the back they are called *odaram*, if on the sides, *Ratakan*, on the back of the neck, *pedani*, &c. The boy wrestlers set out two at a time and an account of successes and defeats is kept by the umpires. Then in gradation of age, dexterity and skill others, still two and two at a time, one from each party appear and fight. This goes on for three days. On the last day the decision of the umpires is given. Every one engaged in this entertainment is rewarded on the night of the third day in accordance with his powers or prowess. This closes the *Padakkali*. Generally the *Padakkali* takes place



before a *raja* or a local chieftain,—but now a rich *larawad*—who witnesses the whole scene and distributes the prizes. It is considered the highest honour to win a prize in the *padakkali*. Generally no harm is done in this sham fight, but sometimes when the parties are excited accidents too occur. But these are rare.

On the evening of the last day of the Onam festivities, the clay image of Tirukkaraippon is taken out of the house, placed on a plank, to a river or sea side and then cast away. In this procession all people, young and old, male and female, join. *Onam* is the oldest of the national feasts of Malabar.

MADRASSEE.

### THE GENESIS OF RADHA.

Western Philosophy postulates creation as being the resultant of action and reaction of force and matter respectively. It is her proud achievement. Our Shankhya philosophers in pre-historic days solved the problem of creation by postulating two entities, *viz.*, Purusha and Prakriti. The former is in-active and non-interfering. He is the seer or witness and the enjoyer. The latter as the compound of three attributes, *viz.*, Satwa, Rajash and Tamash is the doer. Matter evolves out of the Prakriti, and by a process of evolution from the fine essences you get down to the less fine and the least fine, and from the gross you climb down to the grosser and the grossest. When [the three attributes of Prakriti are in a state of equilibrium and none is preponderant, the state is called Prakriti, when one of the attributes preponderates the result is called Maya or Avidya (ne-science). According to the Vedantic school the Purusha is Paramatman and everything else is His Maya. It is impossible to hit upon an English synonym of Maya. It is certainly not illusion as people are apt to suppose. In one sense Maya is the phenomenal manifestation of the universe, but it is not only that. Maya implies divine force. It implies every thing except divine essence or Satwa. It is the divine force which concerns us at the present moment in interpreting Radhaism. Divine essence is neither masculine nor feminine, but Maya according to our Rishis is a female. Coming down to the Pauranic times when to understand Godhead it became necessary to alight upon incarnation, we find that the Sankhya Purusha was symbolized as a male and Prakriti as a female. The Pauranic sages conceived of the supreme Being as a person—a male and his Maya as a female. Maya in the Pauranic times came to be called Maha-Sakti (supreme force) or sakti (force). Saktism formulates force as the feminine creative principle. She is also the Preserver and Destroyer. As Kali she is the force of Kal or time which brings on decay, destruction and death. Sakti as Jagat-dhatri is the great preserving force.

All ancient religions based upon a revelation, conceived of God as a couple. It was so in Chaldin, Babylon, Egypt, Greece

and Rome, and India formed no exception to the rule. Roman catholicism could not do without the Divine Mother. It is true in Buddhism there is no Divine Mother. But Buddhism is no more than a branch of Hinduism, in which only the doctrine of renunciation plays a part. It would be an interesting task to enquire into the causes which led ancient nations to have a Divine Mother in their Pantheon. True science starts with the postulate that God is unknown and unknowable. Revelation was brought in to make that knowable which is unknowable and that known which is unknown. Our Christian brethren maintain that the Divinity of Jesus is intelligible upon the intelligibility of his humanity. Our Shastras describe Krishna as not merely a model person, but an ideal person. A personal God can only be accessible to our understanding when he is thoroughly humanised. These are indisputable data, furnished by the revealed writings of civilised nations in ancient and modern times. One may be disposed to ask why anthropomorphism should comprehend only a male person. Anthropomorphism to be perfect should not merely include a male but a female also. Each sex has its peculiar virtues and it is but consistent with the ordinary state of things that the virtues of the two sexes in *excelsis* should be rolled up into one to make a complete ideal for man's instruction and edification.

To have a clear idea of the sentiments expressed above I take the liberty of extracting a passage from a sermon preached by a distinguished Christian divine :—"We forget that Christ incarnate was such as we are, and some of us are putting him where he can be no example to us all. Let no fear of losing the dear great truth of the divinity of Jesus make you lose the dear great truth of the humanity of Jesus. He took upon himself our nature ; as a man of the like passions, he fought that terrible fight in the wilderness ; year by year, as an innocent man, was he persecuted by narrow-hearted Jews ; and his was a humanity whose virtue was persecuted, by all the kinds of the multitude and yet kept its richness of nature ; a humanity which though given up to death on the cross, expressed all that is within the capacity of our own humanity ; and if we really follow him we shall be holy even as he is holy."\* If according to Christian Theology conception of God's humanity be a necessary datum for correctly conceiving of His divinity, that humanity should be all comprehensive and there is absolutely no reason why the

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\* Sermon by Dr. Braskly, delivered at Trinity Church, Boston,  
March 29th 1886.

above truth should be ignored in regard to our gods and goddesses. Again :—The highest metaphysical conception of the Deity is described by another great thinker thus :—

“Our conception of Deity is then bounded by the conditions which bound all human knowledge and therefore we cannot represent the Deity as he is, but as he appears to us.” \* It should not be understood that I have made the above quotations in support of my position. No such thing. My position has the virtues of a truism, admitted and acknowledged by sages of every country and clime. In this connexion I might profitably notice the concept of Divine Maternity forming the corner-stone of neo-Brahmoism. The early annals of the Brahmic Church do not even allude to the Divine Mother. It was after the great Brahmic apostle had visited the Nilghiris that the idea of the Divine Mother dawned upon his capacious mind.

I propose now to put before the reader a few shastric authorities to show how the primitive concept of Sakti originated and under-went a process of evolution. We read of Sakti in the Rig-Veda Parishista and the Upanishads. In the Talabkar-Upanishad which is a chip of an old block, namely, the Sama-Veda, we read of the manifestation of Divine Force. In the presence of Indra, the god of the sky, that Divine Force is there called Haimabati or the Golden.

\* \* \* \* \*

Femenine Entity or Existence. Grammarians\* tell us that ‘ma’ or mother is the abbreviation of Uma. I should promise here that in the above Upanishad the Rishi preceptor was expatiating upon the nature of Monism or Monotheism, which according to him was the most transcendental of all cults. The Mono-theistic God appeared before the presiding gods of the elements and made them feel that they were devoid of all power of control over the elements without him. After imparting to them that supreme lesson Brahmo vanished from their sight, when Indra looked around he could find no trace of the Supreme Brahmo, but he saw what the great commentator Sankora describes as carry her the lines or gold-clad and highly ornamented—female figure, who disclosed unto him that the Being who had disappeared was no other than the Supreme Brahmo and that she (the figure) was His Vidya or Supreme knowledge.\* The above is pregnant with deep signification. It teaches us a majestic lesson, namely, that it is the Divine Force conceived as a female which enables us to know the Supreme Being, that where the Supreme Being dis-

appears from our Mental Sky, it is His Force which informs us of His disappearance. That Force is all effulgence and beauty, captivating our spiritual vision and leaving us in a mood of awe, admiration and kindred emotions. So far for the present.\*

The next authority I shall quote is from the Gita "कौर्तिः श्रीर्वाक् च नारीगणं श्रुतिर्मेषा धृतिः क्षमा" where the Divine Force is explained to consist of the above attributes. According to that learned Commentator, Madhusudan Saraswati. कौर्तिः is the fame attendant upon possession of true knowledge. श्रीः is the possession of wealth and काम or good desire, and beauty : वाक् is the expression of all ideas in Sanskrit; श्रुतिः is memory; मेषा is psychological retentiveness; धृतिः is conservation of energy; क्षमा is perfect composure in prosperity and adversity.†

In the Gopal Tapani Sruti which by the way, forms a part of the Atharva Veda we read of the following allusions to Sakti :—

"वायुर्धैको भूवनं प्रविष्टो जमो जमो पञ्चरूपो बभूव ।

कृष्णस्तैकोहपि जगद्धितार्थं शब्देनामो पञ्चपदो विधातीति ॥"

As the air \* \* \* \* manifests  
itself in a five-fold manner, so does Krishna manifest Himself in  
a five-fold manner for human amelioration. \* \* \*

"नमो विज्ञानरूपाय परमानन्दरूपिणे ।

कृष्णाय गोपीनाथाय गोविन्दाय नमो नमः ॥"

We bow down to thee, O Krishna, Lord of the Gopis, Govinda,  
thou art the Personation of self knowledge and supreme bliss.

\* \* \* \* \*

"श्रीकृष्ण कृष्णविक्रान्त गोपीगणमनोहर ।

संसारसागरे मग्नं मामुद्धर जगद्गुरो ॥"

Oh Universal Preceptor, thou art the Lord of Rukmini, and  
the charmer of the Brojo-Gopies; deliver me from the sea of  
worldly troubles.

"कृष्णश्रिक जगत्क्रीड मूलप्रकृतिःकृष्णवती ।

ब्रह्मजीवनसंज्ञा श्रुतिभ्यां ब्रह्मसंज्ञतः ॥"

Rukmini (Lachmi) is the initial prokriti; she is the spiritual  
force of Krishna and the mistress of Cosmos; who according to  
the Sruties relating to the Brojo-Gopies is Brahma's companion.

\* See Talabkar-Upanishad, 25—12 | + Gita, X, Sloka 34.

\* Purva-Bhaya, Sloka 5.

+ Do. , Sloka 7.

† Do. , Sloka 16.

§ Uttarm-Bhaya, Sloka 57.

THE DOORGA PUJA  
OR  
THE JOURNEY OF THE DIVINE PAIR.

(A MEDLEY.)

RAINS! rains! rains!—nothing but rains. Rains by day, rains by night, rains on the land, rains on the water,—every where rains. Rains rushing through gutters and gargoyles, coursing down window-panes, dripping from the eaves—and glistening leaves of trees. O what a rainy world is this! Will the rains ever cease? It seems not. O how long ago since we saw the sun last!—and how our heart yearns for that lovely sight once more! That bright patch of sunlight, which we last saw playing upon the velvety lawn before our house, comes back to our memory brighter than ever making these dark days unendurable. A black pall hangs over the sky, hiding those bright and beautiful objects which—so distant though—gladdened our eyes. The sun-god, debarred for a long time from a sight of this earth, burns once more to have a peep at it, and, with his refulgent fingers, tries to part the murky veil, but shudders back at what he sees below. For a moment the earth is lighted up with his ghastly smile, and is left again to dun darkness.

Where are those dark days now? Are they not gone the way that all things will have to go? And we thought that they never would end. How foolish we were. Did not the summer sunshine, which, we thought, never would fade, at last fade away and usher in days of gloom?

It is autumn once more; and Earth, smiling through her tears, looks up at the sun-god whose golden pomp spreads the azure east. Golden sun-shine floods the earth,—sparkling on the emerald leaves of trees,—dappling the green sward besprinkled with watery pearls, and dancing on the crisped stream. Cool and balmy blow the breezes of the south, ruffling the breast of the river into myriad ripples. The fleecy clouds scud gently across the azure void, in quest of heaven knows what; and this earth altogether wears a holiday look, and hardly seems to be the

earth it has so long been. The days have become shorter, and the nights grown longer; and the early dews of heaven have begun silently to fall at night, producing a dreamy sense in minds alive to all nature's moods that winter is near. Beautiful, indeed, now looks the earth. But how much more beautiful must look that place where there is neither sin nor sorrow nor what men call death, and where peace and joy reign for ever.

Our scene now changes to a place seldom trod by human feet, and to which there is no shorter cut than through Yama's gate. This gate, however, is always shut, and stands on the marge of the river which flows dark and unseen between this world and the next.

No sooner does the ferry-man, *Charon*, or any body else, who plies his phantom craft day and night, land his cargo of de-humanized beings, than the bolt of the mighty gate is hurled back with a thundering noise by an unseen hand, and, in an instant, open to receive the strange travellers, displaying a gaping void of tangible darkness, which eye-sight cannot pierce, and within which there is no shape or sound or motion or order or any thing that we ever saw or felt on earth.

The region of which we shall presently speak is so far removed from the haunts of humanity that even a Marcopolo or a Vambery would think twice before undertaking a journey thereto. It is full of beautiful sights and sounds. Yet, I think, the fashionable tourists who, when the London season is over, swarm to the German baths and crowd the Paris boulevards, or steam away on a blue mountain-girded Norway fiörd, will no more think of paying it a visit than to the Russian steppes.

The rainy season is over, and a September sun, fast careering to the west, sheds an unusual splendour on the face of nature,—lighting up, in its lurid haze, the golden domes and cupolas of a magnificent, though fantastic, mansion on the windy heights of the Kylash. Turret above turret—embattled, with empty embrasures though, rise high up in the air,—so high that the sun himself with an offended majesty burns fiercer when riding near it—the face of the night's queen becomes blanched in its presence—and the starry hosts tremble at sight of their gigantic neighbour. Lofty and sombre pines surround this edifice, and, with their monotonous murmur, add to the romantic loneliness of the scene.

It had formerly been a strong castle—like a baronial castle of old—built by the Chief Engineer to the Hindu gods. Fabulous sums were expended upon this structure, (outlay of course

exceeding actual expenditure) to render it impregnable; and, when it was complete, it became the dread of its barbarous foes. For centuries it had withstood their attempts to reduce it, and the creed of its owner had become the creed of all, till, at last, its foolish owner, carried away by the modern frenzy for ornamental architecture so zealously preached by Ruskin, and for the comforts of civilization, in an evil hour gave the order that the bastions and breastworks and counter-scarps should be forthwith replaced by columned aisles, columned facades, balconies, and oriel windows abutted on fantastic corbels. In place of rough flag-stones, tessellation was strictly ordered; and richly carved wainscoting soon graced the walls of the apartments. Stone-stairs gave place to wooden ones with heavy and polished mahogany balustrades. The guns pointed in the embrasures were mercilessly hauled down; and to crown all, vases of fragrant gaudy-hued flowers were ranged on the parapet, along the verandahs, staircases, and in the apartments too. The golden domes and cupolas were the result of an earthly tour in which the Tajmahal of Agra had made a lasting impression on him.

Most of the flowers planted there were roses; for rose-leaves formed a delicious ingredient in the composition of Gunja of which Shiva was so very fond. Bhang was to him the elixir of life.

Throughout the rainy season, in fact, whenever the weather became foul, it was the habit of the owner of this house to keep the doors closed, the windows and shutters closed, and every chink or hole, which, by any possibility, let in the chilly wind, carefully stopped.

On the present occasion, some four or five persons were seated together in a small room at the farthest extremity of the house, and the least exposed to the east wind. The interior of the room presented an appearance scarcely in keeping with the other parts of the house, or with its august proprietor—Shiva. Although he had immense wealth, he took care neither of his person nor property, and suffered every thing to go the wrong way till brought round by my Lady paramount. The room itself had a general aspect of untidiness,—the walls were bare with the exception of a few antlers, placed at odd corners, from which dangled curiously constructed seedy bags containing bhang and many other Abkarry commodities;—a few tiger-skins suspended along, which constituted the whole wardrobe of the great deity;—and a buff-horn and trident hung on hooks. These were all his goods and chattels. The beams and the rafters were begrimed with smoke, and no sort of cleaning process was ever resorted



to, for the simple reason that, on the very next day, they were sure to relapse into their former state.

From the ceiling to the pavement, along all the corners, the spiders were busy working at their webs unmolested. Her Ladyship who, from her constant visits to the earth, and association with highly civilized beings, had acquired a taste for the fine, had tried her best to instil sanitary principles and general notions of beauty into the mind of her husband, and had even, on one occasion, got him outfitted in the height of fashion at a modern emporium. But, horror of horrors! within twenty-four hours of his leaving the establishment, an inconceivable number of holes were burnt into his coat, into his trousers, (how fine trousers they were!) and into his linen-fronted cambric shirt, by the *cheelum* of his *hookah* suddenly tumbling down upon him. And it was not until his flesh had been signed that he became conscious of the occurrence. At this her Ladyship took her husband severely to task and at last tabooed the use of *cheelum*, and place him under a conjugal quarantine for an unconscionable period of time. But habit gradually got the better of him, and made him violate her Ladyship's edict. After days of abstinence, one day, when it rained hard, and rained day and night, the veteran smoker of Gunja caught cold which none of her Ladyship's recipes could cure.

Finding at last every remedy fail, he, in a sudden accession of rage and indignation, thundered out a resolve that he would shake off the conjugal yoke, and then and there ordered his *factotum*—the famous Nandi—to prepare a *cheelum* and a bowl of bhang. He uttered the resolve, however, in a voice not loud enough to reach his wife's ears. This resumption of his former habit had not as yet come to the knowledge of her Ladyship, or else it would have gone hard with the husband for his Punic faith.

The rainy season was over, and every thing lay bathed in golden sun-shine. Gentle and cool breezes fluttered the leaves of trees still wet with the rain; and birds, in their fullness of joy, twittered and flew from branch to branch. The sky looked of the serenest blue, dotted over with fleecy clouds; and kites and other birds, wheeling round and round in their cyrie flights and uttering faintly-heard screams, showed as specks against the azure void.

But the sanctum of our hero had still all its doors and windows and shutters carefully closed. The occupants, about four or five in number, with Shiva for their head, sate still and silent. Shiva, with his portly paunch, (one that Dominic Sampson would

have called pro-di-gi-ous!) his white and shining complexion, his large but half shut dreamy eyes, and with a coil of tangled hair over head, sat conspicuous on a tiger's skin,—his left hand resting on the ground and his big burly figure towering above all. In his right hand he held a *Tanpurah* which he thrummed every now and then with his large fore-finger calling forth deep and sonorous notes. A tiger-skin covered his lower limbs from below the navel down to the knee, leaving the other parts of his body bare; strings of beads encircled his neck; a Cobra de Cappello, with crest upreared and hood distended, hissed over his head—comfortably coiled round the hairy knot; and a crescent moon shone in the midst of his brow. All about his neck was of a bluish color, the consequence of swallowing copious draughts of the poison which, when the gods churned the great sea, is said to have sprung therefrom. It was only his gunja-smoking habit which enabled him to do the other thing so famously. But it cost him many a sleepless night before he could completely rally from its effects. And he has since vowed strict and exclusive adherence to his old friends—bhang and gunja. Such was the Chief of that curious company. On his right hand side—a little to the rear—stood the grinning and spindle-shanked Nandi; and on his left stood Bhiringi with his ill favoured muzzle,—creatures the like of whom have never been seen. They had projecting mouths like those of goats, with small and black rolling eyes which in that dim light of the room, glowed like live coals. Their unusually big bellies contrasted curiously with their lank jaws, lank arms, and lean necks. And the effect of their pitchy complexion was quite heightened by the glimmering of their snow-white teeth.

The room in which this goodly company sat was filled with smoke curling up from a *cheelum* of gunja placed on the top of a small *hookah* held by a somnolent inmate. A perfect silence reigned in it, broken only by the bubbling of the hooka, the thrumming of the *Tanpurah*, and the grating noise made by one of the party in pounding bhang in a stone-pot with a thick and stout club. A pine-log was still crackling and sputtering in the fire-place (for the chilly season was even then scarcely deemed by the inmates to have passed away); and a tabby cat made quiescent by virtue of the gunja smoke, was purring away lustily near it. The reason for the admission of these pets was the havoc made by the rats on the master's tiger-skins and bhang bags.

All his boon companions, with the exception of those who were engaged, sat still and motionless, their heads resting upon

their knees joined together, and appeared to enjoy perfect peace of mind. But the case was different with their chief who grew more and more fidgety as the preparation of bhang was progressing, and every now and then cast furtive glances towards a door which he had forgotten to fasten. However, he sang a few of his favorite songs to the accompaniment of his *Tanpurah*, with a mastery of execution scarcely equalled in these days. In the course of the singing, his half-sleeping cronies now and then nodded approval. The bhang at length was prepared and a fresh cheelum of gunja was ready to be smoked after the bhang affair, for the purpose of heightening its effect. Bowls of the green beverage were circulated and quaffed. Shiva, who was the first to taste such things, cried out "excellent!" in such loud tones that the rafters rang with them,—some of his cronies raised their heads in surprise, letting them down though again; and the tabby cat was startled from her pleasing reveries about rats. Bhang over the cheelum of gunja was handed over to the mighty chief to have the first, and, therefore, the strongest whiffs of it. At this moment a glint of the golden-sunshine somehow or other stole into the room; and, as his half-shut and dreamy eyes lighted upon it, Shiva, in a sudden ebullition of joy, bellowed out. "The rains are over!—the rains are over!" at which his drooping comrades started and one of them,—the most energetic of the party—hobbled up to a window and flung it wide open—letting in at once all the dazzling splendour of a 'westering' sun. Some of the party began to blink like cats at that excessive light, and moved inch by inch upon their *haunches* to finally instal themselves in the shade. The south wind blew in and dispersed the smoky contents of the room and carried the odor where it 'listed.' Hard puffs were now being had at the hubble, and the fire in the cheelum ever and anon leaped up in thin bluish flames,—spreading a stronger odor than ever.

While the company was thus regaling themselves, let us have a peep into her Ladyship's boudoir. It was a spacious apartment unlike that of her husband, and commanded a splendid view of the mountains, the thundering cataracts, and the green and undulating valley below. The apartment—furnished as it was—showed the perfection of the upholsterer's art. The walls were covered with the richest mosaic-work, and hung with the masterpieces of Millais, Turner, and other pre-Raphaelites, whose productions fetch fabulous prices at the market. The floor was paved with marbles of the richest vein. Large console mirrors

reflected the rich and bright objects there. Sevres china stood in the niches. Candelabra and epergnes with their unique designs graced a polished mahogany table, with a perpetual fountain throwing up jets of perfumed water in the middle. And from the gilded ceiling was suspended a cut-glass chandelier large enough to have alone lighted the whole room. What with these and other objects—the satin-cushioned chairs and sofas, the dazzling mirrors—the elegant ormolu and buhl-work, and a thousand other bric-a-brac; the murmur of the fountain, and the cool and fresh scent of roses and heliotrope borne in by the gentlest of winds,—it was simply talisman to be there.

Almost all these objects were her Stridhun (woman's peculium), being gifts from her father's family, among whom she is wont to visit once every year.

Now that we have described her heavenly habitat, we must say something about the personal charms of the presiding goddess herself.

She was not a ninny-faced girl that like a Charlott or Julia, does every thing but what her duty enjoins; and by turns, cries and smiles and blushes and pouts her pretty lips almost in the same breath. In her the beautiful and the terrible were one; and she looked what she meant. Not that she had terrible eyes terrible nose, terrible lips, or the proportion of a giant; but the terrible lay in the beautiful, and the beautiful in the terrible. Yet she had many of the weaknesses of her sex. Although she was not so passionately fond of fineries, yet she suffered herself to be tricked out *a la mode* by the nimble hand of her pretty abigail.

At the present moment she was contemplating herself in a large glass; and her cherry-lipped buxom hand-maid, who was much shorter than herself, was doing her long dishevelled hair which covered a snow-white and shapely back—as evidenced by the snow-white and rounded arms; and her small and nimble fingers gracefully holding a golden comb glanced lightening-like among the masses of her mistress's hair; and she herself, every now and then, stood on tiptoe to steal a glance, over her mistress's shoulder, at the charming image of her charming little self in the bright and polished mirror. Suddenly she sniffed the air, and curled up her nose—and said to her mistress—

"I smell gunja, madam; perhaps, my Lord has again taken to that odious drug. Those companions of his will work his ruin. O what fine health he had. That green thing and gunja are taking all the life out of him. I have seen and heard many things, madam, about the recent doings of master, but have

hitherto kept sealed lips over them, lest, by divulging them, I should incur your Ladyship's displeasure." At this her Ladyship, who was not naturally of a jealous or suspicious disposition, pricked up her ears—if I may say so,—like a sleeping lioness suddenly started up; when a puff of wind impregnated with the odour of gunja convinced her beyond doubt, of the truth of the hand-maid's story; and presently followed that outburst of joy which the sun-light had caused. All the slumbering fires of her nature now at once flamed up. But she said nothing, and bade her maid also be still. This sudden check to her volubility proved very irksome to her. For, it was with day and night's watching and eaves-dropping at keyholes and other out-of-the-way places, that she had gathered these precious bits of information. And when should she be airing them—if not now?

No sooner had her Ladyship smelt the odorous air, than she made for the place where Shiva, with his inevitable associates, was enjoying himself. Her toilet was scarcely finished. The mass of her raven hair hung loosely over her shoulders. The snow-white arms were bare. The lips were compressed with an unusual tightness. The eyes had a strange light in them like that of old, when she, like a Semiramis, had worsted the whole legion of Daityas (devils) who had warred upon the constitutional monarch (Indra) of heaven. Although the worsting of a husband is not a thing much to speak of, yet by nature and habit the old fires were again aglow; and with a stately speed she began to thread the maze of apartments (followed, of course, by the curious maid)—her rich *saree* dragging along the floor. Some say that most of her Ladyship's jewellery were but paste and Brummagem; and so she might well afford to have them spoiled or soiled, leading the spectator to believe that she did not care much for those gewgaws. But they are calumniators, and we may as well turn a deaf ear to what they say.

While her Ladyship runs on her sacred mission of conjugal correction, we will return to the unhappy object of her displeasure then enjoying delicious whiffs of his favorite narcotic. His friends sate by him in the same posture as before. Some hundred *cheelums* had been smoked and re-smoked, and fresh *cheelums* succeeded with a rapidity that was really marvellous, considering their powers of activity, until all the objects in the room—both animate and inanimate—were hid in a canopy of smoke relieved by frequent flashes from the *cheelum*.

One of his companions thus said to Shiva, with closed eyes—and after much effort at utterance, "If her Ladyship

should come, what would you do?" and he again became hopelessly mum.

The waves of sound enlarged and enlarged till they became faint, and passed into outer space; and yet no reply. The deep and monotonous thrumming of the *Tanpura* went on as before accompanied by the bubbling of the hookah. After a lapse of some minutes Shiva tried to raise his eye-lid slowly; but apparently failing in the attempt, as slowly let it down again: Then after a minute or so, he renewed the attempt, and this time partly succeeded:

"Her Ladyship—" replied he—(pause)

"If———" resumed he—(pause)

"If Her Ladyship"— (pause)

"If her Ladyship should come"—"What Ladyship?—"  
"Where?"

At this moment a light broke in upon him, and he said—

"I don't care." And this he uttered with something of a warmth.

"We shall soon get rid of her"—resumed the arch-smoker—"as the Dussurah is near; and then, during the days she will remain away, we shall, indeed, have a jolly time of it." And so saying he took a hard pull at the orifice of his hubble, as an earnest of his intentions with regard to the future. The water bubbled out into his mouth, but no smoke. Then another puff—and another—but with no better result. At which mishap he divined, in a vague and dreamy way, that something was rotten in Gunjadam; and thereupon his left hand unconsciously and listlessly travelled up the shaft of the *hookah* and rested upon—its *cheelumless* top! And as if by a miracle, his eyes opened and lighted upon the looming figure of spouse—standing before him—like some sprite or affreet suddenly sprung from the spot. Her head was thrown back in a scornful attitude, and the keen and steady gaze of her large dark eyes was fixed upon her cowering lord. My Lord winced. My Lord's cronies, who had so long been in the land of Nod, huddled together panic-stricken. The hubble-bubble—the bhang-pot,—the club for pounding bhang,—in short all the treasures of Shiva—had, somehow or other, found wings; and the transformation scene could not be more complete. Presently, however, the ominous silence was broken thus,—

"For shame—for shame—My Lord! Really I do not know what to do with you. It's scarcely a month, my Lord, since you pledged your word of honor that you would never touch those odious things again. And you are at them again. I am not a

toy, my Lord, to be trifled with one moment, and then taken up the next.—I must have my due." This torrent of invectives burst forth from her irate Ladyship much to the bewilderment of her tripping mate.

"Really, I had no intention whatever of offending your Ladyship. I have always been a dutiful husband."—mumbled out Shiva, scratching his shaggy head—for want of a better explanation. Upon this she flamed up at once, and cried out—

"Fie! fie! my Lord—do not perjure yourself. The moment before you had been speaking of getting rid of me, and of enjoying yourself during my Dussurah absence."

Again my Lord winced, and muttered some excuse.

"You needn't vindicate yourself. I know what you are—what you have been.—All that you can now do, if you wish to remain friends with me, is to renounce those worthless and sneaking friends of yours and vow to mend your own ways."

Again this insulting reference to his friends—in his friends' and his own presence, Shiva, with an air of offended pride, entered but a feeble protest, saying,

"This is really going—hum—a little—hum—too far."

The above expostulation, unluckily for him, instead of silencing her, fanned the smouldering embers of her wrath; and without saying anything further, she, with her own hand, took down from under the tiger-skin (Shiva had no box or any other receptacle) where they had been thought to be secure from the peering eye of his feminine detective,—a spring of new *cheelums* made to order, quite to the taste of Shiva—a bag of excellent bhang—such as the newly appointed Commission might recommend the use of—and a number of ripe Dhutura (Stramonium) fruits. These she took, and quietly went away. This last item of plunder was a crowning piece to the rest, and stunned Shiva no less than his dumb-founded associates. They remained gazing stupidly after the retreating figure of Doorga followed by her favorite maid.

Autumn was far advanced, and the sky became more and more blue, and sunshine became more golden; and night became calmer and holier under the soft and benign influence of a harvest moon that bathed the lofty pines and the golden domes and cupolas of the great house in a flood of silvery light.

And yet the hearts of the divine pair did not as yet soften towards each other. Shiva was no longer that man, if I may be allowed, for convenience sake, to apply the word to a deity. He had left off his smoking habit. His smoking friends saw him no more, neither he saw them. Not a hubble—not a *cheelum*—not a

wisp of smoke even—other than what proceeded from the kitchen-chimneys,—could be seen in that house. At first, for some {days, he had been disconsolate at the loss of his treasures. But time took away the sting of his grief and left him a comparatively sobered and reformed being—a veritable teetotaler. Nevertheless, the pair was not on speaking terms. As regards Shiva, had the breach arisen from any other cause, he would have been the first to speak; but as his best and rarest treasures had been looted by her, he never would speak unless spoken to.

Thus did things go on for a time, when one day, out of sheer vacancy of heart, he got upon the terrace for a walk by himself.

The sun had set; and still the sky was crimson with the fast-fading colors of eve. The wind was blowing cool and fresh.

Gradually the colors faded away, and on the verge of a mass of deep blue clouds a star appeared trembling. A feeling of loneliness and sorrow now stole into his heart, and he was turning this way and that, when his eyes lighted upon the moon just emerging from behind a tree, which, in the gathering gloom of the hour, showed like a giant standing motionless against the sky. And the sight of the rising moon waked memory within him, and led it back to the day of first sight, and then to the days of courtship and marriage and honeymoon, (which last, by the way, somebody says, is the parenthesis of life,)—and a sigh unconsciously escaped him. The remembrance, also, of his old Abkarry friends—Bhang and Gunja—came back to him and revived within him a wish not to be gratified now. In such a night, and with such sweet thoughts, oh that he could enjoy a single *cheelum*! But alas! the invisible sword was hanging over him; and it was not to be thought of even. However, as the melancholy thoughts came crowding in, and as he had never read a page of Burton, he thought he would find solace in his *Tanpurah*, and therefore called for it. Nandi—his *valet de chambre*—brought it from downstairs and handed it to his master. After stringing and tuning the instrument, (for it had remained long neglected) Shiva, with all the glow of his genius, began to pour forth the divinest melodies that ever found utterance in words. They were all composed by him—both word and music—at an age when Mendelssohn or Mozart could hardly lisp. He always extolled melody over harmony, and in this point at least never yielded to her Ladyship, who preferred the piano to the *Tanpurah*, voting the latter a bore, as all women do.

But she was a rich soprano, and sang like a Patti. My good Lord, however, pooh-poohed all that, and called it bosh—only fit



for unrefined and uncultivated ears. Leaving the question, however, to Mr. Clarke, or Dr. Sourindra Mohun, or his learned coterie, we must pass on to say that the moon-light singing had an effect scarcely intended by the singer. Her Ladyship sat in her balcony all alone. The moon-beams fell upon her now softened and strangely beautiful face; and the evening breeze fanned her cheeks and played with her love-locks, and by every means tried to rouse her to lively thoughts; but she sat on motionless, and thus said to herself in a low voice.—“This is the five hundred and fiftieth time he has broken his word.—Is it not likely he will break it five hundred and fifty-first time—five hundred and fifty-second time—five hundred and fifty-third time, till there will be more five hundreds than I or any body can count? Then why this useless attempt on my part?—Why this trouble and constant bickering? Besides, I shall have to leave this soon for my father’s house, for which I could, of course, leave of my own accord; but what will people say? However, I must wait till he surrenders. Until that time, no quarter.”

At the end of the soliloquy, her face again assumed its wonted expression of rigidity. The leaves of the creepers swayed by the gentle night wind fluttered about her face in the hope of bringing back the sweet smile to her lips; the roses flung their odours to soften her, and the moon shed her softest light to please her;—but all in vain. Nothing could move her. At this moment the soft notes of a strange and weird melody fell on her ears. She started; and an unusual and unfathomable look of mildness came into her eyes; and her whole self was changed in a moment. She began to drink in the word and spirit of the song, and, when it ended, drew a deep sigh. The gods and goddesses even, it seems, are not free from those ills which poor humanity is heir to.

Now we must leave her Ladyship for a while to see how the lonely husband was improving each shining hour—not of day—but night. He had laid aside his *Tanpurah*, and was standing there ready to seek her Ladyship’s apartment. For, after much thinking, he had resolved upon an immediate *camisade* to reduce the stronghold, in place of that protracted siege under which it bade fair to hold out to the end of time. Shiva was now suffering from all manner of complaints consequent upon long abstinence—particularly flatulency. Appetite he had none. And professional skill failed to restore his health. Only if he had been allowed a single *cheelnm*, and all would have been right. This he could not expect to have without her Ladyship’s permission, and to have that permission the differences must first of all be squared.

Unable to check his growing *thirst* for *cheelum*, he resolved to storm the fortress, and with that purpose proceeded towards her Ladyship's quarter. He meant to watch her in her unguarded moments, in order to see whether the separation had, in any way told upon her, so that, if such should be the case, immediate action might be taken in the matter without fear.

He had a white dress on which glimmered in that moon-light. His feet were bare, and trod very softly. His tall figure towered almost to the ceiling, and, at that time, had acquired such agility of motion as one could hardly associate with his Brobdingnagian proportions. He had to pass a window which disclosed the profile of her Ladyship sitting in the balcony; and he passed it in the twinkling of an eye.

Meanwhile her Ladyship was in a brown-study, and looked neither to the right nor to the left but only before her. Her mind was in that state now in which the least noise disturbs the dreamer. She had, like the rest of her sex, a great dread of ghosts, and imagined the house to be tenanted by all sorts of supernatural beings. And a sight of one of them, which won't be very easy to her, was sure to throw her into hysterics. She could cope successfully with tangible foes, however, powerful they might be; but supernatural ones she could not dare to face. Even the ghost of a small bird would scare her out of her wits.

As she was thus sitting alone in that moon-light, she heard a rustling noise near her, and she quickly turned her face in the direction from which it came, and in so doing, she caught a glimpse of a tall white figure flitting past the window. She simply gave a scream, and rushed through her apartment adjoining the balcony, and, before she could clear the threshold of another door, fell into the arms of Shiva. This was, of course, an unexpected denouement to him, but so it was, and let it be.

Thus was the matrimonial horizon of the divine pair cleared at last from the cloudy spot which had so long darkened it, and now lay bathed in the sun-shine of love and happiness. That very night, by special permission, he gratified his long-pent up desire for *cheelum* by taking such hard whiffs at the hubble that for three consecutive days he remained insensible.

The time of Doorga's annual exodus to her father's house was approaching. The children—particularly, Kartic and Ganesh—had become clamorous for the intended visit. Their Pooja vacation had already commenced, and was fast losing its days. Kartic was a fine fellow of twenty, and fond of mirth more than mathematics. He was a great dandy too, and led the fashion of

the day. He always rode a peacock instead of a horse, and twirled his moustaches in a military fashion. He wore neither whiskers nor beard, and had a mass of crisped hair glossy like silken floss. He could also twang a bow and handle a long sword—and withal an excellent shot. In love-making too he was desperate. But he was too prudent to commit himself. The first gentleman in Europe had not better manners than our gallant Kartic. Whenever a fan dropped from a fair hand, he picked it up so soon and with such exquisite grace that its fair owner was captivated at once. And women willingly let their fans drop to have them picked up by the inimitable Kartic. Manœuvring mothers with unmarried daughters on hand that were plain and passee invited him to their dinners as often as was consistent with decorum; and heaps of nosegays accompanied by perfumed billets-doux daily accumulated on his table.

Ganesh, on the other hand, was a dumpy young man with a bulging belly and a repulsive visage; and no fair dame ever favored him with a look. He had a mouse for his pet. But he had a wife for all that to whose apron strings he was tied wherever he went.

Doorga had also two daughters—married, but still in their teens, Lakshmi (none of Baroda fame) was an unequalled housewife,—and ‘red as a rose was she.’ Swaraswati was a female Maltenas, and herself was no mean artist, and in beauty too, she vied with the moon. Her forte was the *Vinah*.

Such were the family group who, on a bright September morning, stood gaily dressed on the marble perron of their hall ready to start on their journey. It had at first been arranged that they should travel upon an elephant, but the programme was subsequently changed in favour of a wheeled conveyance—at an indignant protest being entered by Kartic and seconded by Swaraswati. The latter had, on many a previous occasion, fainted away at sight of the uncouth animal; and although now she was accustomed to it, the jerking was too much for her fragile frame, and disarranged her costly dress and chignon.

The splendid state-carriage drawn by four fiery steeds rumbled into the porch; and instantly a liveried groom alighted and flung the panels open on which the crest and motto of the family were emblazoned in golden characters. The young gentlemen first took their seats; then her Ladyship with her two blooming daughters got into the carriage and sat opposite them. Her pet—a lion—then entered—panting and licking, and made himself

comfortable on the rug at his mistress's feet. The favorite maids followed suit. The rest of the retainers had all gathered on the spot, and with tear-dimmed eyes, stood gazing after the lessening outline of the carriage, from which handkerchiefs were being waved to them—until it disappeared in the distance.

Simultaneously with them started Shiva to escort the party to some distance on his fat and stout bullock which—fleeter than horses—ran in advance of the carriage—its tufted tail flung aloft, and its hump moving merrily—and ever and anon bellowing at the top of its voice to express satisfaction at the sort of work it was put to. The burly figure of Shiva—clad in a tiger-skin, and holding a buff-horn in the right hand, and a trident in the left, sat upon the fast-flying animal. What with the rattling of the bells round the bullock's neck, the bellowing of the bull, and the blowing of the horn, the air resounded on all sides.

Bidding God speed to the divine pair, now we must bow to the reader and depart.

G. K.

## LOVE

Love pervades the whole world. Its influence is felt every where. It was love that brought this wondrous and beautiful universe into existence. It is love that upholds it, and love is the channel to carry us to the goal of our aspirations—the Supreme Being.

“Love to God and love to our fellow creatures” is the essence of religion: but, we cannot show our love to God unless we serve the creatures who are the objects of His love. Let us see what love has accomplished.

A flow of love from the Author of the Universe has made this world an abode of bliss. It has made family life enjoyable. It has made the neighbourhood peaceful. It has rendered the land we live in prosperous. In short, it has spread its blessings throughout the whole world.

In the household, we see love enchainning the members of the family. Here, in the same house, are seen brothers and sisters, cousins and nephews, as well as other relations, living together under the control of a patriarch, each contributing to the happiness of the other. It is a heavenly sight, and is seen pre-eminently in a Hindu family. Here the male inmates earn money and hand over the same to the head of the family, who makes necessary arrangement for household expenditure. One inmate may earn more than another, and some may be without any employment. The head of the family does not take these circumstances into his consideration. All are equally taken care of by him.

I know there are many who are against this system: but those who understand the noble principle underlying this system, cannot say anything against it. A Hindoo family is a school. It teaches the duty one inmate owes to another. It teaches reverence to the elder members and affection to the junior ones. It instils into the members a spirit of self-sacrifice, and how can love exist when a person cannot sacrifice his own comforts to make others com-

portable? Can a brother say to another who is without any employment, "I earn money, and I must live comfortably. You cannot share the comforts of life equally with me." This cannot be. If he can say so, he has no love for his brother.

Turning to the female inmates, we also see a pleasant sight. Here the matron is seen tending with a mother's care the juvenile members of the family. It is her inmost endeavour to please every one. She even goes to the length of sacrificing her own comforts in order to make others happy. The junior members also help her in her domestic work, with alacrity.

Love is said to be reciprocal. Love me, and I will love you, is what we often hear. But this cannot be dignified with the name of love. The real lover says, "I *must* love you even if you be not inclined towards me."

A wife in a Hindoo family is quite different from one in the so-called "civilized homes." To pass her time in merriment with her husband is not the end of her life. She is a ministering angel to the family. She helps her mother-in-law in her domestic duties and ministers to the wants of her father-in-law and other members of the family, and her husband is delighted to hear that she has proved herself useful to the family, and has gained the praise of his parents. But, whilst rendering service to the family in general, she is not unmindful of her duties to her husband. She helps her husband not only in secular matters, but also in the higher concerns of life. In other countries of the world, she is called her husband's help-mate in secular affairs, but in India her name is *Saha Dharmini* (सहधर्मिणी). She must be initiated into the sacred *Muntra* along with her husband, she must perform *Yajnas* and other ceremonies along with her husband, and she must visit sacred places and worship the deities along with her husband. This is real conjugal love. Leaving earthly happiness below, it soars high in the heavens so as to reach the source of all bliss.

There is a tendency among our young men to discard the wives selected by their guardians. This is not at all proper. Apart from the consideration of such a course being injurious to the girls who are quite innocent, it detracts not a little from the lofty ideal of love, which hesitates not to love those who do not possess the accomplishments to make them attractive. To show how insignificant this course is when compared with the ideal left by Socrates, I will quote an incident from the life of that great man. The wife of Socrates was of an irascible temper. Socrates married this woman knowing her to be of such a temper. When asked by

a friend why he married her, Socrates replied that, by constantly hearing angry words from her he should be able to bear with patience the revilings of others.

The numerous cases of divorce with which the Courts of law of the West are filled show, how lamentably have the so-called civilized people of the West failed to realize the dignity of love. Both the husband and wife should bear with patience the hard words which either of them may utter when in a state of vexation. Moreover, when one of them finds the other far below the expectations formed of him or her, it is not desirable that a separation should take place, but it should be the inmost endeavour of one to elevate the other as far as possible. This is the work of true love. Had Rukma Bai of Bombay, been imbued with this sort of love, she would not have discarded her husband, Dadaji, but, following the instructions of the sages of old, would have remained attached to him and tried to lift him up. The Hindoo family presents another heavenly spectacle; when there is sickness among the inmates of the house, it becomes the utmost endeavour of every one to minister to the wants of the sick. The male members are seen busy in arranging for the treatment of the sick and the family in preparing diet and tending the sick person in order to make him or her comfortable. On these occasions, they give up their own comforts. They care not to take food or drink and they are seen passing nights without sleep. They do more. When the disease is contagious, they scruple not to hazard their lives. In the case of a cholera patient, they wash the beddings soiled by the excrements of the sick, and they fear not to sleep in the same room with one afflicted with small pox, and to wash the putrid matter coming out of the pustules.

Coming out of the family, we see not a little of the work of love in the neighbourhood. It is delightful to see the inmates of our family helping those of another in times of need. When a *Puja* or a festival takes place in any house, the inmates of the neighbouring houses are seen working day and night: and it becomes impossible for a stranger to find out who are the real inmates of the house. Boys go out to invite the people at their houses, matrons remain in the *Chandi Mandap* or *Dalan* to make necessary arrangements for the worship of the deities, women of the neighbourhood who are known to be adepts in cooking, prepare food for the people invited, and the male members of the neighbourhood serve food to the guests. These occasions become very lovely, when the uninvited poor are fed. After the hard work of

of the day, both males and females are seen employed in this noble work, which is not finished till a late hour in the night. The neighbours do not consider themselves to have done all by working themselves. They make over their utensils and other things for the use of the family in which the festival takes place. Their servants also are lent to that family. These are done on special occasions. In the ordinary course of life when there is sickness in a particular family and the female members of it find it impossible to cook food, women from the neighbouring houses come and do the necessary work for that family. Then again when death takes place in a family, the neighbours come to console the mourners, and perform domestic work for that family. In cases of sickness also, when there are no persons in any family capable of attending on the sick, neighbours come and do this work cheerfully. The members of one family show their love to those of another by calling them *Khura Khuri*, *Mama*, *Mami*, *Dada*, *Dadi* and so forth, epithets which they apply to their own relations and these bespeak of the love which one neighbour has for another.

Let us now go beyond the limits of neighbourhood and see what influence has been exercised by love. Here we see love making no distinction between a friend and a foe, a neighbour and an alien, but stretching forth her hands to embrace them all. It was this love that led Chaitanya Deva to cut asunder his family ties in order to give the solace of religion to the people. It was this love that led him to embrace Sanatana when he became a leper with putrid matter coming out of the ulcers. It was this love that induced him to take Mahomedans, who were inimical to Hindus, as brothers in faith. It was this love that induced Nityananda to embrace Madhai saying—"You have hurt me with pieces of broken pitchers, and should I not on that account give you love in return?" It was this love that led Jesus, when writhing in agony on the cross, to pray for his enemies, saying,—“Father forgive them for they know not what they do.”

We will first see to what extent love is shown to the people at large by our Hindu brethren. They give alms to those who come to their houses to beg. This they do to people of all castes and creeds. Every Hindu family presents daily a pleasant sight. The female members are seen leaving their household work in order to give alms, and, at times, children are seen helping the matrons in this good work. Indeed! a Hindu house acts the part of a school in teaching children how to show love to those who come for help.



The Hindus show their love to their fellow brethren in another way. This is done by housing and feeding strangers including mendicants and needy person. The house of a Hindu thus serves the purpose of an asylum: and the householder sacrifices his own comforts in order to supply the wants of his guests.

Imparting of free education to pupils is another method in vogue among the Hindus of showing love to others. With a self-sacrificing spirit unknown in the West, the Pandits not only teach their students gratuitously but supply them with all the necessities of life, at the sacrifice of their own comforts.

The Hindus show their love to pilgrims to sacred places by building houses at different places, for accommodating them and supplying food to those who require help. They plant shady trees in the road for the passers-by, and dig tanks and wells for their use.

Under the joint family system, the Hindus are required to support their distant relations: and the *Shastras* enjoin on them the necessity of supporting their indigent neighbours.

Let us now turn to the West. There a grand spectacle comes to our view. We see there institutions established under an organised system for affording relief to the helpless. Our Christian brethren bequeath a portion of their money for charitable purposes. Those who have no heirs make over the whole of their money for the same. From the interest of the money thus obtained, as also the contributions made by the people periodically, the managers of these institutions carry out the work of love for which they are established. There are institutions for giving relief to the sick, and hospitals are established under their auspices. There the helpless are supplied with all their wants. Doctors, nurses and servants are attached to these hospitals: and the managers supervise the work done by them. Then, there are some kind hearted women who are called "sisters of mercy." They attend on the sick without taking any remuneration for their work. There are also asylums for mad persons. Every care is taken of them. They live in commodious houses: and are fed and clothed in a proper manner,—objects to delight the senses are placed before them, and inducements are placed before them to peruse books of an entertaining as well as edifying nature. Asylums have also been established for orphans. These helpless children are not only housed, fed and clothed, but adequate steps are taken to educate them intellectually, spiritually and physically; so as to enable them to become useful members of society. There are asylums for the blind, the dumb

and the halt. At these asylums, every care is taken of the inmates, and steps are taken to educate them. When, consequent on foul weather or illness laborers are unable to earn money, they get help from societies specially established to supply their wants as long as they cannot go to work. Help is also given to men of the middle classes, who, owing sudden loss of situation find it difficult to support themselves and their families and this help is continued as long as they do not get any employment. There are also institutions for the sole purpose of reclaiming persons of bad character. These persons are induced to take shelter in asylums provided for them. Teachers are appointed to instruct them in some industry or other, and ministers are engaged to lead them to godliness. By these means, many persons of vile character are reclaimed, and they become useful members of society. Our Western brethren extend their love to foreigners also. There are houses to accommodate those who come on a visit, and every attention is paid to them.

That love which induces a person not only to sacrifice the comforts of life, but to give up life for others, is really admirable. It is seen among the philanthropists of the West. Whenever they hear of any wrongs done to their fellow beings or of any calamities that have befallen them, they become restless and try to relieve them at all hazards. Instances have come to notice of some of our Christian brethren having given up their lives for the good of their fellow beings. The great philanthropist John Howard, passed his whole life in relieving suffering humanity. On a certain occasion, a clergyman accosted him in the following strain:—"You have been laboring so long to save others' souls, is it not about time you did something to save your own?" To this the philanthropist replied: "I have been so interested in others that I forgot I had a soul of my own." This reply was worthy of the great man. A man who passes his whole time in doing good to others unmindful of his own interest is certainly a devoted servant of God.

Who would not admire the love that actuated the great philanthropist St. Xavier? His abode was the hospital of the place to which he went on his mission of love, and his companions were the sick and the helpless. Before he came to India, he had prepared himself for the work he was ordained by Heaven to do. On a certain occasion, whilst attending a hospital at Venice, he had to minister to a sick man afflicted with an ulcer which was both horrible to the sight and noisome to the smell. He at first did not feel inclined to attend on this sick person: but whilst

pondering over it, he remembered the words of St. Ignatious his benefactor and friend who said that, "we make no progress in virtue but by vanquishing ourselves." He then clasped the sick man, and in spite of the loathing he felt, sucked out the corrupted matter from the ulcer. By so doing, he put a stop to the repugnance he had in attending on sick persons with loathsome diseases.

The heroic work of Father Damien must be fresh in your memory: and I need not expatiate on it. Suffice it to say that, he entered Molokai in 1873, robust and healthy: but after a labor of ten years with the lepers, he caught the contagion, and in 1889, fell a victim to it. He died a martyr to the cause of humanity.

In Christendom, women also devote their lives to the cause of suffering humanity. In the establishment of some benevolent societies, they have displayed their genuine love for their fellow beings. "The Women's Christian Temperance Union," for example, has been established with the object of checking drunkenness and keeping society pure. It sends female preachers to different countries to preach against drunkenness and impurity. It has upwards of two lakhs of members, all women. It has about ten thousand branches throughout the world. It has a printing press at Chicago which prints sixty million pages every year. Its journal, the Union Flag, has sixty thousand subscribers.

The individual efforts of several Christian women have also done much to relieve suffering humanity. Miss Mary Carpenter devoted her life to improve the condition of convicts. Mrs. Josephine Butler used to tend with a mother's care the forlorn girls and Miss Florence Nightingale spared no pains to attend the sick in hospitals and at their houses. At the time of the Cremean War, the last named woman, attended the sick and the wounded with 42 nurses at the risk of her life for a year and a half. And to crown all, "the Churchman" announced some years ago, the existence of a leper hospital outside the walls of Jerusalem tended by deaconesses from the German religious houses; and said that, "year after year, these heroic women, without pretentiousness, without trumpeting their work, almost unknown to the world, have waited upon lepers, while themselves literally dying by inches. Their courage has only come to light by the chance notice of travellers."

Last year, when famine raged throughout India, the people of the West extended their love to our countrymen by sending

food-grains and money for their relief: and it is satisfactory to note that even students took a prominent part in this work of love.

We have expatiated at some length on the influence exercised by love in the West for the relief of suffering humanity, in order to show how India—the so-called “Land of virtue,” has lagged behind in this respect. Whilst making this remark, we do not forget the philanthropic acts of the late illustrious Vidya-sagara and of a few other gentlemen. We note also with great pleasure the flow of love from His Highness the Maharajah of Darbhanga and some other noble minded person, which to a certain extent afforded relief to our famished countrymen last year. But, notwithstanding all this, it must be said that, our Hindu brethren of the present day have become apathetic. They enjoy the sweet things of the world to their hearts content, and do not care to take notice of the pitiable condition of their countrymen. Their *Shastras* enjoin on them the following duties:

মাতরং পিতরং পুত্রং দারানতিথিসৌদরান্ ।

হিত্বা গৃহীন ভুঞ্জীয়াৎ প্রাণৈঃকণ্ঠাগতৈরপি ॥ মহা নি ত

A householder, even if he be at the point of death, should not take any food, leaving out his parents, wife, children, brothers and guests.

বঞ্চয়িত্বা গুরুন বন্ধুন যোভুক্তে বোদরন্তরঃ ।

ইহৈবলোকে গর্হোহসৌ পরত্র নারকৌ ভবেৎ ॥ ৬

That greedy person who takes food, depriving his superiors and friends of the same, suffers in this world in the estimation of others, and is doomed to hell in the next.

জ্ঞাতি বন্ধুজনঃ ক্বীন স্তথা নাথঃ সমাপ্রিতঃ ।

অন্যোহপ্য ধন যুক্তাশ্চ পোষ্য বর্গ উদাহৃতঃ ॥ দক্ষসংহিতা, ২ ৩০

Distant relations, friends, the infirm, the helpless, dependants and the poor come within the category of those who should be supported.

Our Hindu brethren of the present day have begun to ignore these wholesome lessons, and have thereby brought woe to our country. The joint family system, which has hitherto given solace to us, is now considered by some of our forward brethren to be injurious to society. The so-called comforts of the family-life among our Western friends have dazzled our educated countrymen to such an extent, that they have begun to disjoint the Hindu

family system. Our countrymen of the preceding generation were actuated by genuine love; and they considered themselves happy in seeing the inmates of their house comfortable at the sacrifice of their own comforts. It was the self sacrificing spirit on the part of the head of the family that induced the members to live in friendly union and love. But, unfortunately, that noble spirit is taking leave of our Hindu brethren. They have now begun to pass their so-called happy lives with their wives and children, shirking the duty of supporting their distant relations. And this is the reason why we meet with widows and orphans of respectable families in a state of destitution.

It is said by some that the general rise in the prices of articles of food and clothing precludes the members of the middle classes to support their poor relations and neighbours. Those who say so should bear in mind that compared with what their fathers earned, their income has increased to a great extent. The real cause of their wants is the use of the luxuries and fineries of the West. They cannot now lead the simple lives which their ancestors led. They moreover spend lavishly on occasions of marriage, *Pujahs* and festivals, and the costly things they send to their sons-in-law and daughters-in-law as presents from time to time, increase their expenditure to a very great extent. Let them prune the luxuries, let them curtail their exorbitant expenditure, and it will be possible for them to share with their indigent relations and neighbours the necessities of life.

There is another point to advance in connection with the poverty of our countrymen: and that is the difficulty experienced by our educated young men to get employment. They come out of the educational institutions every year by thousands, and very few of them get situations. Matters have come to such a pass that graduates are seen working as apprentices in offices in the hope of getting posts at some distant date. Such being the case, it is necessary to open fresh fields for their work. Technical schools should be opened for teaching handicrafts to our young men, the dying industries of India should be revived, and steps taken for the production of new crops, and the introduction of machines to facilitate agricultural and other operations. In short, it should be the endeavour of every one imbued with love for his countrymen to develop the resources of the country, so that poverty may be removed from India, and the chance of recurrence of famine may grow less. The Indian Industrial Association of Calcutta has these objects in view. That Association should

exert itself more than it has hitherto done, and our countrymen should help it with information, advice and money to enable it to render valuable service to our countrymen. There are missionaries among us to give the solace of religion not only to India, but to Europe and America. Let them go on in their work of love: but we say, we are at the present time in greater need of missionaries to preach to our countrymen the necessity of curtailing their lavish expenditure, and developing the resources of the country, so that their starving brethren may get food.

Let us now turn our eyes towards the inferior creatures. Our love should also be extended to them. Here a dismal sight presents to our view. From the ancient times to the present era, man has been very unkind to them. They are considered to have been created by God for subserving the purposes of man: they are even tortured and killed, so that the so-called Lord of the creation may become comfortable. Do we not deprive calves of the milk of their mother? Do we not strip goats and lambs of their woolly apparel in order to prepare *shawls* and blankets for our own use? Do we not kill the caterpillars that feed on the mulberry leaves to get thread for our so-called sacred cloth (পট্ট বস্ত্র)? Do we not kill the oysters for pearls in order to decorate our persons? Do we not give excruciating pain to the animals that we employ to draw our carriages and plough our fields?

India had once the good fortune of witnessing a noble sight, when the system of sacrificing the poor creatures for propitiating the deities gave place to the religion of love to all, proclaimed by the great Buddha. The Jainas and the Vaisnavas have, to a certain extent, kept up the spirit of that great man, but they are but drops in the ocean. The world has yet to show love to these dumb creatures who are unable to make known their grievances. There are, we know, societies here and there for the prevention of cruelties to animals. But, what should we say, when thousands of these creatures are killed by man every day for food? It is a good sign of the times, that vegetarian societies are being established: but, notwithstanding this, the time is far distant when men will give up animal food altogether, and thereby show their genuine love to these creatures.

Having shown our love to our fellow creatures, we should approach the source of all bliss. Love has brought us into

existence, and it is through love that we can attain Him. We must yearn for God as the great Chaitanya and some other devoties did. We must utter in reverence His holy name, we must hear songs in His praise, and we must realize His lovely presence in the objects of nature.

DINANATH GANGULI.

*RICH AND POOR.*

BROWS stern and Gloomy, pale woe-worn faces,  
Tear-stain'd, beneath proud Palace domes ;  
True hearts and loving, fond pure embraces,  
And joy-bright eyes in Cottage homes.

## 2.

Vain repinings, satiety, sadness,  
Enfeebled frames in Halls of wealth ;  
The poor man's dwelling, the home of gladness,  
Sweet rest, content, and rosy health.

## 3.

Believe me, these are but dreamy fancies,  
Wealth brings evils when abus'd,  
But all the pleasures of life enhances,  
If it be but rightly us'd.

## 4.

The poor man's life is a strife unending,  
Want and toil are his deadly foes,  
And few are the joys their rich hues blending  
With the dark tissue of his woes.

## 5.

The rich man knows not the bosoms aching,  
When children ask in vain for bread ;  
He never hath felt the pang of waking,  
To fireless hearth from cold straw-bed.

## 6.

He cannot guess how long hours of toiling  
Torture the hunger-weaken'd frame,  
Nor how the peasant's brave heart's recoiling,  
From pauper's bread in bitter shame.

## 7.

A stranger he to the heart's quick flutter,  
When the rude dun is at the gates,  
And the faltering tongue perforce must utter.



8.

A stranger, too, to the mighty struggles,  
Poverty makes the world to blind,  
Her thousand shifts, and her endless juggles,  
To hide her secret from mankind.

9.

Trust me wealth is with blessings o'erflowing,  
Where its right use is understood,  
And this is the best of its bestowing,  
The luxury of doing good.

10.

But still I envy not Dives' treasures,  
For riches are grit with many snares,  
And though they yield a host of pleasures,  
They bring their duties, and their cares.

11.

And far remov'd from Lazarus' sorrow,  
Thankful for raiment and for food,  
All careless about the dark to-morrow,  
I still enjoy the present good.

R. F. F.

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NEW SERIES.

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PARIS LETTER.

The new Opera Comique is fixed for re-opening about the third week of October. I was over the beautiful building, a few days ago, there the artists and artisans are as busy as ants. Not a little of the building rubbish has still to be cleared away and the mural decorations are far from completion. However, three weeks can effect a great change, and much of the fitting up means only putting prepared work in its home. It is deeply to be regretted, that all the King's houses and all the King's men, could not arrange the property disputes, so as to allow the beautiful entrance facade to show on the Boulevard, instead of being forced as it were to the natural back of the building, opening on a sort of court-yard—cabined, cribbed, confined. It is a Municipal theatre, and reflects great credit on the architects; no money has been spared to make it beautiful. Indeed in all such cases, the Municipal Council does more than its best. The first novelty will be represented in November, an adaptation of Shakespeare's *Much ado about nothing*; in December will follow Massenet's *Cendrillon*. At the National Opera, the opening new lyrical drama will be *Gauthier d'Aquitaine*, where the camp of Atilla and the Huns, will encounter the furious Franks. The music is by M. Paul Vidal and the scenery will comprise much of life in the forests. The Opera of *Lancelat*, by M. Victorin Joucieres, reserves many surprises, especially a ballet—the *Lake Fairies*—of an aerial character and founded upon a

legend taken from Tennyson's poems. The theatre Varietes, only "opens for old operas" during the Dog Days; it brought out Rossini's *Barbier de Seville*. To old play-goers, the music was as fresh as on the first day. It abounds in melodies and not one appeared old, or unfashionable, although ground upon the street organs years since. The house was a bumper one, and the spectators were delighted. Did not the opera re-call many of the happiest souvenirs of their solad days? It also demonstrated that there is a public prepared to support the representation of such operas, despite the preponderating desire for the more modern or scientific music. Then the managers would be able to train a troupe to sing and to act their parts. At this house was brought out a small opera, re-calling *les Noces de Jeannette* by Victor Masse. There is a pretty widow, whose husband, a miller, has left her a little cash. That secures her two suitors, one, a miser, the other a bailiff. She likes Jean, a young and handsome shepherd. To get rid of her suitors, she makes known to the miser, that she has lost all her fortune in a bad investment. He disappears. The bailiff is got rid of, by a more delicate excuse; if he weds her, he must accept *l'Amour blanc*—what fretted her husband to death. That decides the bailiff. When Jean learns the widow is ruined, he is charmed he only loves her the more and becomes her husband. It is a pretty, playful *vein*, just the light humour for a temperature of 85 degrees.

France has found but few openings in her new possessions so far, for her commerce. Everywhere the climate is opposed to European settlers. At home her industries are being well tried by the Germans, thanks to the treaty of Frankfort. Since sometime past negotiations have been quietly carried on, to buy out one of the leading restaurants in the Rue Royall, which is rivalling the Rue de la Paix, in the jewellery and watchmaking trades. The new premises to be opened, are the property of a German-Swiss Company, from Pforzheim and Geneva. They intend to sell cheap, real and imitation jewellery, and horological outputs, and to display goods and prices on some new lines. The promoters have remarked that the public cares very little, if any thing at all, whether a shop be French, German or of other nationality, provided it sells articles good and cheap. It is calculated that two-thirds of the shops in the Rue de la Paix, depend for their support on foreign visitors to the city. The Germans feel they are now so far advanced in working the precious metals and in setting precious stones, as to be able to compete with the

French on their native heath, and undersell them. There are three American jewellery, &c., houses, that have shops in Paris, and lay in their stocks wherever they can obtain what they want, independent of nationality. Patriotism is a very excellent quality, and thus is a genuine article that you require, 10 to 15 per cent. cheaper than at the usual houses. The works connected with the 1900 Exhibition have now been all given out to contractors, and not a demand was made from any association of workmen. The latter had not the capital and they could not deposit the necessary security. In the construction of the Metropolitan or underground railway, it was divided into relatively short sections, ostensibly to allow of modest purses offering; but none came forward. Contractors where they can, will allow their hands to undertake sub-works for a certain sum, so that the men can divide the payment as they please. That would be a kind of solution of the labour question, if well organised, which would suit the French character. It approaches to something like the profits shaving. It is urged that the nomination of a "Minister for Labour" would help the handling of the question. It would do no such thing, there are no difficulties in the exercise of labour; but the latter too often creates them, by intolerant propositions.

The Municipal Council is quite alive to march with the times. It does not always meet with its reward for rising to supply "a much needed want." A few years ago there was a craze to prevent people from being buried alive. Science had no faultless test to ascertain when a man was dead, and a few people came from their graves, to illustrate the mistakes of precipitate interment. The Municipality erected several mortuary depots, where families could allow their departed relatives to remain unburied, till decomposition plainly set in, and so settled the question as to vitality. Well, since the mortuaries have been installed, not a body is ever "waked" there. The question is now being discussed, what is to be done with the accumulating ashes of the cremated? After incineration of the body, the ashes are placed in an earthen or potsherd vessel, and then transferred to a pigeon-hole in the columbarium for five years. The ashes cannot be removed out of a cemetery; but the columbarium must be emptied when full, and hence, the ashes after five years, if not claimed for permanent interment elsewhere, are emptied into a common pit, a new kind of catacomb.

The Municipality devotes great attention to the trade or bread mining needs of the young citizens. For a very small

annual fee a boy or a girl can secure a professional education, that if well utilized, means the certainty of earning a livelihood. It has schools for every branch of business, and it intends opening an establishment for the special training of young persons intending to become hotel keepers, where tact, suavity, and a ready intelligence are the essential qualities required. Switzerland, that land of hotels, on mountain heights in particular, has such a school during the winter, at Sausaune. It works admirably.

The great majority of the holders of scholarships won this year at the annual examinations of the Commercial and Industrial Schools, entitling them to visit a foreign country, have selected Germany as the sphere of their practical studies. In connection with this educational project, there will be included in the ensuing State and Municipal budgets, a certain sum to allow the directors of the schools to visit the commercial and professional establishments of Germany, while delegations from a few trades will be also organized by the Minister of Commerce and Industry, to study the machinery of the associated trades of artisans at work.

A FRENCHMAN.

*TIFLIS.*

Tiflis, the capital of the Caucasus, is about thirteen hours by rail from the thriving port of Batoom. The line, plunges into a succession of cuttings and tunnels, and probably cost more than any other section of equal length in the Russian Empire. For twenty miles it follows the beach; and ravishing glimpses of deep blue water unruffled by the tiniest wave are obtained through breaks in the embanked side. The latter, as well as the hills on the east of the railway, is covered with rhododendrons and laurels. Then, as a higher elevation is reached, and we enter the heart of the mountain the scene changes to one which re-calls the Alps as seen from the approaches to the St. Gothard tunnel. At one point, where the track lies through a gorge hemmed in by beetling cliffs, are the ruins of the first temple dedicated to Ormuzd, the Creative Influence of the Ancient Persians and their descendants, the Parsis. For the Caucasus is amongst the earliest abodes of mankind; and its wild scenery inspired the most ancient and not the least noble of creeds—that which recognizes in nature and the human hearts alike a battle field between powers making for good and evil. The course of the Koura, a mountain torrent known to the ancients as the Araxes is followed by the line of rail. It boils and bubbles in a deep-hewn bed, and works great mischief to the towns it traverses. Amongst the latter is Gore, a conspicuous object on the left bank, with a quaint wooden bridge and a grey old Georgian citadel. One of the penalties of railway travel is that it affords most tantalizing glimpses of objects which one longs to study. We sped past great ranges of rock-dwellings high up on the cliffs to our right, and doubted not that some of the obscurest problems of ethnology might be solved if these mountains gave up their secrets. The last stoppage before Tiflis was Mtsket, a village occupying a plateau jutting far into the Koura. A cruciform cathedral in the Byzantine style crowned by a graceful dome overshadows the group of filthy

huts which is all that remains of Georgia's ancient Capital. It dates from the fifth century: and tradition tells that the site was that of a shrine built to guard Christ's seamless robe, which was brought hither by a Jew. The interior has been disfigured by plentiful applications of whitewash; but there are still some very ancient frescoes representing biblical scenes, the Emperor Constantine, and his mother St. Helena, and a Georgian heroine named Mariam. It is touching to observe the hold which their early history retains on the mind of these mountaineers. Queen Tamara, King David the Liberator and countless other saints and heroes unknown beyond the Caucasus have been dust for centuries: but their memory is still green in the land for which they toiled and bled. The fane is a local Westminster Abbey, and contains the tombs of seven kings and many lesser royal lights. Among the former is a slab of copper, headed by carved scimitars, under which sleeps Gregory XI, who in 1799, surrendered his war-plagued country to the tender mercies of the Emperor Paul. Like many ancient churches of the Greek religion Mtsket Cathedral is the nucleus of a fortress. It is surrounded by solid ramparts enclosing space sufficient to shelter a large population with their cattle in case of sudden raids. They did not avail against the hosts of Tamerlane, who sacked the town towards the close of the fifteenth century and inflicted a crushing blow on its prosperity.

A splendid view of Tiflis is obtained from the railway station. It covers a deep valley hemmed in on the north and south by barren hills rising to an altitude of 2,000 feet, and looks imposing enough with the masses of grey buildings, domes and palaces. The bottom of the gorge is filled by the Koura, which is here pressed into the service of man, being made to turn a dozen curious floating flour mills. Of the physical aspect of Tiflis I need say but little. No sensible man ever yet talked scenery, pure and unmitigated, for ten minutes: a fact which leads one to ask whether it does not occupy too large a place in literature. "Though grey is the prevailing colour," writes a brilliant Frenchman, "the heaven is so pure and the light so clear and dazzling that I found endless pleasure in gazing at the strange landscape before me, especially when the imposing outlines of Mount Kasbek, nearly a hundred miles northwards, is seen from one of the Koura bridges in all the majesty of its untrodden snow." It is a weary drive of more than two miles over infamous roads to the European quarter, which spreads over the southern slopes of the valley. A stiff climb from the River Koura, which is,

crossed by a fine bridge, leads to the Vera Boulevard, the hub of Tiflis officialdom. It is interminably long, and, speaking generally, has a mean appearance. Not but there are some fine buildings, a Palladian Government House, occupied by Prince Galitzin, a too florid picture gallery adorned with Turkish canvasses, the spoils of Kars, and a church, painted in red and white bands. To a student of ethnology Tiflis is a perpetual feast. Its pavements are thronged with a crowd as heterogenous and polyglot as any city in the world can show. In this respect it faithfully reflects the ancient history of the Caucasus. An eminent German writer has pointed out the difficulty of communication and the loneliness of the deep isolated valleys that caused a halt in the stream of population migrating across it to the east and north. Thus we have on the Armenian side of the central range, the Georgians, Mingrelians and half a dozen other tribes each speaking a language of its own. To the north west are the Cherkesses, better known as Circassians, and a swarm of Tartars, who though they embraced Christianity in mediæval times, are now ardent followers of Mahammed. The backbone is the habitat of a tribe calling themselves Irans, and certainly of Aryan descent. The Daghestanis who occupy the eastern continuation of the great central rampart, are split up into a vast variety of tribelets: and the Lesghians, famed for their beauty, still hold the southern ranges as they did in the Augustan age. Caucasians of all descriptions are brave to a fault—witness the stubborn resistance they offered to Russian aggression—honest, hard-working and deeply imbued with the religious spirit. They till their fields assiduously and make splendid weapons, carpets and Bourkas—circular cloaks of heavy felt which protect the wearer from cold and conceal the arsenal of glittering weapons with which he is generally provided. All these, and many a less familiar type, are met with in the narrow streets of Tiflis, where nearly a hundred languages are habitually spoken. Armenians are as plentiful as highlanders, their hooked noses, shifty eyes, and flowing robes rendering it difficult to distinguish them from Jews. According to a local saying they are an alloy of all that is basest in the Greek, Persian and Hebrew: but their tenacity and intelligence render them as important a factor in the Caucasus as they are in Turkey. There is a Persian colony numbering twenty thousand traders who return to Tabriz or Karmanshah after four or five years of leisurely money-grubbing. They are known by their refined features, lit up with large, sad eyes bespeaking ages of slavery. These exiles give an appalling account



of the anarchy which has fallen on their worn-out country. There has been no central authority since the death of Shah Nasseruddin. The provincial governors do precisely what is good in their own eyes and regard the traders and peasantry as *taillables et carueables à merci*. Persia is, indeed, a pear ripe for the plucking, and her annexation would not cost a drop of Russian blood. The measure has been prepared for by the commencement of a railway between Tiflis and Teharan; and so intolerable is the prevailing misrule that the nominal subjects of the Shah would gladly accept the sway of the "Great White Emperor." The Persian quarter at Tiflis is at the south eastern extremity of the town. It covers a spur on the summit of which stands the ancient Georgian citadel whose crumbling towers and battlements seem a portion of the rock on which they were built un-numbered centuries ago. The many-galleried houses which rise in tiers on the steep declivity are a fairly accurate reproduction of the native bazaar at Simla. The exiles have four large mosques. I visited one during the time of prayer and was straightway carried in the spirit three thousand miles away by the sight of long lines of worshippers performing the complicated ritual enjoined by the *Namaz*. The Georgian and Armenian quarters are hardly distinguishable from the Persian. They are a maze of narrow and ill-paved lanes, composed of tiny open shops which are a perpetual delight to the tourist. Here Damascused helms and bucklers, scimitars, matchlocks and curiously inlaid pistols may be picked up at prices which would reduce a Wardour Street dealer to a state of speechless amazement. The swords and long silver-hilted knives produced by modern armourers are not inferior to those once turned out by Toledan workshops. I bought one three feet long after testing the blade by smiting it against an iron bar. Clearly, the globe-trotter who has raised prices at Constantinople and Dehli twenty per cent. above those of London has not yet found Tiflis out. The place is, indeed, very difficult of access, for Vladi Kavkaz, the nearest point on the southern railways of Russia, is 120 miles off, and the long track must be traversed in a diligence plying on the Georgian military road which is liable to prolonged detentions during the winter months. The obstacle is the backbone of the Caucasus, a chain of snow-clad peaks which stretches from the Black Sea to the Caspian: and many months must elapse ere it is turned by the line now under construction between Petrofsk and Baku. But Tiflis reaps advantage from the vast mountain wall which shelters the city and the southern valleys from the icy

north and north east winds. The climate is sub-tropical, and the beautiful Botanical Garden on the southern slope of the hill on which stands the Georgian citadel contains a variety of trees and shrubs peculiar to countries much nearer the Equator. And Tiflis has other attractions fitting it to serve as a health resort. From a gorge close to the Persian town abundant hot springs gush forth and supply three huge bath houses. I found the most fashionable one crowded with Russians enjoying their weekly purification, but secured a Turkish bath of the completest description in an older establishment situated on the opposite side of the gorge. The environs were crowded with pigs wallowing in the waste water even as their ancestors did in Western England, thus inviting King Bladud's attention to the source of Bath's well deserved renown.

The Museum runs the Bazaar very close in point of varied attractions. It is installed in a building destitute of architectural pretensions, but is worthy of the region it represents, which is saying a great deal. The ground floor is sacred to minerals and zoology. Thousands of specimens of metals and ore, artistically displayed, indicate the riches hidden in the bowels of the Caucasus: and the animals and birds are still better represented. They are not penned in those glass cases which make an ordinary museum an abode of boredom unutterable to all but naturalists. The figures, prepared with consummate skill, stand on their native heath in attitudes replete with free and vigorous life. One sees the tiger in the act of felling a vast wild boar; a vulture tearing a prostrate camel. Waterfowl disport themselves in a crystal lake embosomed in trees and tufts of brilliant grass. Rocks are covered with wild sheep and goats; the deer assume postures which would have inspired Landseer's brush. A suite of halls on the first floor is hung with glorious shawls and carpets and filled with groups of life-sized figures illustrating the ethnology of the Caucasus. Here, too, are collections of botanic and entomological specimens on a scale as complete as can be imagined. A winding staircase leads to rooms dedicated to archæology enabling the student to trace the slow evolution of civilised life from the age of stone down to that which gave the world the master-pieces of Grecian art. I thought of collections nearer home and wished that curators of the stamp of M. Radde, the good genius of this delightful place, were more common than they are.

F. H. SKRINE.

## LIGHT RAILWAYS GAUGES.

The battle of the gauges has lately been revived in a new form, in the shape of a controversy in the daily press on the relative merits of the 2 ft. and 2½ ft. gauges for various purposes. The dispute has been characterised, as gauge disputes always have been, by the very extraordinary ignorance on the part of the disputants of the capabilities of any gauge except the particular gauge they champion, and the success or failure of a line has been held to be a sufficient condemnation of the gauge on which it is built.

The purposes for which light railways may be constructed are, roughly speaking, three, *viz* :—

- (1) Military field railways.
- (2) Strategic frontier railways.
- (3) Commercial railways.

and the objects to be attained by each of these are different.

A military field line always has to be constructed at the utmost possible speed and the permanent way must be light and handy with a view to extreme portability: the gauge must be narrow enough to give sufficient flexibility to pass round the sharp curves which must often be employed: and the rolling stock must be large enough to carry stores and the wounded, and perhaps troops and guns. Economy, either in construction or working, is scarcely to be looked at in comparison with the ability of the line to increase the fighting power of the army in the field. As regards the conveyance of stores the suitable gauge will be dependent on the total quantity to be carried rather than on the size of a single suitable vehicle. In the conveyance of the wounded the opposite condition prevails: a carriage has to be designed sufficiently large to carry the men either in a single row, or in double rows, or in two rows with upper and lower berths. For a single row of cots a very narrow carriage would suffice, allowing 2 ft. for the width of the cot and 2 ft. for a passage by which the cots may be visited and the wounded may be carried, a total width of 4 ft. only is necessary, and this can be obtained

on the 2 ft. gauge. A 2 ft. gauge carriage may be over 6 ft. high sufficient to allow of upper and lower berths, so that it could carry 2 wounded men in each  $6\frac{1}{2}$  ft. of its length, or, say, 80 in a train of 20 four-wheel carriages. For two double rows of cots a width of 6 ft. is required, which can be obtained on the  $2\frac{1}{2}$  ft. gauge and a carriage on this gauge could, therefore, carry 4 wounded men in each  $6\frac{1}{2}$  ft. of its length, or, say, 240 in a train of 10 eighth-wheel carriages.

The gauge which can be most rapidly laid is the one most suitable for a military field line even if its carrying capacity be small. Provided it is large enough to carry the necessary stores and to convey the wounded away, a small line which can follow the movements of the army in the field with ease and promptness is of very much greater use than a larger one which is more slowly constructed, although the larger line may have much greater capacity and it may be much more convenient to use when once it is constructed. As the 2 ft. gauge can carry the stores for an army and can also carry the wounded (though not many) it follows that if the 2 ft. gauge can be more rapidly constructed than the  $2\frac{1}{2}$  ft. gauge it is the more suitable.

In circular No. 1 of the 19th January 1897, the Government of India ordered that lines on both the 2 ft. and  $2\frac{1}{2}$  ft. gauges should be constructed with 30 lb. rails, and that the same loads per axle should be permitted. The minimum size of sleeper sanctioned is rather smaller for the 2 ft. gauge than for the  $2\frac{1}{2}$  ft. although, as the same axle loads are worked, the same bearing surface would be necessary to support the rail, and the same size of sleeper would have to be employed. As the permanent way of each gauge would, therefore, consist of precisely the same rails and sleepers there would be no difference in the time occupied in construction. The minimum radius of curve available on the  $2\frac{1}{2}$  ft. gauge is about 125 ft. with a 7 ft. rigid wheel base, and on the 2 ft. gauge about 100 ft., but, as the sharpest curve that would be required in practice is about 150 ft. radius, the superior flexibility of the narrower gauge would be no advantage. As railways on both the 2 ft. and  $2\frac{1}{2}$  ft. gauges are alike in weight and portability of permanent way, as they can be constructed at exactly the same speed, and are for practical purposes equally flexible, the only point of difference is in the relative accommodation afforded by the rolling stock, and this is altogether in favor of the larger vehicles on the wider gauge.

Strategic frontier railways are required to have sufficient capacity to be able to move large bodies of men, a width of gauge

that will admit of a fair speed on a good road and of passing round the sharp curves without which a line cannot be constructed on the Indian frontier, and they must have locomotives powerful enough to have trains of considerable weight. The question of cost both of construction and working is a secondary matter, only to be considered after the usefulness of the line as a strategic railway.

For the purposes of a frontier railway, as well as for a military field line, the differences between the 2 ft. and 2½ ft. gauges, alike in permanent way, in flexibility, and in cost, are resolved into differences in the rolling stock which may be employed and the speed which may be attained. On the 2½ ft. gauge the larger carriages and wagons make transport very much more convenient, and the greater size of locomotive that can be used makes it possible to haul trains of twice the weight that can be hauled on the 2 ft. gauge, and as it is of the utmost importance that a frontier railway should have the greatest possible capacity for conveying troops, guns, and stores, and as, besides having double the carrying capacity per train, the 2½ ft. gauge admits of a speed fully 50 per cent. higher than on the 2 ft. gauge, there seems to be no reason for the adoption of the 2 ft. gauge in any case in which a less gauge than the metre is desirable. A further advantage accrues from the 2½ ft. gauge being suitable for both light strategic frontier railways and military field lines in the fact that the same rolling stock would run over both, at least as far as the carriages and wagons are concerned, and the delay inseparable from transshipment would be avoided. This is a matter of the very first importance, as in times of stress and pressure, just when a slight checking of the traffic might be followed by serious consequences there would of a certainty be great delay and confusion at a transshipment station between two small narrow gauge lines.

In the case of a commercial railway the problem to be solved is quite different, it is the construction of a railway that will carry the estimated traffic with the least cost. The cost of transportation may be stated as the total of working expenses plus interest on capital, and the most economical railway is the one that will carry a given volume of traffic at the least total cost. The interest on capital depends on the amount of capital expended, which again is dependent on the size of the railway, and may be reduced by decreasing the scale on which the railway is constructed. But the smaller the gauge the greater the working expenses, so a reduction of the capital is accompanied by an

increase in working expenses; and an increase of capital cost in constructing a larger railway, with an increase of interest on capital, will cause a decrease in working expenses. It is clear from this that for any given quantity and kind of traffic there is a gauge by which the traffic can be more economically carried than by any other. If this most economical gauge is widened, the capital cost is greater and the interest on capital is increased to a greater extent than the working expenses are reduced; while if a narrower gauge be employed the working expenses will be increased to an extent not compensated by the decrease in interest on capital. In other words a large traffic can be more economically carried by a broad gauge, and a small traffic by a narrow gauge.

The comparative cost per mile of the different gauges as constructed in India, omitting the Barsi and Darjeeling railways, is:—

5 ft. 6 in. gauge	...	...	Rs. 1,20,000
Metre	„	...	„ 54,000
2 ft. 6 in.	„	...	„ 26,000
2 ft.	„	...	„ 32,000

The best through speeds attained in ordinary working are:—

	Miles per hour.		Miles per hour.
5 ft. 6 in. gauge ...	35	* 2 ft. 6 in. gauge ...	16½
Metre „ ...	26	2 ft. „ ...	9

The weight of the heaviest train in ordinary working is about:—

	Tons.		Tons.
5 ft. 6 in. gauge ...	1000	2 ft. 6 in. gauge ...	150
Metre „ ...	400	2 ft. „ ...	75

The weight of the heaviest train which can be worked may be taken to be:—

	Tons.		Tons.
5 ft. 6 in. gauge ...	1500	2 ft. 6 in. gauge ...	600
Metre „ ...	900	2 ft. „ ...	300

Taking into consideration the greater speed obtainable on a broader gauge, and making allowance for the less distance between trains on the narrower gauge, the relative capacity of the different gauges for carrying traffic is approximately:—

5 ft. 6 in. gauge ...	100	2 ft. 6 in. gauge ...	30
Metre „ ...	50	2 ft. „ ...	12

\* 25 miles without a stop at 16½ miles per hour, 68 miles including stoppages at 13½ miles per hour.

The  $2\frac{1}{2}$  ft. gauge has, therefore,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  times the capacity for carrying traffic that the 2 ft. gauge has, but if the 2 ft. gauge can carry its limited traffic more economically than the  $2\frac{1}{2}$  ft. gauge it should be selected for railways where the traffic is so small that the 2 ft. gauge can carry it.

Three railways on the 2 ft. gauge, the Festiniog, the Darjeeling, and the Howrah-Amta, are pointed to as showing that this gauge can be as financially successful as those on a wider gauge. Of these three the Festiniog was originally a horse tramway upon which steam power was afterwards introduced, and it appears from Sir Guilford Molesworth's exhaustive report on it that the success of this line is in no way due to the narrowness of the gauge, but rather that it would have been more successful if it had been constructed on a wider gauge. This opinion is shared by those who have had most experience of the Festiniog railway.

The Darjeeling is a mountain railway with steep grades, sharp curves, and small trains. By reason of its monopoly of the passenger traffic to and from the sanitarium at its terminus, and of the fairly large goods traffic, it is able to command rates of passenger fares and freight which cannot be obtained by any ordinary line, and as a result this railway, with only a third of the traffic, has receipts per mile per week twice as great as those of the metre gauge railways of India.

The Howrah-Amta railway is different to either of these. It is laid for almost its whole length along a practically level road and there are few sharp curves. It runs through flat country, thickly populated by comparatively well-to-do people, and has the largest city in India at one terminus. There is, therefore, a large passenger traffic which is willing to pay a rate of fare that is high for the plains of Bengal, *viz.*, 4 pies per mile. Its receipts are Rs. 150 per mile per week and the expenses are 58 per cent. of the receipts. The number of passengers is about 2,000 per day, and they are carried in 4 trains in each direction, on an average of 250 per train, an average which is only reached by two broad gauge railways in India.

The designing of a passenger carriage for the 2 ft. gauge is a difficult matter; as the maximum outside width permitted by the Government regulations is 6 feet, and deducting 14 inches for the sunshades and 5 inches for the framing there remains only 4 ft. 7 in. for the maximum inside width. The width of seat prescribed for each passenger is  $19\frac{1}{2}$  inches or 4 ft.  $10\frac{1}{2}$  inches for 3 passengers,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches more than the available width. It is

therefore, not possible to build a carriage for the 2 ft. gauge sufficiently large to hold three persons on a cross bench, without exceeding the sanctioned dimensions, if the carriage has sunshades. The Howrah-Amta railway has got over this difficulty by building the carriage some 10 inches wider than the maximum now permissible. By this means they provide an inside width of 5 ft. 4 in., or  $5\frac{1}{2}$  inches in excess of that necessary for 3 passengers. This gives space for 6 passengers, in each compartment, and 18 in each carriage of 3 compartments. A train of 15 vehicles may be assumed to consist of a brake, 12 carriages holding 18 each, and 2 of a slightly different pattern holding 16 each, with a total seating capacity of 248 passengers. But all the trains have not this number of vehicles, so we have the extraordinary condition that a train of maximum size only provides accommodation for the average number of passengers, and not nearly enough for the maximum number that must be carried, which is probably not less than 375. From this it is evident that the trains must commonly be overloaded, in comparison with the number now permitted for new lines, and, instead of 6 passengers, it must be a daily practice to carry 8 or 10 in a compartment. Indeed it would seem that the company consider 10 passengers to be a normal number for a compartment which would be authorised by the present regulations to hold 6, as they charge 10 fares for reserving a compartment. With rolling-stock wider than the dimensions now sanctioned, with its carriages loaded to an extent not now allowable, and with 4 trains each way daily it is scarcely surprising that the Howrah-Amta railway should pay a dividend. Even the 2 ft. gauge can hardly fail to make a profit under such conditions, but as the conditions are abnormal the Howrah-Amta railway cannot be regarded as a typical 2 ft. gauge line, and as an example to be followed. No new line could duplicate its advantageous location elsewhere, would be allowed to employ such rolling-stock, or would be permitted to crowd its passengers in the manner usual on the Howrah-Amta railway.

The Tarkessur and Magra railway, 2 ft. 6 in. gauge, may be compared in some respects with the Howrah-Amta railway, as it runs through similar flat country. The Magra railway, however, has several disadvantages in comparison with the Amta line. It does not run on a road, but has had to acquire and pay for land and construct its own embankments; its bridging is considerably heavier, and its permanent way is laid with 30 lb. rails, against 24 lb. on the Amta line. The following particulars exhibit some



of the chief points of interest in the two railways:—

		Howrah-Amta.		Tarkessur-Magra.	
Miles of line	...	...	28.62	...	31.12
Cost per mile, Rs.	...	...	37,500	...	30,000
Train mileage per mile of line					
per day	...	...	6.3	...	6.4
Gross earnings per mile per					
week, Rs.	...	...	152	...	51
Working expenses per cent. of					
gross earnings	...	...	57.7	...	69.5

It will be observed that in spite of its heavier construction the Magra railway has cost less per mile, and that with only one-third of the receipts of the Amta line its working expenses are only a slightly larger proportion of the gross earnings. It is, therefore, manifest that the 2½ ft. gauge railway is able to carry an equally light traffic at least as economically as the 2 ft. gauge, and, therefore, is able to carry a larger traffic very much more economically.

A point not always noticed is the greater stability of carriages and wagons on the 2½ ft. gauge, and their easier running, giving greater comfort in travelling and less wear of the permanent way. The locomotives of the 2½ ft. gauge can be designed with sufficient wearing surfaces, which is an impossibility on the 2 ft. gauge, except with small engines of very limited power. This renders the cost of repairs very much less in locomotives on the 2½ ft. gauge in proportion to the amount of work they are able to do.

We have seen that the 2½ ft. gauge is more suitable than the 2 ft. gauge for military field lines because of its equal lightness and portability, its equal rapidity of construction, its equal flexibility (in practice) and its greatly superior accommodation and power. We have also seen that for strategic frontier railways the 2½ ft. gauge is the more suitable because of its equal cost and flexibility and greater carrying capacity, while for commercial railways the 2½ ft. gauge is more suitable because it costs no more to construct, it is as flexible as such lines are required to be, it is able to carry the lightest traffic at quite as low a cost, and as it has a very much larger carrying capacity, it provides accommodation for expansion of traffic, and can carry a large traffic very much more economically than the 2 ft. gauge, and, therefore, it is in most cases able to make a larger profit. A reduction of gauge below 2½ feet, with the present regulations, only means a reduction of carrying capacity without reducing

the cost of construction, and without reducing, almost always increasing, the working expenses. The  $2\frac{1}{2}$  ft. gauge is, therefore, with the existing regulations, the minimum gauge for an efficient railway, and the selection of a less gauge, except under circumstances which are not considered here, simply means the purchase of an appliance of less power at an equal cost, and less economical and profitable to work.

R. C. B.

### BISHABRIKSHA—A STUDY.

As a novelist every one will admit that Bunkim Chundra is without a rival in our country, nay he may even be compared favourably with some of the best novelists of the world. Bunkim has written many novels, but "Bishabriksha" and "Krisna Kanta's Will" are his master-pieces. These two books show his real genius and his keen insight into the human nature. In the construction of plot, in the delineation of character, in the accurate psychological study of human nature as well as in the beauty of style these two books stand high above all the rest of B.'s novels. Bunkim's novels may roughly be classified under two heads, (1) Romance; and (2) Novels of real life and society. The events and personages in a romance, are generally of a picturesque, lofty and imposing kind. These might be taken from history but in an adapted form in which the historical element is altogether lost sight of or plays but an unimportant part. The novels of actual life and society are realistic tales of private life, in which the events are of ordinary occurrence and the personages act not necessarily according to the maxims of morality, but according to the passions of human beings as they are. To the former class, belong "Durgesnandini," "Anandamatha," "Sitaram," "Rajani," "Devi Chowdhurani," "Kapal Kundala," "Raj Singha," "Indira," "Chundra Shekhar," and "Mrinalini." Under the second head fall "Bishabriksha" and "Krisna Kanta's Will." In reviewing "Chandra Shekhar" we shall try to show that though at first sight it seems to come under the second head, it really belongs to the first. The subject of our present study is "Bishabriksha" and while reserving "Krishna Kanta's Will" for a future occasion, we cannot help saying something about it in connection with "Bishabriksha."

"Bishabriksha" and "Krishna Kanta's Will" are in fact two parallel novels. They have many points of resemblance, the plots in both are almost alike, both teach the same lesson, both have a tragic end as a natural consequence of youthful folly. The heroes of both the novels are at first of a pure and noble character, but are gradually degraded by the same cause, *vis.*,

unhealthy passion (not true love) for a beautiful young widow. In both cases the enchantresses of the heroes suffer and die and the wives of the heroes too, suffer much, though Suryamukhi does not die like Bhramara. But if there are points of resemblance, there are also points of difference in these two novels. There is no great difference between Nagendra and Govinda Lal, but between Kunda and Rohini the difference is as great as that between heaven and hell. Kunda the fair charmer of Nagendra is a flower of heaven, while Rohini the tempter of Govinda Lal is a monster of hell, Suryamukhi and Bhramara were both ideal wives, but Bhramara who was yet in her teens lacked the wisdom and penetration of Suryamukhi. But in one respect Bhramara beats Suryamukhi. To Suryamukhi her husband was all in all and above all, to Bhramara her husband was everything and above all earthly things, but not above one thing, *viz.*, *virtue*. But of that afterwards. It is not difficult to prove that Nagendra never loved Kunda from his heart, neither did Govinda Lal love Rohini. They were intoxicated with the delicious poison of Kunda's and Rohini's respective beauty, but they never felt true love for them as will be shown by and by. This was simply an infatuation caused by the magical influence of a sweet lovely face, which is irresistible and bewitching.

In Bishabriksha, Bunkim strikes the key-note at the very beginning. We first meet Nagendra during a storm which only foreshadows a greater and more calamitous storm in his own heart afterwards. We first meet Kunda, a girl of thirteen, in a dimly-lighted room of a ruined house by her father's deathbed, and yet unconscious of the approach of that grim king of terrors. Her heart too was dimly-lighted and quite unconscious of future events and her own death. The flickering flame goes out and with it the life of Kunda's father. She thought her father was sleeping and so began to fan him, not knowing that he was sleeping the sleep that knows no waking. Poor little Kunda! At last she fell asleep with fatigue, and in her sleep dreamt a terrible dream which was nothing but the awful shadow of her destiny. This destiny might have been averted by some supernatural force of will which Kunda lacked like most people. Or who can avert destiny? She saw a bright figure in the digit of the moon which slowly descended towards her and Kunda saw to her great astonishment that it was her own mother gently asking her to leave the earth and accompany her. "Where shall I go" asked Kunda. The bright figure pointed towards the brightest starry region. "I cannot go so far, I am so weak" faintly answered

Kunda. Her mother in a deep voice said "My child, it would have been better had you come with me. Time will come when you will eagerly wish to go to that region. Once more I will come to you when in your wretched condition you will remember me. Come with me then. Now see these two figures in the sky. Avoid them as two evil spirits. Don't be taken with the noble appearance of this man, he will be a curse to you though he is high-minded. Shun him as your evil genius. Look at the other figure of a fine young woman. She is a monster in the shape of a fair woman. Fly from her when you see her." The bright spirit vanished and Kunda waked up. Was it a dream? Is there any dream so prophetic? From the very beginning we feel sweet Kunda is doomed.

As to the probability of such a dream we have nothing to say, for who knows there might not be more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy? But even if we leave out this dream altogether the interest of the book is not in any way diminished, neither does the plot suffer in the least. It serves only as a prologue and nothing else. It does not interfere with the events and actions of the book. When Kunda first saw Nagendra she suddenly stopped short and gazed at him with wonder. Similar was her wonder when she first met Hira. Why, because in them she recognised the figures of her dream. Call it second sight or instinct it does not matter much, for Kunda was not benefited by it. Events happened in their natural course and Kunda was carried along by the current of events. Nagendra, actuated by humanitarian motive and seeing no other alternative brought over forlorn and helpless Kunda to his house. This was the transplantation of a heavenly tree which afterwards in a different soil turned into a poison tree.

Man is a creature of impulses moulded by circumstances. If the circumstances are favourable the impulse will have its way; even if they are unfavourable, and the impulse be strong, it will adapt the circumstances to serve its own purpose. Where the circumstances do not stand in the way of the impulse, its attainment becomes easy and inevitable. Such was exactly the case with Nagendra. He was noble, generous, rich, and (what is rare in such a case,) he was of a spotless character. He had no wants and was perfectly happy for he was blessed with an ideal wife, whom he loved dearly. His heart was full of the milk of human kindness and it was out of that kindness that he brought over helpless Kunda to his own house, and gave her away in marriage with Tarachurn. But the fates were against Kunda.

and after 3 years she became a widow. Kunda now not a girl, but a blooming beauty of 17, was brought back by Suryamukhi to her house. Here as the author says, the seed of the poison tree was sown, for circumstances placed Kunda within an easy access of Nagendra. Circumstances changed the noble nature of Nagendra and made him take to drink in order to fight out the fierce conflict between reason and passion which was raging within his heart; but in that conflict between duty and desire, the last got the better of the former. This delineation of Nagendra's struggle and his subsequent defeat is perfectly *natural*, if not strictly moral. Here the author is true to nature and so he has *not* painted Nagendra as an ideal of abstract moral principles, which exists only in romance. Bunkim Chundra understands human nature better than any preacher of unrealisable principles of morality. He has shown that a man, however pure he might be for sometime is not above temptations, that flesh and blood will sometimes rebel in spite of all intellectual qualities. Living amidst temptations it requires superhuman force of will to resist them, and both Nagendra and Govinda Lal lacked that force of will. Let not stern moralists frown at the author for depicting characters which do not correspond to the ideal type. Like Shakespeare, Bunkim describes characters as they are and *not* as they ought to be. Frailty of human nature is a fact and it would be falsifying a palpable fact to ignore it, and a great genius cannot be false to nature, false to his own observation. But Bunkim knew that superhuman force of will is also possible in man, that both good and evil exist in this world. Over against Antonio stands Brutus, over against Macbeth stands Banquo, over against Goneril and Regan stands Cordelia, over against Tachimo and Tago stand Horatio and Kent, over against Nagendra and Govinda Lal stands Protap in Chandra-sekhar. Protap lived amidst greater temptations than Nagendra or Govinda Lal, for, *real* love and not infatuation existed between him and Saibalini, the attachment formed in earlier years between the boy Protap and the girl Saibalini grew into life-long love which was too strong for poor Saibalini to overcome even when married to another man. But Protap by superhuman force of will did resist the terrible temptations of indulging in his ardent love for one who was no longer his own, although her heart had always been his. But of Protap afterwards. But although Nagendra and Govinda Lal resemble in almost all respects, the former differs from the latter in one essential point, and it is this; Nagendra's motive was purer than Govinda's so he married

Kunda, while Govinda Lal kept Rohini as his concubine. Govinda Lal plunged into vice out of revenge to his wife for false accusation, though that was only a spur to hasten the fulfilment of his desire which he tried to subdue; while Nagendra lawfully married Kunda, with the full consent of his wife, in fact, his wife it was who brought about that marriage. Nagendra acts more nobly than Govinda Lal, both being placed under similar circumstances; so we pity him for his unhappy marriage with Kunda, but we can never hate him, for even his weakness leans on virtue's side. It has already been said that Nagendra never *loved* Kunda from his heart, it was only a temporary infatuation or insanity for a lovely beauty. This might at first sight seem to be a paradox, but the following scene will corroborate the assertion. It was early morning, Nagendra was still abed; Kunda sitting near his head was fanning him. Both were silent. This was ominous, no one was near yet both were silent. Was this a sign of perfect happiness?—With Suryamukhi their happiness also fled. Kunda always thought how to restore matters to their former pass. This day she ventured to ask Nagendra how she could restore former peace and happiness. Nagendra, being a little displeased said "How to restore things? Do you repent that I have married you?" Kunda was hurt and said "By marrying me you have made me so happy as I never dreamt of. I don't mean that, I mean how to bring Suryamukhi back. Nagendra said "Don't utter that name, my heart burns to hear you utter that name, it is for *you* that Suryamukhi has left me." Kunda knew this very well, but she was cut to the quick at hearing this cruel heart-rending truth from her own Nagendra. Poor innocent Kunda! What was her fault, Suryamukhi herself brought about that marriage. After a while Nagendra seeing her remaining silent, said "Kunda, why don't you speak, are you angry?" Kunda answered "No." "You stop with that monosyllabic 'No,' perhaps you don't love me now." "O yes, I do." But Nagendra was not satisfied with this laconic answer, so he said "Perhaps you never loved me at all." "I have been loving all along," still Nagendra was not satisfied for he wanted professions of love, he measured the depth of love by spoken words like old king Lear. Had Nagendra really loved her he could see what was going on within her heart, he could have known the unfathomable depth of her heart, and the purity and intensity of her love; he could have found inexpressible meaning in that single word "No." But Kunda's only fault (if it be a fault at all, how divinely sweet it is) was her timidity like that of Desdemona. Desdemona

knows no words, but her heart was full. And is there a more beautiful and divine personification of loyalty, loveliness, and purity, than Desdemona in the whole range of English poetry? And is there a lovelier and at the same time a more unfortunate girl than Kunda in our literature? She closely resembles Desdemona. Kunda, however, had the boldness to speak out her heart only once and it was just before her self-inflicted end. The scene is too pathetic and heart-rending. Kunda was sitting on the floor with her head leaned against the cot. Seeing Nagendra approach her she burst into tears and lay prostrate at his feet. "What is this, Kunda" said Nagendra in a trembling voice, "for what fault of mine do you leave me?" O cruel Nagendra how dared you ask that question after having neglected the poor innocent girl for whom you had at one time been so much infatuated? Now that her end was approaching timid Kunda for the first and last time in the brief span of her miserable life could speak out her grief and in sweet reproach reiterated "for what offence of mine did *you* leave me? Had you but come to me yesterday and thus once called me by name had you but yesterday sat by me as you do now, then I would not have died. I got you only a few days ago, my yearning to see you has not yet been satiated. I would not have died." O Nagendra, it is too late, for the want of one affectionate word in time, you lose a precious jewel for ever. Kunda dies like a swan in melancholy music of love. Thus also withered the western flower Ophelia. The ethereal essence of such heavenly spirits is too pure for the gross atmosphere of this world.

As to Suryamukhi, it would suffice to say that she is a true Hindu wife, and what greater compliment can be given her than this? Is there a higher ideal of a wife anywhere in the world than Savitri, Damayanti or Sita? Whenever a thorn had pricked her husband's foot, Suryamukhi wished to have placed her own bosom to prevent it! Is not such devotion worthy of a true Hindu wife? Her extraordinary self-sacrifice which even a Hindu wife cannot always perform is a direct proof of her loyalty and devotion to her husband. Savitri, Damayanti and Sita followed their lords through thick and thin, but they had not to make the greatest and dearest womanly sacrifice, *viz.*, to give away the dearest object of a woman's heart to another. Suryamukhi made this extraordinary sacrifice and of her own accord brought about the marriage of her husband with Kunda. None but a woman can measure what sacrifice she made, and what was the state of her feelings. But Bunkim Chundra understood human nature so



well that he has not delineated Suryamukhi as above womanly weakness. After Nagendra's marriage with Kunda, Surya asked Kamal to observe how happy her brother was. She was happy too, but at the same time something was burning her heart. And what was that? It was Nagendra's neglect to her. Kamal truly said that half of her heart was still full of the indestructible "ego," otherwise she would not have repented after making such sacrifice. But did Suryamukhi repent? Not at all, but even the most heroic stoicism cannot suppress the feeling of pain, and so the pent-up feeling of Suryamukhi burst out before the sympathetic listener Kamal and they both wept. The next morning Surya was missing and a letter was found on her untouched bed which disclosed everything. This step of Suryamukhi shows that after all she is a woman, and a woman however noble and self-sacrificing cannot bear the sight of her co-wife. This natural weakness in Suryamukhi makes her leave her husband who is all in all to her, but who has neglected her. But now when Suryamukhi has left Nagendra, he sees that Kunda is not Suryamukhi. What is the difference between the two? Surya's love is refulgent like the midday sun, Kunda's love is sweet and soft like the twilight sun. The twilight sun has the same intensity as before, but it is we who do not feel it owing to physical causes. Kunda's love is not less intense than that of Suryamukhi, but

"She never told her love,  
But let concealment, like a worm i'the bud,  
Feed on her damask cheek; she pin'd in thought."

Is not this love indeed? But human nature is not satisfied with such untold love, it wants not depth or intensity, but vows and professions of love, and so Nagendra was not satisfied with Kunda's monosyllabic answer "No." His infatuation for Kunda is gone, and his true love for Surya come back with such an overwhelming force that nothing could save and soothe his maddening soul but Suryamukhi. Surya was found, Nagendra was saved, but the lovely little Kunda flower withered away in utter neglect!

But of Kamal what shall we say? We admire Kamal not only because she is witty and sprightly, but because of her high womanly qualities, *viz.*, a sympathetic and kind heart and a firm faith in her husband. Kamal's fidelity to her husband was firmer than the rock and she advised the same firmness to Suryamukhi when she received her letter about the change in Nagendra. She sympathised both with Suryamukhi and Kunda and won the confidence of both. In moments of grief and sorrow both looked upon her as the only support to lean upon. She is a rare jewel, such a jewel falls to the lot of a few men, but he who has such a

wife is richer than a king and monarch of a peaceful and happy home. Kunda is an ethereal being fit for the lovely regions of poetry, Suryamukhi's loyalty and self-sacrifice are worthy of the regions of romance, Kamalmani's sweet roughness, quick penetration, ready sympathy and firm fidelity to her husband, make this prosaic world of ours a paradise. Once only we were displeased with Kamal. She always loved Kunda, but when Suryamukhi was gone, Kunda lost Kamal's love too. She went to Kamal with tearful eyes and overflowing heart, but Kamal did not even speak to her. Kunda had none to soothe her in this wide world!

We must not omit to say a few words about Devendra and Hira. At first sight Devendra seems nothing but a drunken debauchee, having no claim to our sympathy. But yet we are inclined to accord him some sympathy. And why? Because his interior is after all not so dark and repulsive. Moreover there is a pathetic history of his fall. At first his character was spotless he was diligent in his studies, amiable and truthful. But his marriage with Haimabati was a curse to him. Devendra was beautiful, but his wife was not only clumsy, but a regular virago. Devendra tolerated a great deal, but there is a limit to one's patience. One day his wife very much abused him and he lost all patience and from that day plunged into vice. Poor man! the tenderest emotion of the soul, the sweetest ambrosia in life, he could never enjoy at home. Let not greedy fathers destroy for ever the peace and happiness of their sons for the sake of a few thousand rupees. We pity Devendra and blame his lot, although we cannot justify his mode of living. But it must be said to his credit that he is far better than many a Joesph Surface or the proverbial "saintly cat," as is evident from the fact that at first he repulsed the love of Hira, which an unprincipled debauchee would not have done; that he subsequently ruined Hira, was merely done out of revenge.

Hira, the root of the poison tree, was a handsome woman and deeply loved Devendra. But still she would not sell her honour to him. Is this a maid-servant? In fact we sometimes forget altogether that she is a maid-servant. Her maliciousness grows only out of her disappointment in love, otherwise she would not have been so vile. Hira does mischief to wreak vengeance on Devendra and Kunda whom she can never endure, for Devendra loves her. We cannot blame her for falling in desperate love with Devendra, who was far above her in rank and position. She could have done anything if Devendra loved

her in return. But this was not possible for him to do, and so Hira determined to be revenged. What a terrible thing is a woman's revenge! Poor Kunda was done away with, and Devendra even at his death-bed was tormented by the mad song of Hira.

SAILENDRA NATH SIRCAR, M.A.

*EDUCATION, ITS MEANS AND ITS ENDS.*

The immortal poet Milton gave the following definition of Education. "I call a complete and generous education that which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously, all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war." This definition is considered by some of his biographers to be comprehensive enough, and considering the great name connected with it, it may look somewhat presumptuous on our part to try to find a better one. In our country now-a-days a notion has become common theory that one cannot be considered to have a fair education unless one has obtained a university degree: and here actually the value of one's education is measured by his university attainments. You may obtain the greatest titles that a *tal* (a Sanskrit School) can confer, you may learn mechanics of the highest order, you may have sufficient knowledge to make you a thorough man of business, but alas, how can you aspire to be reckoned as educated when you have not got a single university distinction? If you enter a village in India—especially Bengal—you will find how great is the honour of possessing a university certificate, even if you have only just crossed the threshold of the university after matriculation. A young man crossing that threshold will not hesitate to consider himself far more educated than a great pundit, however vastly learned the pundit may be in Sanskrit and other lores—only because the latter has little knowledge of English and has not obtained any distinction from a university. Let alone the boy, his father of maturer years will not be ashamed to demand from you cash to the tune of not less than two thousand rupees, if you will only ask him to marry your daughter to his son. And why so? Only because the boy has obtained a certificate of matriculation from the university, evidencing his having acquired a good education.

Now having said so much and hinted what education is popularly held to be by our people let us proceed to consider what the real meaning of education should be. In days of yore, when

the name of university was not heard of in India, there were persons renowned for their vast learnings and thorough education, which could raise them far above the average educated persons of the present age. Education should not be strictly confined to our university learning only. The University teaches us very little to call ourselves educated. She only shows us the way that leads to education. She is the lame person with eyes wide open riding on our shoulders and leading us—the blind people—on our journey round the world. One's education does not necessarily restrict one to getting thorough mastery over literatures, scientific researches, the solving of great mathematical problems and the like. A musician may have his education in music, a carpenter may have his education in carpentry, even a potter may have his education in pottery. These are all different parts of the different sorts of education. It is not surely intended by the creator above that one single being should become a master of literature, science, mathematics, music, carpentry and of pottery. Every one must be allowed to pursue his own taste and inclination. A single person enforced to learn all the different branches of education cannot be expected to excel in any. If five persons with five different tastes pursue five different learnings, each of them is sure to get thorough mastery over his own particular pursuit. These five combining in a society can help each other in their need, and enjoy the fruits of their labour in such a way as each of them has an equal share. Taking these facts into consideration we can easily conceive the great difficulty in practically carrying out the definition of the great poet, given above, in its fullest sense. All the different sorts of education huddled together into the brain of a single individual cannot produce any good result.

The first aim of education should always be to guard the morals of our young people. Moral education should go hand in hand with each of the other sorts of education that an individual may like to pursue. You may learn music, but morality should be your first aim. You may pursue literature and may gain complete mastery over it, but where is your education when you have lost your morality? An ignorant and unlettered person is far more educated than you, however vast your knowledge may be in arts, science and literature, if you are only a step behind him in moral education. "According to Milton moral shipwrecks are the consequences of bad education."

Now, as to the means of education we should not totally and blindly confine ourselves to books alone. Books only give us

information as to how we may be educated. We may gather our knowledge about various subjects, get informations of various sorts through books; and in books we may read the accounts of different nations, wonders of God's creations, descriptions of rivers and mountains and of many other things. Having gained all this knowledge we should then proceed to observe closely the truths of what we have read in our books. We should observe the changes of all natural phenomena that daily take place around us, and mark clearly whether they really tally with what we found in our books. Observation and experiment are the two main things that aid us infinitely in the pursuit of our knowledge. In Europe and in every other western civilized country it is found that persons after completing their university education often make a tour throughout the continent to extend their education. They go there not for any amusement's sake, and not for any idle roamings over lands but to observe and see the truth of all what their books have told them. But in our country the case is quite contrary. It is out of question to expect our young men to make a continental tour. They will not move a pace even, beyond the walls of their sweet home, and coming out with academical distinction they leave their books at once, and think themselves sufficiently educated. Their aim then confines them to the only thought of how to earn their livelihood. Thus all their education ends here after five or six years of hard labour in the university! But what can our poor countrymen do beyond this, when they find their means so limited as not to be able to proceed any further? There are numerous big zemindars, Rajas, and Maharajas all over our country, but how many do we find among them so liberal as to take keen interest in the further progress of the education of our youngmen? The more freely we mix with different nations, and the more closely we observe their manners and customs, the more we shall be able to add to our knowledge. A close observer of nature and the phenomena around us is sure to gain more knowledge than one who depends only on what his books have taught him. Comenius proposed "Language only as an instrument not as an end in itself; many living languages, instead of the one dead language of the old school; a knowledge of things instead of words; the free use of our eyes and ears upon the nature that surrounds us; intelligent apprehension, instead of the loading of the memory." And "these were the doctrines," says an European educationist, "afterwards inherited by the party of rational reform." There are persons

who may be heard to cry of "small result and much time." But to prove the natural error of these persons allow me to quote the following lines. "It requires much observation of young minds to discover that the rapid inculcation of unassimilated information stupifies the faculties instead of training them."

What then should be the end of our education? Should the end be merely to earn money and is that all we should seek in this world? Certainly not. The end should always be something higher. We should go on and on all through our lives to seek the ultimate good in ourselves as well as in others. We should try to reduce all our education into practice. Mere learning a thing in theory is not learning at all unless we can prove the truth of what we have already learnt. If we have really learnt anything good we should try our best to impart that good to our neighbours, and not be so selfish as to keep it confined to ourselves. By improving our social and moral condition, by doing good to our country, and by seeking the happiness of all around us, we show that really we have improved ourselves to a certain extent by education. When we have learnt to do all these we may step by step aspire to know God aright, and thus gradually may approach the great end of our education.

BHUPENDRA NATH MOOKERJEE, B.A.

### STYLE IN PROSE.

The essential quality of poetry is music, but the essential quality of prose is clearness of expression. There is no other secret than this, yet the embryo writer is apt to imagine that good style is something more than mere lucid straightforward representation of such thoughts as the mind conceives, and consequently difficult of attainment. Most of our great writers have aimed at nothing more intricate than to express their thoughts in a clear, simple way, so that their meaning may be more easily as well as readily comprehended, their very simplicity being their charm. Loud-sounding adjectives, and long words do not conduce to a good style, but are rather calculated to render the meaning obscure, and, as is often unfortunately the case, mar the otherwise brilliant thought. To think well is to write well, but how frequently good thinkers, in their effort to adorn and elaborate their style or writing, deliver their thoughts in words and phrases which, if not incomprehensible, steal half of the quaintness and beauty of conception. Involved sentences, confusion of metaphors, redundant clauses and qualifying words, not to speak of long Latin vocables, are what conceal the writer's best thought. This does not imply that one is not to use any Latin or words derived from other than pure saxon : on the contrary Latin and other vocables may often be employed with very good effect, but it should be always the writer's endeavour, to use simple saxon monosyllables, except when such derivatives will render the passage clearer or more effective. The too earnest striving after effect is another fatal error and should be eschewed, as it generally leads to extravagance and affectation whereby a good thought is spoilt by lack of simple, direct, natural utterance. It is true there are writers who have disregarded these principles, but they were masters and that fact entitled them to such liberties. As a Music Teacher said to her pupil when the latter asked why when Bach has taken this and that license she should not be allowed to do the same, "Because you are not Bach." To try to be striking, new, fine is an egregious mistake. Endeavour



your to see clearly and to write plainly and justly and you are on the high road to style. The next though not less important than simplicity and clearness is accuracy and conciseness. Conciseness when it is not attained at the sacrifice of clearness lends great force to writing, and what we term better style in one writer as compared with another is only increased accuracy and conciseness. Flashes of thought are very apt to get mixed in the mind and unless the writer takes pains to unravel them and give each a clear, distinct utterance with a definite meaning, vagueness, obscurity and ambiguity are the result which tax the reader's mind beyond endurance. Half the value and beauty of thought is lost when expressed ambiguously, obscurely or enigmatically.

"Be true," said Dr. Joseph Parker, "for every man will be most effective when he is truest to his own individuality of thought and expression."

E. C. M.

*LIFE OF BENJAMIN DISRAELI,*

## CHAPTER I.

## ANCESTRY AND EARLY DAYS.

The crimes of nations, like the crimes of individuals, have ever produced national error, suffering or loss. Two centuries ere the suicidal expulsion by Louis XIV. of the Protestant Huguenots from France, Torquemada and the Inquisition, with equal criminality and equal shortsightedness, expelled from Spain two heretical races which comprised within their folds almost all the elements of industry and enterprise which were to be found on the soil of the Iberian Peninsula. Those races were the Jews and the Moors. One of the Jews thus expelled from a region where, according to family tradition, his ancestors had been settled for more than a thousand years, was the ancestor of the Right Honourable Benjamin Disraeli, one of the most brilliant novelists, one of the most trenchant and epigrammatic public speakers, and the most daring and most dazzling statesman whom England has cherished and admired in our own generation. Mr. Disraeli's ancestor, when expelled from Spain, migrated to the more friendly and hospitable soil of the Venetian Republic, which at the period of his migration—the latter portion of the fifteenth century—was in the very zenith of her power, pride, and fame. The immigrant into Venice, when the prow of the vessel which bore him across the Mediterranean and up the Adriatic touched the friendly quay of the great republic, changed his name from the christianised surname which his ancestors and himself had been compelled to assume in Spain, into D'Israeli; thus proudly selecting a designation which should unmistakably proclaim at once his lineage and his creed. It has been the especial boast of the D'Israelis, or Disraelis, ever since, that no other family than their own has borne the name self-chosen by their ancestors four centuries ago, which it sufficiently appears no one of his descendants has been known to sully. The D'Israelis lived and traded with success for nearly three centuries in Venice. About six score years since, the then head of the family, the great-grandfather of Benjamin Disraeli, resolved to send his second son to settle in England. He was induced to do so by the security for freedom and tolerance which was fur-

nished by the total subjugation of the second Jacobite rebellion, and the firm and final establishment of the House of Hanover on the throne of Great Britain, as also by the well-known liberal sentiments towards the Jews which Mr. Pelham, the Minister of George II., was known to entertain. His son accordingly came from Venice to England in 1748, and at once engaged in the ancestral and generic pursuits of trade. Ere he had passed the meridian of life he had made a considerable fortune, and the latter half of an unusually prolonged existence was dedicated almost entirely to the pastimes of a somewhat dull and uneventful leisure. Seventeen years after his arrival in England he married a beautiful maiden of his own race and faith, who had suffered much from persecution. So much so, indeed, that her spirits were broken, and she despised the blood which had entailed her early sufferings, and looked even with loathing upon the wedded surname which she bore.

In the latter portion of his life this sad-spirited lady resided with her husband and Isaac, their only child, who was born to them in 1766, at Enfield, a considerable village, situated a few miles to the northwards of the Metropolis. Here her husband formed an Italian garden, played whist with Walpole's correspondent, Sir Horace Mann, who was intimate friend not only of the Enfield Disraeli, but of his elder brother, a banker at Venice, whose acquaintance Sir Horace had formed while on his travels. At Enfield, says his grandson, "he ate macaroni which was dressed by the Venetian Consul, sang canzonettas; and, notwithstanding a wife who never pardoned him for his name, and a son who disappointed all his plans, and who to the last hour of his life was an enigma to him, lived till he was nearly ninety, and then died in 1817, in the full enjoyment of prolonged existence."

Under the dull and placid roof of his utterly unappreciative parents, their son Isaac grew up from childhood to boyhood. His father designed, as a matter of course, that he should succeed him in his business; but the lad had an uncontrollable aversion to commerce, and the whole bent of his mind was in the direction of study and polite literature. Neither of his parents could comprehend him. From his mother he received not even the most ordinary display of maternal affection. And his father, who seems to have been a singularly stolid and sluggish, yet naturally kind-hearted man, had no idea of soothing the irritation of his son when inducted to the hated pursuits of, or educational preparation for, business, otherwise than by giving him a guinea or some of other gift. Once when his timid, susceptible, and reverie-

haunted son, wearied by a domestic tyranny, the more unbearable that it was leaden rather than actively irritant, ran away from home, the runaway was captured in Hackney churchyard. When he was carried back home his father never thought of inquiring into the grounds of his disaffection, but thought that he abundantly pacified and consoled the nervous and highly imaginative child when he presented him with a pony. When he told his father that he wished to be a poet, and not a merchant, he was horrified—his only idea about the fortunes of a poet being derived from Hogarth's well-known picture, which hung in one of the rooms of his house. To cure what was believed only to be a boyish fancy, he was at once packed off to Amsterdam, and put into the counting-house of a friend and mercantile correspondent of his father in that great trading city. Still the literary passion grew upon him, and sorely against the grain, he was permitted to pursue his literary studies at Leyden. Ere he was fifteen he had perused most of what Bayle and Voltaire had written, and at eighteen years of age he returned to England an ardent disciple of Rousseau. On his homeward journey he pictured to his imagination the warm and tearful embrace with which his mother would clasp him; and his heart was half broken by the frigid coldness of her reception. His father now began to see that it would be fruitless to endeavour to force his inclinations. After a tour through France, embracing a short residence at Bordeaux, where he made one more ineffectual trial at mercantile life he returned home, and was for the future permitted to follow his own inclinations.

One of his earliest effusions was on a characteristically chosen subject—it was a poem against commerce. When it was completed he proceeded to the great literary mentor of the day, Dr. Johnson, who was then dying of that aggregation of maladies which tortured and consumed his heroic life. He left the packet in the hands of Francis Barber, the Doctor's black servant, at his house in Bolt Court, Fleet Street. The servant promised to submit it to his master, requesting the young literary aspirant to call again in a week. He did so, and received back the packet unopened, Johnson being too near his closely impending death to be capable of its perusal. Shortly after he wrote a long, enthusiastic, and almost crack-brained letter to Dr. Vicesimus Knox, the favourite moral essayist of our great-grandfathers, but whose reputation has not been sustained by the flow of time, in which he eagerly besought the literary guidance and counsel of the Doctor, and begged to be allowed to become an inmate of his house.

It does not fall within our scope to narrate at length the incidents of the life of the elder Disraeli. It is enough for our purpose to reproduce the heads of the general description given of him by his son. "He was a complete literary character, a man who really passed his life in his library. Even marriage produced no change in these habits; he rose to enter the chamber where he lived alone with his books, and at night his lamp was ever lit within the same walls." We refer the curious to what appears to have been his first printed contribution to literature. It will be found in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for December, 1786. It is signed "I. D. I.," and is entitled "Remarks on the Biographical Accounts of the late Samuel Johnson, LL.D., with an attempt to vindicate his character from late misrepresentations." For many years he was the intimate friend and the chief literary adviser of Mr. Murray, the publisher, of Albemarle Street. A coolness subsequently arose between them, which has been erroneously attributed to the fabulous circumstance of the connection of his son with the ill-fated *Representative*, a Tory evening paper started by Murray, which only lasted five months. A succeeding paragraph of this biographical sketch destroys on the best authority the delusion that this at least can have been the cause of the suspension of friendly relations between the publisher and the man of letters. Isaac Disraeli married, in 1802, a daughter of George Basevi, Esq., of Brighton, and a Justice of the Peace for the County of Sussex. This lady lived to a great age, dying in 1847, the year before the decease of her husband. She bore to her husband three sons and one daughter. Of the former, the eldest is the subject of our biography. His brothers are respectively a Chief Clerk in Chancery and a Commissioner of Inland Revenue. His only sister was the companion of his continental and oriental travels. They were also accompanied by a gentleman named Meredith, to whom Miss Disraeli was betrothed. He died ere the date fixed for the celebration of their nuptials. She never married, and became the devoted assistant and amanuensis of her aged father, who was quite blind for some years before he died. Early in life, the elder Disraeli contracted a lasting friendship with Pye, a poet of the last century, whose works are read now only by the curious, but who was of sufficient repute to succeed the younger Warton as Poet Laureate. He had an estate at Farringdon, in Berkshire, and represented that county in Parliament. Mr. Disraeli frequently visited him at his seat, and contracting a strong liking for the rural districts to the west of the metropolis, he purchased the manor of Bradenham, in

Bucks, where he resided for the last twenty-five years of his life and where he died on the 19th of January, 1848. One of his last acts was to compose some verses—as his son records, in his biographical sketch of his distinguished father, prefixed to the last edition of the “Curiosities of Literature,” to which we are indebted for most of the above particulars—some verses of “gay gratitude” to his daughter-in-law, who was his London correspondent, and to whose lively pen he was, during the closing years of his life, indebted for constant amusement. He sleeps in a vault of Bradenham Church, with the descendants of the Hampdens and the Pyes, and other ancient families who took part in those fights of the Great Rebellion, of which, amid his many other valuable contributions to the history of the country of his father’s adoption, he was far from the least worthy annalist and critic.

We have been unable to discover the precise birth-place of Benjamin Disraeli. One point alone seems incontestable—that he was born in the metropolis. As we have already stated, his father did not purchase his manor of Bradenham until his son, who designated himself on the title pages of his earlier avowed productions “D’Israeli the Younger,” was approaching manhood. Isaac Disraeli was throughout his youthful and mature life one of the most regular frequenters of the British Museum Library, and he even lived in its near vicinage. His earliest letter which we have enabled to trace is dated from “King’s Road, Theobald’s Road,” a street within a quarter of a mile of the great national library. It was penned on the 12th of April, 1812, and addressed to Mr. Nichols, of the *Gentleman’s Magazine*, the learned author of the “Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century.” This was when Benjamin Disraeli was in the earlier period of his seventh year. In “Holden’s Triennial Directory for 1805, 1806, and 1807,” which bears date 1805, and was, so far as we know, the only directory of the metropolis published in that year, the year of our hero’s birth, the name of D’Israeli or Disraeli, does not once occur. The only entry at all resembling it—and the resemblance is certainly very close—is, “D’Israel, Benjamin, Esq., Charles Street, Stoke Newington.” It is possible that this may either be a misprint or a variation in spelling adopted by some branch of the family. The latter, however, is barely possible; for the first of the English Disraelis had but one son, Isaac; and there is no evidence that any cousin or kinsman followed to our shores the first immigrant from Venice. We have read in more than one fugitive quarter that Benjamin Disraeli was born in the mansion standing at the south-west corner of Bloomsbury Square,

and facing Hart Street, a few yards eastward from Mudie's Library and St. George's Church, Bloomsbury. For this report, however, we have been entirely unable to procure anything approaching satisfactory information. We are thus compelled to leave, as the result of considerable but fruitless research, the precise locality of Mr. Disraeli's birth unsettled; and our readers must perforce be content with our presentation of the varied threads, none of which has conducted us to the clue.

As a child, Mr. Disraeli is universally reported to have been remarkably bright-minded and precocious. His father, who does not appear to have taken much active personal interest in his education, sent him at an early period to a boarding-school at Winchester—not to "Winchester School," as some have erroneously alleged. Mr. Disraeli is not a Wykehamist. He received neither of the great benefits—benefits of unspeakable value to public men in England—of education at a public school or university. We have also good reason to believe that he received a portion of his education under the roof of a Unitarian minister at the suburban village of Walthamstow, on the confines of Epping Forest.

It is but rarely that an author selects his own profession for his progeny. Isaac Disraeli was no exception to this rule. Even although he had in his own ardent youth experienced so much pain and suffering ere he could induce his father to grant a reluctant permission to his devoting himself to a lettered life, he at first, though not so strenuously as the grand-father had done resisted his eldest son's uncontrollable literate aspirations. He placed him, while yet in his latter teens, in an attorney's office, that of Messrs. Swain and Co., Frederick's Place, Old Jewry. This firm is still in existence, under the title of Messrs. Maples Pearce, and Stephens. Here Mr. Disraeli passed but a very short time. The tradition in the office is that he passed all his days reading works of imagination, and at last his father's own sympathies and memories induced him to release his son from the irksome fetters of the law. We may mention that his son James succeeded to the desk vacated by the release of his elder brother. The former completed his articles under the firm, and was in due time enrolled as a solicitor.

Relieved, jubilant, and free to follow his own sweet will, Disraeli at once revelled in the production of fugitive literary pieces with a zeal and gusto which, if that were possible, excelled that of his tenderly loved and revered parent at a similar period of life. As to what were his very earliest juvenile and anony-

mous productions, we have very few data to go upon. Here rumour has alleged ten times more than she has verified. In fact, she has verified nothing. The one statement which has been repeated with the most copious frequency, and urged with the most imperturbable persistency, we have the best authority—the published denial of Mr. Disraeli himself—for contradicting.

Mr. Murray, of Albemarle Street, started in the year 1826, in the very thick of the final fight between Eldonite High Toryism and Canningite Liberalised Toryism, a daily evening paper, entitled the *Representative*. It was a strong advocate of the former interest, and there is good reason to believe that it was produced under the congenial editorial control of Mr. John Gibson Lockhart, editor of the *Quarterly Review*, and, if possible, a more unflinching, and certainly a much more acrid, Tory of the old school than even his great father-in-law, Sir Walter Scott himself. For years it was universally reported—and it still is so in many culpable instances—in the loosely put together compendiums of contemporary biography, that Mr. Disraeli was a leading contributor to this short-lived and hapless paper. It existed only five months. We have already seen that such a respectable and conscientious authority as the *Gentleman's Magazine* not only gave currency to the report in its obituary of the elder Disraeli, but stated that the connection of his son with it caused the alienation which severed him in his latter years from the friendship of Mr. Murray. The refutation is simple and ample.

In the year 1861, a man of letters named Mr. J. J. Sheahan was preparing a "History and Topography of Buckinghamshire," which was subsequently published by Messrs. Longmans. In his notice of the topographical, historical, and biographical associations of that part of the country in which Mr. Disraeli resides, he naturally made reference to the Disraeli family and the career of its present head. Before sending this portion of his manuscript to the press, he submitted a transcript of it to Mr. Disraeli, begging that any necessary corrections might be introduced. He received the following reply from Mr. Disraeli, which needs no comment at our hands:—

"I have made no additions, and have only taken the liberty of correcting and condensing what you have so obligingly said of myself, I have made it a rule throughout life never to attempt to correct a misstatement respecting myself, provided it did not impugn my honour, but when utterly erroneous statements are submitted for my sanction I hope there is no egotism in my presuming to correct them; as for example, the constantly repeated story of a newspaper called the *Representative*, in which I never wrote a single line, and never was asked to write single line.

"Sept. 23, 1861."



## CHAPTER II.

### LITERARY FAME, FOREIGN TRAVEL, AND POLITICAL ASPIRATIONS.

Mr. Disraeli fairly burst upon the world when he was but twenty years of age, in his astounding and startling novel of "Vivian Grey." We would we could afford space—but the large and varied task before us admonishes us to brevity—to give some idea, not so much of the character of the novel—*that* the poorest book-buyer can now investigate for himself—as of the impression it produced when it first appeared. The book was published anonymously, and even had it been vouched for by the name of its author, he had as yet won no name, and his printed superscription on the title-page would have helped neither him nor his publisher. But the book took the town by storm at once. The general purport of the novel was to paint the career of a friendless youth of genius and ambition (its auto-biographical purport whether conscious or unconscious, is most obvious), emulous of rising to political celebrity. Of plot there is little or none; it is marred by many blemishes insparable from juvenility and the evident careless haste of its preparation. Yet it is in every sense a remarkable book; indeed, one of the most remarkable first attempts within the whole circle of prose literature. In quoting, we on the whole adopt and endorse the remarks of a contemporary critic, the *tenth edition* of whose "*Key to Vivian Grey*," published in 1827—a sufficient indication to the extraordinary popularity of the work—lies before us: "In the midst of its diabolical spleen, gleams of goodness and high-mindedness, and love of virtue, ever and anon break forth, like the calm but momentary visitations of the moon through the rifts of black clouds in a gusty night." This criticism, though rough and ponderous, American rather than English in its character, and, with a curious contagion, sharing the most obvious faults of "Vivian Grey" itself, is remarkably just. The criticisms of the period abound in such phrases as these, which sufficiently indicate the popularity which the book attained: "Read by everybody west of 'Portland Place;'" "Even His Majesty expressed his curiosity to see it," &c.

The modern reader of "Vivian Grey" will thank us for offering to him the names of those celebrities, great and small, whom it was believed in London "society" two score years ago that the author described and satirised in this daring production. Of these the chief were the following:—B. Disraeli (Vivian Grey himself); I. Disraeli (Mr. Sherborne); Prince Esterhazy; Sir R. Peel (Fitzborn); Prince Leopold, afterwards King of the Belgians (Prince of Little Lilliput); Metternich; Lady Holland; Princess Augusta; Southey; Brummel; Duke of Wellington (Waterloo); Marquis of Londonderry; Clanricarde, or, as others held, Lyndhurst (Marquis of Carabas); Brougham (Foaming Fudge); Canning (Charlatan Gas); Eldon (Lord Past Century); Mrs. Coutts (Mrs. Million); Lord William Lennox (Lord Prima Donna); Marchioness of Londonderry (M. of Almack's); Prince Gortschakof (Prince Xtmnpqrtsklw); Lady Caroline Lamb (Mrs. Felix Lorraine); Theodore Hook (Stanislaus Hoax); Marquis of Hertford (M. of Grandgout); Duke of Norfolk (D. of Juggernaut).

Mr. Disraeli himself, in the preface to a later edition of "Vivian Grey," published when he had reached years of mature manhood, thus described his early work: "As hot and hurried a sketch as ever was penned, but like its subject—for what is youth but a sketch?—a brief hour of principles unsettled, passions unrestrained, powers undeveloped, and purposes unexecuted?" This is somewhat modest self-appreciation. Bold, unstudied, truly audacious, at once in conception and execution, as "Vivian Grey" is, its pages never cease to pique the reader's curiosity, even where criticism is most provoked, and opposition most roused by the singularity and heterodoxy of the opinions which they contain. Every now and then, the reader is startled with a thought, which is either quite new in itself, or, as is more frequently the case, an old one presented with some engaging novelty of illustration. The rapid and reckless freedom of movement is in itself extremely attractive. It leaves upon the reader a healthsome impression of mental vigour, not yet applied to the fullest ends, but with much promise of future fruit when better judgment has become developed and better models of artistic imitation studied. It is the more wonderful that such a pleasing general effect is left upon the reader's mind, when one recollects the egregiously absurd blemishes of the production. All the characters are improbable and fantastic; some of them are as ridiculously unintelligible as the grotesque figures of Callot. We have here English women of fashion who are poisoners after the Brinvilliers type; great ministers, whose foibles are fiddling and parrot feeding

but who nevertheless display a subtlety quite Machiavellian; mountebank servants, who overflow with devotion and sentiment; gamblers who are most honourable and high-minded; and in a final word, a weird array of inexplicable strange beings flitting and chattering about like phantasmagoric creations.

Mr. Disraeli travelled in France, Italy, and Germany when he was still quite young. In the last of these three lands, at least, there is the clearest evidence that he must have sojourned ere the publication of "*Vivian Grey*." The scene of the latter two of the four volumes which originally composed it, some of whose passages, however absurd, are irresistibly and outrageously comical, is laid on the Rhine, and bespeak unmistakable personal intimacy with the localities depicted. He returned home to find himself a lion of the first eminence. He became widely known as the author of the most popular work of the period, so known in "society" at least, if not to the outside plebeian world. He made adroit use of the opportunity so gained, and instantaneously found himself a welcome guest at some of the "best houses" in London. With Lady Blessington, especially, he formed a close and personal intimacy which lasted until, twenty years later, her ladyship finally left the English for the French metropolis. Lady Blessington was many years his senior, and, as we shall see a few pages further on, he grew to stand to her rather in the relation of a loved and petted son than as a mere commonplace acquaintance and visitor in her renowned saloon.

The following is a sketch of Mr. Disraeli's appearance at this dawning period of his career. Its author, Mr. Jeaffreson, from whose work, "*Novels and Novelists*," we extract it, has, we may say, a strong literary, and a still stronger political, animus against the subject of his second-hand depiction:—"His ringlets of silken black hair, his flashing eyes, his effeminate and lisping voice, his dress-coat of black velvet, lined with white satin; his white kid gloves, with his wrist surrounded by a long hanging fringe of black silk, and his ivory cane, of which the handle, inlaid with gold, was relieved by more black silk in the shape of a tassel. Every one laughed at him for being affected, but the women declared that his was an affectation of the best style, and they felt his personal vanity was a flattering homage to their most notorious weakness. Such was the perfumed boy-exquisite who forced his way into the saloons of peeresses. Men held him in light esteem; but observant women, who as a rule are more discerning judges of young men than themselves, prophesied that he would live to be a great man."

If the above elaborate description of Mr. Disraeli's wardrobe when he was some four or five-and-twenty be correct, this at least is clear, that he very soon doffed it, for a few years at least, for a rougher garb, one more suitable for the extended course of Eastern travel, on which he set out in the year 1829. Just ere he departed, there appeared from his pen a curious and amusing skit on the political and social humours of the time. It is now forgotten, and was never republished by its author. It was entitled the "Adventures of Captain Popanila. By the author of 'Vivian Grey,'" and is written after the manner of "Gulliver," and—*proximus sed longo intervallo remotus*—displayed not a few gleams of keen and flashing Swiftian wit. He spent the winter of 1829 in Constantinople, whither, as also to Syria in the following spring, he was accompanied by his sister and her betrothed. Thence, journeying alone, he proceeded into Egypt and the remote recesses of Nubia. From this extended and romantic journey he brought back those warm and vivid oriental pictures with which so many of his subsequent and riper works were enriched. Large and readily-remembered passages of "Sidonia" and "Tancred" are but reproductions of experiences and musings of his own in the deserted but hallowed places of Africa and the Orient. His ancestral connection with these regions was enough to warm into fever heat the enthusiasm of a man with a tithe of the ardour of his poetic brain. His journey was not without its perils. He was at Janina when a desperate revolt of Albanians broke out; and he nearly imperilled his life in an attempt which he made, in 1831, to penetrate the Mosque of Omar at Jerusalem. It is from this eventful journey also, in the midst of its peculiarly appropriate and impressive surroundings, that are probably to be dated his proud belief about the peculiarly intellectual glories and truly imperial triumphs of that race to which he belongs, and of whose bright muster-roll of genius he is far from the least conspicuous ornament.

While travelling, Mr. Disraeli wrote and transmitted to his publishers, who produced them during his absence, his two fictions, "The Young Duke," and "Contarini Fleming." We do not think that either very materially enhanced his reputation, and we prefer to pass them by with a mere passing notice, thereby reserving the larger space for criticism at a future stage of our narrative, of works more worthy and more conducive to his reputation.

Already had the living reality of which "Vivian Grey" was undoubtedly the exact counterfeit presentment, attained one of

able distinction. But this, with the real as with the fictitious hero, was only the means to the further end of political celebrity and power. We were just in the last stage of the great struggle for Parliamentary Reform when he returned to England in 1831. A vacancy occurred for the borough of Wycombe, in Buckinghamshire, a beautiful market-town adjacent to his father's estate. The Whigs put forward no less formidable a candidate than Colonel the Hon. Charles Grey, a younger son of the then Premier. This gentleman still survives, and has recently appeared before the public as the compiler, with Her Majesty's sanction, of the early correspondence which passed between the Queen and Prince Albert. Mr. Disraeli issued an address to the constituents. His address was negative and aggressive rather than positive and constructive. Its one key-note was the keenest hate of the Whigs. He positively declined to join the Tories, because he found them "in a state of ignorant stupefaction;" "haunted with nervous apprehension of that bugbear, the People—that bewildering title, under which a miserable minority contrive to coerce and plunder a nation." This language was cleverly vague. He depended in the main on Radical votes, but, probably at once in the light of possible eventualities, and that he might secure Tory support, he carefully avoided any categorical condemnation of the Tory creed, which, indeed, had not at that time been reconstructed to meet the necessities of the transitional political crisis. He appeared before the electors with written credentials from Messrs. Hume and O'Connell, who, however, withdrew them when they learned that his professions were somewhat vague and ambiguous. Although he polled both Tory and Radical votes—he had, indeed, a Radical to propose and a Tory to second his nomination—his candidature was unsuccessful.

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## A WISH.

## 1

I wish a little cot were mine,  
Beside the rolling sea ;  
Then I would watch the endless brine,  
Type of eternity.

## 2

Beside the cot a shady tree,  
A silver brook hard by ;—  
With these how happy shall I be,  
Beneath the deep blue sky !

## 3

There seated in my cozy nook,  
Beneath the shady tree,  
Or list'ning to the silver brook,  
Or gazing on the sea,

## 4

How shall I dream my life's last dream,  
Till my career is run,  
Till flies my life's last flick'ring gleam,  
E'en with the setting sun !

## 5

Ah idle hope of easy life !  
Alas that cannot be !  
For man is born for work and strife,  
E'en like the restless sea !

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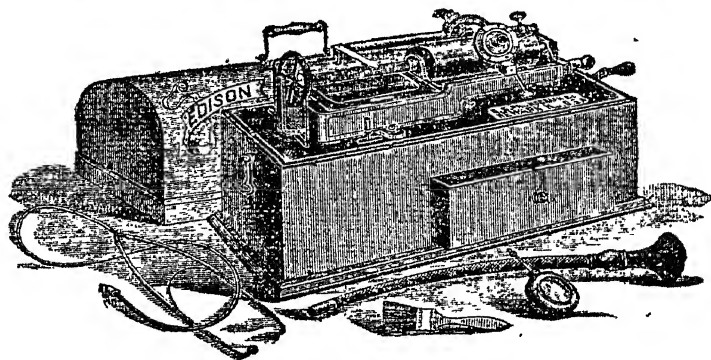
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No. 11.—NOVEMBER 1898.

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*PARIS LETTER.*

Very great depression characterises French trade at the present moment. This is due to the several grave matters that disturb the country. The nine months revenue returns for the present year exhibit a decline in exports, as compared with the same period in 1897. The importations were higher, but this was due for shipments of wheat, to make good the shortage of the last season's cereal harvest. In the colonial trade, markets do not attest any briskness, nor can there be any till railways are built and money invested in industrial undertakings. Savings do not trend to be so expended. Russia gets a good deal of her current coin struck in the Mints of Paris and Bordeaux. If I mistake not, the French Government will not accept any liability under this head for any nation. Some years ago Rothschild lost a very large sum in the Bordeaux Mint; he sued, but could not make the provincial Mint liable. The auto-motor car or vehicle, is an industry that seems to be very alive. Not only is it rapidly superseding electric cabs on the ordinary stands of Paris, but is also executing special self-promoting vehicles for the Sudan. Certainly the auto-car commences to be lighter and more graceful. No patent for an ideal figure head, however, has yet been taken out. Electric pianos or organs are now hired out for dinner parties, or soirees if so preferred; the propelling power merely turns a handle, and the instrument discourses a selection of pleasing airs. It can be embedded in ornamental shrubs and



flowers during a dinner, and forms a capital interlude during a soiree, where varieties of entertainments are on the evening's programme. The auto-motor principle is to be applied to the sweeping and watering cars of the streets: in this case petroleum will be utilised. For illuminating purposes electricity is more and more employed in private houses. At dinner parties, colored pear shaped glass is employed in the incadescent lamp. At dessert, the colour is always changed.

The music season opens well. All the noted concert companies produce their programmes, which are rich in the best music, and of the modern composers or schools. Wagner holds by far the first rank, and one *chef* promises a Bayreuth representation of *Parsifal*. May we be there to see. Beethoven comes next after Wagner. The French composers dispute honors with Mozart, Schubert and Weber. Gounod is preferred; but occasionally Berlioz disputes his popularity. Ambroise Thomas is never able to escape from *Nigron*. Gluck and Gretry are receiving more attention and also, Lulli. A brisk winter is promised for M. Saint Saens; he and Reyer have made friends with the National Opera. Not many new scores are promised. For the lighter bill of fare, one has to rely on the *Opera Comique*—the want of a popular theatre is sadly felt. Private enterprize hesitates to invest in any theatrical venture, and the state declines to guarantee any endowment. Indeed its treud is to reduce, not to augment, the demands on the state milch cow. The Conservatoire Concerts receive a slight help from the national crush; they deserve the aid, if only to keep the *Salle* existing; it is the building which possesses the finest acrostic qualities in Paris, or indeed anywhere else. Yet it is to be replaced by a superior building. Since years it has been "condemned to death," but is "destined not to die." A new plan is being adopted by the theatres, of selling tickets by groups of ten, for any part of the house, with the privilege of presenting yourself any time within one, two, or three months. Only notify in advance, the evening you purpose utilising your ticket. The list of Operas or plays is published in advance to aid selection. The system is very convenient, it gets rid of booking fee, and the ticket is transferable. No necessity to apply at the theatre for your seat.

The three leading commercial colleges have opened for the season, with full attendances. Young men who intend following a commercial career, have all the opportunities and accessories within reach. Admission is not as a matter of course: no pupil will be accepted, who only aims, to escape two years military

service; he must have a *bonâ fide* intention to follow a commercial career. The schools are destined to educate the sons of merchants and of traders; there are smaller commercial schools where humbler lads can complete their education, as well as qualify as clerks. In both cases great attention is of late paid to the acquisition of modern languages, English and French chiefly. The other branches of study, are designed for the general aim in view. There is one point, however, that is not cultivated, nor do the French attach to it as much importance as do the Germans and the English—that of commercial museums. Educate the lad first, they say, and then send him out to the foreign country to learn all about raw materials and importations. The Germans do both. He can give there all his attention on the spot, and make a report on what he thinks—from what, he views—as fit for his new localities markets. That is refining special schooling. Yet it is marching in the same direction that the practical Agricultural Schools of France now proceed. The school should not teach other branches of farming than what is related to that of the locality where they exist. In teaching all, everything, the essential suffers.

Strikes in France are very peculiar. They are and are not, tinged with socialism. But we are all some kinds of socialists unknowingly. A French strike rarely lasts long. Indeed the institution is perhaps too modern. First of all, till very recently, the laws against associations were very rigorous. When Frenchmen met together, they at once tackled to politics, and ended by forming combinations not of the law and order kind. Even at this moment nineteen persons cannot meet, either for "prayer or praise," without a permit from the Prefect of Police, and that liberty to meet will be given on the condition, that a report of the meeting will be supplied him, with a statement of the objects for which it was convened, and the names of the individuals elected as president, secretary, &c. The difficulty at present to start a Professional or Friendly Society is not so great, only politics must be excluded. A great many trade societies under the new laws have been organized and their statutes approved of by the Police authorities; the Guilds have even their own Bourse or Exchange, where they hold their professional meetings, keep their archives, &c. The "navvies" enjoy their privileges and accommodation just the same as masons, clerks, shop assistants, artists, &c. The "navvies" have commenced the existing strike on fair business grounds; then agitators stepped in and dragged them and the masons, and carpenters, to organise a general

strike. The "navvies" were paid 50 centimes, or half a franc (= 5d.) per hour. They asked 60; they were offered 55; next they agitated for 70 centimes per hour. The carpenters claimed 8 fr. per day of eight hours. The Exhibition works were brought to a standstill, so was the underground railway, and several other vast improvements. The Municipal Council stepped in, and by the clause in all their contracts had a veto to interfere, and to annul even the contract, subject to arbitral compensation. The Council said: "we will execute the navvy section of the contract ourselves;" so they engaged the strikers to work at 60 centimes per hour, over ground, and 70 centimes, underground per hour, the contractors' prices. The contractors reflected, and agreed to pay the men the Municipal prices, but on the condition that they were at liberty to engage as many foreign hands as they pleased, and to fix working hours. By the new laws, only a certain percentage of foreign workmen, in Municipal and Governmental works, can be employed, they can undergo hard labour more than the French. But the Railway Company's employes—porters, waggon-men, road-keepers, &c., next struck; their directory council so decided. The engine drivers and stokers protested by their council against that folly, as the men have no means of living. In the meantime the military have taken possession of the railway stations in the provinces, and that's where we are now. The public is indifferent to all these proceedings; it bestows its entire attention upon the Dreyfus affair. In this mass of confusion, there is no socialism properly called; nor does it exist in any organised form in France. It is replaced by anarchy.

A FRENCHMAN.

## OUR PLAYS AND PLAY-GOERS.

In my last article on "Our plays and play-goers," I must admit there were certain omissions, but I never meant it to be taken as exhaustive. As it has given rise to some misconception and criticism and as it is a subject of no small importance I may be allowed to say a few words more by way of explanation. By "plays" I did not certainly mean, "dramatizations" from novels like Bishabriksha, Chandrasekhar, Devi Chowdhurani, &c., nor did I give an exhaustive list of all the best plays. I only said "the stage should be more cautious, and it cannot do better than to produce plays like Prohlad, Buddha, Chaitanya, Nil Darpan and Sarala, which have a permanent interest, others having only an ephemeral attraction." My naming "Sarala" along with the other *dramas* might have led to this misconception. But Sarala is so much realistic and has so much permanent interest that although it is not a *drama* I could not help mentioning it. In naming Sarala along with other dramas proper, I did not forget "Profulla," but instead of the imitation I preferred to mention the prototype which, in its transformation not only lost the original name of the book "Swamalata," but modified much of the original plot, thus putting on the garb of almost a new play. But that I never meant dramatised novels as "plays" is evident from the deliberate omission of any such book (?) except Sarala in my last article. My learned critic also misunderstood me in another point. I said "the stale matter-of-fact events of every day life described in a *dull prosaic style* make no impression on our feelings which are predominant factors in morals. So *idealisation* is necessary for moral culture." He ingeniously gives an illustration from Buddha—a book which I myself greatly admired, and hopelessly misses my point. The illustration he quotes is an *idealisation* and not a description of "a stale, matter-of-fact events of every day life in a *dull prosaic style*." Moreover, I myself said, "A theatre is not only a place of amusement, but also a school of instruction and the lessons, good or evil from the stage, *make a greater impression on the} minds* than the lessons from the

chair in a class room." And my learned critic takes elaborate pains to prove what I myself said! I am very sorry that my learned critic draws ingenious conclusions at his will and puts them in such a way—as if they were my utterances. I never said "Billamangal, Profulla, Provasmilan Buddha or Tarubala are 'full of nonsense' and 'full of filth,'" nor did I say "Raja-o-Ranee, Mrinalini, Chandrasekhar, Devi Chowdhurani, Raj Singha, Bijay Basanta and are plays 'all stale matter-of-fact events of every day life described in a dull prosaic style and make no impression on our feelings.'" I also wonder how he comes to know that I want a "thorough so-called over-hauling of our theatres." What I, along with many others, want is not a thorough so-called over-hauling, but a certain amount of check to rubbish and obscene plays which are being produced on the stage of late. Our learned critic assures us that "no sensible man will ever indulge or would have indulged in such plays" as "are to some extent out of taste." I quite agree with him, but the fact is that every one of the audience cannot be expected to be a "sensible man" like our learned critic, there are many young boys and youths and many grown-up people too, whose minds are not of the highest culture. It may be that the audience hissed and left the theatre when "Widow's College" was placed on the stage, (although I heard a different version, *viz.*, it was stopped by the police), but "Mui<sup>2</sup>Handu" is still relished by many people and once, I think, was patronized by a distinguished Maharaja of high taste and culture. It would be anything but wise to depend on the discretion of the audience and leave the evil to itself instead of trying to check it. There is no doubt that the public taste is vitiated and I personally know some persons who have witnessed Abu Hossain and Alibaba half a dozen times each, while "Kalapahar" which is really a good play proved a failure for want of audience! It would be an idle boast on our part to say on the face of palpable facts that our taste is not vitated.

It is not my object to enter into the details of each and every play, but as Purna Chandra and Raja-o-Ranee have been mentioned I must make some passing remarks on them. While I admire greatly the most exquisite sentiments contained in Raja-o-Ranee, I fail to see its plot or any great skill in character-painting which are essential elements of a first class drama. As regards Purna Chandra, I am sure no father and son can witness it together. It might have been suggested by the story of Phaedra, the wife of Theseus, falling in love with her step son Hippolytus; but a step mother making offers of love to her step

son, and he suffering persecutions for rightly refusing such incestuous love are not very wholesome lessons, in our humble opinion. We must not here omit to say something about Raja Bahadur and Babu. It is wrong to suppose that every humorous thing or funny saying constitutes a satire. The object of satire is not to vex, but to reform, it exposes and censures vices and follies of mankind *in general*, and not of a particular *person* or *sect*. If it is the product of personal animosity and intended not to reform, but to vex, it then becomes a *lampoon* or *pasquinade*, and not a satire in the strict sense of the term. In Raja Bahadur, the author unnecessarily vexes a particular class of people, *viz.*, those living in the eastern parts of Bengal, while the folly of hankering after titles which he rightly attacks is a general weakness of mankind. We, people of Calcutta, are no less free from this folly than our brethern of the East Bengal, who are clearly looked upon with some sort of contempt; we should rather try to lessen the contempt than to increase it. But this, the author of Raja Bahadur does not do, because the poor Eastern Bengal people and the Brahmos must for ever remain the perennial spring of humour: There are one or two other minor defects in it and it is for these reasons that I place it far below "Bibaha Bibhrat" which is really a "first-class satire of its age." In Babu, too, the author indulges in unnecessary personal attacks and makes some side thrusts at a very distinguished person who has done and is doing great service to the country. His unprovoked attack on the late Higher Training Society and its founder is certainly not very laudable. Just think of the lines.

টুনিং হয়েছে হাই, স্নো কিং তাই বার্ডসাই

ডিগ্‌বাজিতে প্রাইজ্ পাব ভেলা মোদের প্রতাপ ভাই ॥

The author has great skill in drawing Society Sketches, but his great fault is that he sometimes indulges in unnecessary personal attacks. Our learned critic says "those of the play-goers who have sure enough to understand the gist of these plays and farces are sure to gain advantage over the rest." True, but many people, and I must confess I am one of them, have not "sure enough" to understand the gist of plays like "Rishya Sringa" "Alibaba," and farces like "Mui Handu," "Saptamitay Bisarjan," "Behadda Behaya," "Bejay Awaj." Of course to a philosophic mind like that of Wordsworth or of our learned critic, "the meanest flower that blows can give thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears." Surely the play-wrights are not to blame for the folly of the play-goers, and I never laid the

whole blame on their shoulder, but I repeat what I said before that it is the play-wrights who first hit upon a device of pleasing the audience at the expense of decency, common sense and sobriety, and when that device is once successful the play-wrights naturally have repeated recourse to it and the audience too encourage them by their ready acceptance of it." Our learned critic says "we should not insinuate that mirth and music, dancing and fooling, are not the sole aim and object of the majority of the audience who go to the theatre," and in another place he says again that "when one corner cries out 'encore' and the other shout out 'no more,' the poor player must leave aside the *microscopic minority* and hear the *overwhelming majority*." Does he not himself insinuate that the overwhelming majority *want* mirth and music, dancing and fooling, as I said, although these may not be their *sole aim and object*, as the learned critic cleverly puts it?

Now as regards songs in season and out of season. Our learned critic writes "Is there any harm if a cobbler and his wife are musically disposed?" I say "No." But let them be musically disposed at home and let not authors produce on the stage what is absurd or unnatural. Is not the song of the washer-woman in Raja Bahadur, out of place and also out of taste? I don't know if our learned critic has ever seen any washer-woman dancing and singing before the male members of a house, or even before the female members? Neither do I care to "overhear a single song of the barber-women," who might be "repositories of wits and humours," and I leave our females to enjoy such wits and humours within the zenana. Moreover a barber and his wife singing a duet is beyond my poor experience; similarly, a fool-wala and his wife, a patkholawala and his wife, a milkman and a medley of others. Every one is at liberty to be musically disposed at home and our learned critic's quotation from Shakespeare is not to the point.

"The man that has no music in himself  
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils."

Let lawyers, judges, professors and office masters remember these lines "above all arguments" and let them be musically disposed, no matter, even if it be, in the court, in the class room or in the office, otherwise some one might take them to be "fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils, and they will not be "trusted."

Our learned critic finds fault not with our theatres, but with our promising young men, who cling to the husk and cannot

reach the kernel. You put temptations and corrupt scenes before young minds which are likely to vitiate their taste and then blame them for not reaching the kernel. There are some things like onions which have no kernel at all, but all husk, and there are few sages who can reach the kernel of this mysterious world and its mysterious ways and affairs. But I should think "Lead us not unto temptations" is a better and safer motto than "Reach the kernel when temptations are placed before you." So I don't think our theatres are doing their *best* to point us out our defects, this may be partly true, but it cannot be denied that they are also encouraging vicious tastes, and so I again repeat they have forgot their functions and if any one does not see how, there is no help for it. It is impossible to do proper justice to such a vast and important subject in a small article like this; and unless all the plays and farces are considered in detail, no thorough justice can be done to it and many things, as a matter of course, must remain unsaid. I must remain thankful to my learned critic for perusing my last article with "much interest," but I would have been much more glad if he had read it with a *little more care* in order to avoid some misconceptions.

S. N. SIRCAR, M.A.



## *CAUSES RELATING TO THE SEPOY WAR, 1857-58.*

### CHAPTER I.

#### ANNEXATION.—THE PUNJAB AND PEGU.

Never perhaps in the annals of Anglo-Indian administration, had the supremacy of Britain been so seriously threatened, as in the ever memorable period of 1857-8. If filled with astonishment and wonder, alike the people of England and India, that the prestige of a flag that during the past century and a half had waived in proud defiance over the fortresses and capitals of India, and proclaimed by its presence to the subjugated races of India the irresistible might of England and the profound wisdom of her councils, had been so humbled that extreme and mighty efforts of India and England alike were needed to avenge it. The frightful catastrophes, thrilling episodes, and heroic self sacrifice, which gave so painful a celebrity to that awful period, presented themes of manifold discussions for the students of history, which naturally lead to inquire into the causes, that had wrought out this horrid and unparalleled disaster. An impartial and diligent effort of finding them out, will alike be beneficial for the rulers and the ruled, for knowing each other's wants more closely. It has also been a solemn warning to those, who wield the destiny of their multitudinous subjects, not to repeat such a policy of administration, so fraught with potent evil. Besides that, lessons which abundantly interest the political council, a higher philosophical interest belongs to it, as cause of authentic history, commemorating a great revolution for good and for evil in the fortunes of a people, extremely credulous, simple-hearted and of ancient descent.

Of the various causes which had the effect of influencing this great revolution, none is more direct and perhaps more galling than the formidable miscarriages of Lord Dalhousie's administration. Necessary it is therefore to dwell at some length on the Government of that ruler, for a clear explanation of all

those appalling horrors which specially characterised the revolt. The booming of the guns from the ramparts of Fort William, announced on the 19th of January 1848, that Lord Dalhousie had assumed the manifold responsibility of governing the vast empire of the Hon. East India Company. Not even eight months elapsed since then, before the trumpet of that redoubtable ruler, in no uncertain note sounded his political creed, which was rigidly maintained to the close of his eventful reign. On the 30th of August 1848 he declared:—"I cannot conceive it possible for any one to dispute the policy of taking advantage of every just opportunity which presents itself, for consolidating the territories that already belong to us, by taking possession of States which may lapse in the midst of them; for thus getting rid of these petty intervening principalities, which may be made a means of annoyance, but which can never, I venture to think, be a source of strength; for adding to the resources of the public treasury; and for extending the uniform application of our system of Government to those whose best interests, we believe, will be promoted thereby." "But (notes Sir John Kaye) great statesmen in times past, had thought that the extension of British rule in India, was for our own sakes, to be arrested rather than accelerated; that the Native States were a source to us of strength rather than of weakness, and that it would go ill with us when there were none left" *History of the Sepoy War, Vol. 1, pp. 79-80*. The testimony of such persons, as the Duke of Wellington, Sir Thomas Munro, Sir John Malcolm, Sir Henry Russel, Mont Stuart Elphinstone, Lord Ellinborough, Sir Henry St. George Tucker, Sir Charles Metcalf, no mean names in the catalogue of eminent Indian authorities, is too important to be omitted on this important subject of dealing with Native States.

The Duke of Wellington writes:—"By the extension of our territory our means of supporting our Government and of defending ourselves are proportionately decreased."

Sir Thomas Munro writes:—"Even if all India could be brought under the British dominion, it is very questionable whether such a change, either as it regards the natives or ourselves ought to be desired." As regards the advantages of annexations, which Lord Dalhousie so loudly proclaimed, the veteran statesman writes, "they are purchased by the sacrifice of independence, of national character, and of whatever renders a people respectable."

Sir John Malcolm writes:—"I am further convinced that, though our revenue may increase, the permanence of our power will be hazarded in proportion as the territories of native princes

and chiefs fall under our direct rule. \* \* \* I do think that every means should be used to avert what I should consider as one of the greatest calamities, in a political point of view, that could arise to our empire, *viz.*, the whole of India becoming subject to our direct rule."

Sir H. Russel writes:—"The danger that we have most to dread in India lies entirely at home. A well conducted rebellion of our native subjects, or an extensive disaffection of our native troops, is the event by which our power is most likely to be shaken; and the sphere of this danger is necessarily enlarged by every enlargement of our territory."

Mr. Mont Stuart Elphinstone writes:—"It appears to me to be our interest as well as our duty, to use every means to preserve the allied governments; it is also our interest to keep up the number of independent powers."

Lord Auckland's views were summed up in these significant expressions—"I cannot for a moment admit the doctrine, that because the view of policy upon which we may have formed engagements with native princes may have been by circumstances materially altered, we are not to act scrupulously, up to the terms and spirit of those engagements."

Lord Ellenborough writes:—"Our Government is at the head of a system composed of native States, and I would avoid taking what are called rightful occasions of appropriating the territories of native States; on the contrary, I should be disposed, as far as I could, to maintain the native States; and I am satisfied that the maintenance of native States, and the giving to the subjects of those states the conviction that they were considered permanent parts of the general Government of India, would materially strengthen our authority."

Sir Henry St. George Tucker writes:—"I have availed myself of every suitable occasion to enforce my conviction that a more mischievous policy could not be pursued than that which would engross the whole territory of India, and annihilate the small remnant of native aristocracy."

Lord Metcalf writes:—"When there is a total failure of heirs, it is probably more consistent with right that the people should elect a sovereign, than that the principality should relapse to the paramount state, that state in fact having no rights in such a case but what it assumes by virtue of its power."

But yet did Lord Dalhousie, in ignorance or indifference of the authoritative opinions of those profound statesmen, think proper of recording his strong and deliberate opinion "that in the

exercise of a wise and sound policy, the British Government is bound not to put aside or to neglect such rightful opportunities of acquiring territory or revenue as may from time to time present themselves." What a contrast to the wise counsel of these veteran Indian administrators, was the aforesaid bold and hollow declaration of Lord Dalhousie, penned only within a year's experience of his contact with the vast and multitudinous races of India. To the misfortune of the people of India then, "the Court of Directors had heard the voice of the charmer. And from that time the policy of Dalhousie became the policy of Leaden Hall Street." *Sir J. Kaye's History of the Sepoy War, Vol. 1, p. 75.* This grasping policy, which revolutionized the very fabric of independent existence of Native State, within 8 years of his momentous rule, caused several states and principalities to be marked red in the map of British India, which Lord Dalhousie on his arrival had found Foreign ones.

Punjab was the first and perhaps one of the worst of all his annexations. How and why the land of the Five Waters was absorbed within the vast domains of the mighty East India Company, necessitates the brief recording of events which led to the annexation of the Punjab, since the demise of the great Runjeet Sing. The mighty soldiery—the splendid creations of the Lion of the north—"which for steadiness and religious fervour has no parallel since the 'Ironsides' of Cromwell," in vain sought in the besotted, sensual and weak successors of their great chief, for any in whom they might repose their confidence and faith. These unworthy successors of Runjeet, recoiled too in the management of army—whose influence in every department of the state soon became predominant. Under such military despotism of this Pretorian band, the sensual and licentious Court of Lahore found an insurmountable obstacle in the gratification of their evil passions. Not a few of these worthless creatures expiated their crimes by falling victims to the justly aroused indignation of the dominant army. This dread of the army added to their own intestine feuds and strifes, moved the Lahore chiefs to conspire with their great neighbour, the English, for the destruction of the band, which they could not control. These false traitors to their country, considered that by thus removing the army, they would pave the way to their future recognition under the banner of the conquerors. Therefore they insidiously urged the army to move against the English, whose military preparations and the overt acts of some of their officers in the frontier, the soldiery viewed as opposed to the conditions laid down in the treaty of 1807. The policy too

then adopted by the English did not show that strict adherence to the treaties and engagements, which was expected from a civilized and powerful Government. These circumstances combined brought about the rupture between the English and the Sikhs on the latter part of 1845. Undirected as their valour might be, the mighty army of the Punjab measured their puissant arms with that of the great warriors of Britain in four pitched battles, Moodhkee, Feroze Saher, Bodeewal and Alleewal, and so paralyzed their redoubtable opponents that they soon "became impressed with the immensity of the danger which had threatened the peace and perhaps the safety, of their exotic dominion." *Capt. Cunningham's History of the Sikhs, 1849, p. 310.* The destruction or dispersion any how of this formidable army, which had so long scorned the arms of Britain, was essential to the British reputation. And the views of the English Generals and the Sikh leaders were in some sort met by an understanding, that the Sikh army shall be attacked by the one and deserted by the other, that the passage of the Sutlej should be unopposed and the road to the capital laid open to the victors, and that after the disbandment of the army a Sikh sovereignty in Lahore should be acknowledged by the English. "Under such circumstances of discreet policy and shameless treason was the battle of Sobrahan fought" and gained by the English. *Ibid p. 321.*

The victors faithfully fulfilled their pledge, by recognizing a Sikh sovereignty at Lahore after the victory. Golab Sing, Lall Sing and other leaders, through whose instrumentality the downfall of the indomitable Sikh army had been consummated, were amply rewarded. Cashmere, a principality of the Punjaub, was sold to Maharaja Golab Sing in independent possession by the English Government at 75 lakhs of rupees. Lall Sing was made Prime Minister and the Governor-General established a powerful military protectorate in the Punjab to support him in reconstructing a Sikh Government. But it soon became apparent that a solid and firm Government under the *vazirut* of Lall Sing was impossible. His treachery, incapacity, ignorance and sensuality made him unpopular and an object of derision. Fortunately for the inhabitants of the Punjab, they had to look under such circumstances of weakness and anarchy, to the magnanimity and wisdom of a victor, whose sound system of Government was not founded on the frivolous principle of not allowing any opportunity of absorbing native states to slip away. Rather inaugurating a fearful revolution in the Punjab, by the withdrawal of his power-

ful protectorate, which would have given rise to an opportunity of his annexing the Punjaub, the noble and illustrious Hardinge undertook, by the solemn engagement of the 16th December 1846, "the maintenance of an administration, and the protection of the Maharaja Dhuleep Sing during the minority of His Highness which will end on the 4th of September 1854." *Papers, Articles of Agreement with the Lahore Durbar, 1847, p. 49.* Further he announced in the General Proclamation of the 20th of August, that he felt the "interest of a father in the education and guardianship of the young prince." *Papers relating to the Punjaub, 1847-49, p. 53.* In accordance with views so sound and wise, a Council of Regency composed of the leading chiefs was instituted, at the head of which sat the British Resident "with full authority to direct and control all matters in every department of the State." *Papers, Articles of Agreement with the Lahore Durbar, 1847, p. 50.* "In other words the British Resident became the virtual ruler of the country." *Sir J. Kaye's History of the Sepoy War Vol. 1 p. 7.*

The statesman on whose hand the noble Governor-General thus devolved the onerous task of reorganizing and consolidating, the land of the Five Waters, soon proved himself fully capable of executing the trust imposed on him. Sir Henry Lawrence was wholly without guile 'and finesse.' His singularly open and unreserved dealings with the people he came in contact earned for him their respect and confidence. Rather than the extinction of native states on the plea of misgovernment, their reorganization and improvement by native agency, guided by the solid reforms and sound wisdom of British Councils, were his profound and statesmanlike views of government. The measures of reform implanted on the land of the Sikhs with the concert of the Council of Regency, 'under his control and guidance' had their immediate effect. "Tranquillity had been restored; confidence and order were fast returning. The Sikh soldiery appeared to be contented with their lot, and to be gradually acquiring habits of discipline and obedience under a system which rendered them dependent on the British officers for whatever best promoted their interests and contributed to their comforts" *Kaye's Sepoy War Vol. 1, p.p. 10-11.* Most unfortunately for the Sikhs, nay for the Indians too, when for the peace and prosperity of the vast empire the presence of such sympathetic and beloved rulers was deemed most essential, had Lord Hardinge and Sir H. Lawrence to retire from the scene of their glory and renown.

To comment on such a reign as that of Lord Hardinge, so loved and cherished by the people of India is superfluous. In the

brief space which is allowed in a treatise like this, nothing can be more significant and appropriate than to follow in the wake of the great historian of the Sepoy War, respecting the policy of Lord Hardinge's Government in the Punjab. "It was, worthy of a Christian warrior: it was worthy of a Christian statesman. What Hardinge did, he did because it was right to do it. It was his own desire to render British connexion with the Punjaub a blessing to the Sikhs, without destroying their national independence. The spirit of Christian philanthropy moved at his bidding over the whole face of the country—not the mere image of a specious benevolence disguising the designs of our ambition and the impulses of our greed, but an honest, hearty desire to do good without gain, to save an Empire, to reform a people, and to leave behind us the marks of a hand at once gentle and powerful—gentle to cherish and powerful only to sustain." *Kaye's History of the Sepoy War Vol. 1 p. 16.*

When Lord Dalhousie took charge of the portfolio of the Government, peace and prosperity hailed him on every side. Even the Punjaub, where the boisterous and unruly elements had lately been subdued, was quiet. The new year had dawned auspicious on it. The perfect repose and contentment prevailing there enabled the new Governor-General to write to the Home authorities that he simply "forwarded papers relating to the Punjaub," that there was nothing to call for special remark. But ere long this happy state of things was changed to one of dire discontent by the miscarriages of his administration; and in no time the land of the Five Waters was in a blaze. Suddenly amidst perfect peace and tranquillity Lord Dalhousie's attention was aroused by the tidings, that Moolraj a refractory vassal of the state had hoisted the standard of rebellion. The long and inexplicable delay which occurred in nipping in the bud this nascent revolt, followed by the most unjustifiable acts of banishing Maharanee Jhindhan, the mother of the infant Dhuleep Sing, from the Punjaub, the refusal of allowing Dhuleep to be affianced with the daughter of Chutter Sing, a leading Sirdar of Lahore, and lastly the ill-treatment of the said chief caused the formidable insurrection, headed by his son Shere Sing, a prominent member of the Council of Regency and by far the bravest and best of the Sikhs. The defection of Shere Sing, who had always been intent on obeying the Resident's orders, to avenge the authors of his father's ruin and disgrace and for the defence of his country's honor which he deemed the overt acts of the English had jeopardized, was nothing but natural.

Lord Dalhousie was bound by the clauses of the treaty of 16th December 1846, to crush any insurrection that might disturb the peace and integrity of his ward's dominion. He did it, but not before the expression "too late" marked his steps. However, three pitched battles had to be fought at a great loss of British prestige and arms at Ramnagar, Sadoolapoore and Chillianwalla, before Shere Sing, whose fervent patriotism, admirable strategy and undaunted heroism had ere long earned for him the mighty distinction of being designated as the Garibaldi in India, was defeated at Goojrat. Thus the rebellion of Shere Sing was crushed by the guardian, in the kingdom of his ward, with the assistance and co-operation of the Council of Regency and the people of the Punjab. Had he stopped there, the verdict of history and posterity would have sung his pæan in just note of praise and admiration for the performance of his duty. Instead of that Lord Dalhousie removing his infant ward from the throne of the Punjaub, himself mounted it declaring that he had conquered the Punjab. Justly notes Major Evans Bell the devotion "of whose unflagging energies to the true interests of India" is well known, "that it was no conquest, it was breach of trust." *The Retrospects and Prospects of Indian policy* p. 178. H. F. S. Cotton's, *New India* p. 91. Reviewing on this mournful affair, J. M. Ludlow, Barrister-at-Law, bore the same testimony, when he said—"Having once recognised and undertaken to protect Dhuleep Sing, it was mockery to punish him for the faults of his subjects. As between us and him, in putting down the insurrection we were simply fulfilling our duty towards him. No such act on the part of his subjects could give us any title against him." *History of British India, Vol. 11* p. 167. And the famous diamond, Kohinoor, which Lord Hardinge during the installation of Dhuleep Sing had smilingly fastened on his small arm, was unfastened by Lord Dalhousie to be retained by the Hon'ble East India Company. Sir H. Lawrence who had recently arrived from his native land grieved much at this annexation. He strove nevertheless by his humane and pacific measures to keep the motley populace of the Punjab, satisfied under the new regime. But his resenting this absorption of the infant ward's dominion did not go unpunished. Lord Dalhousie removed him from the Government of the Punjaub to Rajputana, to make room for his brother John Lawrence. Though much shocked at this treatment, Sir Henry Lawrence forgot not the welfare of the people of the Punjab, by whom he was so dearly loved. With a heavy heart bidding farewell to the Punjaub he uttered these noble and signi-



ficant words to his brother:—"If you preserve the peace of the country and make the people high and low happy, I shall have no regrets that I vacated the field for you." Sir J. Lawrence tried his best to follow the sage advice of his brother, which only enabled to keep the Punjab quiet, during the troublous period of 1857-58.

Thus availing himself of what he deemed the just opportunity for annexing the dominion of his infant ward, Lord Dalhousie sought further opportunities for enlarging the already over-grown dominions of the Hon'ble East India Company. The Governor-General had not to wait long before the disturbed relations with the Burmese Court laid Pegu at his feet. The origin of this war was about the most futile that could be imagined; under more discreet management of affairs with an insolent, and ignorant people like the Burmese, the collision of arms might have been averted, but the officer entrusted to conduct the diplomatic relation with them, conducted it successfully to a rupture. The facts, which led to the annexation of Pegu are the following—Two masters of English ships, having been proceeded against by two English subjects at the Rangoon Court, were fined. The long and short of the squabble between the English and the Burmese as to this decision, was that the Burmese King imprisoned some 60 English subjects, on which the English captured a Burmese ship of war and blockaded the rivers. The war which followed led to the annexation of Pegu, but not before thrice the hostile arms measured their strength there.

G. L. DE.

*IN A PAGODA CITY.*

The temporary cessation of the rains for a few days in August rendered the mornings bright and pleasant. It was on one of such mornings that I rose betimes with the intention of going for a ride, but when I descended to the stables my Syce informed me that my mare was unfit to be ridden out that morning. It was a disappointment, but as I did not care to turn in again I set out for a walk. After paying a visit to the Phayre Museum and the Zoo I walked on in the direction of the Horticultural Gardens. As I neared the gate I saw Tom Wilton, who was a few yards in advance of me, walking with somewhat quick steps. "Not so fast," I called out and he turned to greet me, not exactly with a grim, but something approaching it. I complained to him of my disappointment that morning and he attempted to chaff me about it. Not that he was an adept in that sort of thing, but his spirits that morning appeared to be heightened. However, I said nothing and we walked on.

We had just entered the Horticultural Gardens and Balthasar was auctioning some Plants, &c. The sale had already begun and Stewart of the Pegu Club was bidding for some lots for his smiling companion. There were a good many people there and a very pretty girl amongst the number. I was looking rather hard in her direction when Tom claimed my attention by remarking.

"I rather like that girl, don't you?"

"Which girl?" I asked.

"That girl with the silk sunshade."

I looked at Tom, Tom looked at me, then I turned and looked at the girl indicated.

"She is good looking," I conceded.

Tom's face expressed something like disappointment. I waited.

"Good looking" he said after a pause. "I think she is perfect."

"Perfect?" said I, and I turned to look once more to make sure. I saw Tom doff his hat and receive a nod and a well-meaning smile.

"I don't think so," I said.

Tom turned away with a sigh of impatience while I smiled.

"If she isn't," protested Tom, "What then is your idea of feminine beauty?"

I remained silent.

"It strikes me," he went on, "that—"

"Lovers are blind," said I.

"You don't mean—?"

"Of course, I do," said I. "I always mean what I say."

Tom gave me another hard look, then he sidled away and I lost sight of him. I turned my attention to the sale and fixed my gaze on the auctioneer. There was nothing to buy, at least, I hadn't come to buy—neither of us did. By this time the Plants were sold and we were moving towards the spot where the orchids hung. When I got there I saw Tom standing beside the girl looking very happy. I had a heartburn, but I smiled. Man is sometimes unaccountable for his actions: I was so then. I heard Tom's voice as the bid began to rise. I looked at the auctioneer, then, without any intention, nodded. The bid rose higher.

Tom shot a quick glance at me. I wasn't looking in his direction, but I knew he did. Tom spoke, I only nodded. The bid rose higher still, until I heard my name shouted to the clerk. Then, I turned my face in the other direction. 'Oh Heavens!' I thought, 'have I bought all that lot?' but I felt consoled when I saw Tom looking furious. Tom would have bid on and bought them at a fabulous price only the girl checked him and said they weren't worth more.

I sauntered away and met Jim Rushton half way down the drive. He stopped his cart and said, "Jump in."

"Where're you going?" said I.

"I'll look in at the Club," said he, "for a minute or so, then drop you if you like."

"That would suit me well," I said, jumping in.

"What ever made you buy those orchids?" asked Jim.

"Why?" I asked.

"You've paid a stiff price for them," said he.

"Oh, I wanted them—badly," said I.

Jim looked round at me with an expression that betokened half doubt half amusement. I was serious.

"Did you see Tom Wilton?" asked Jim.

"I did," said I. "We met before the auction began."

"Did you know he was bidding for those orchids?"

"Was he?" said I. "He can have the lot now if he wishes."

"But I thought you wanted them badly," said Jim.

"Oh yes," I said. (I had forgotten because I really didn't want them) "But I'll give them to him and wait for the next sale."

Jim's face wore an expression I can't describe, but I know what it implied. He suspected I didn't want them at all. Then he laughed. I laughed too. We were a furlong or so from my house now.

"Who's that girl?" I asked.

"Which girl?" said he.

"The girl Tom was standing alongside talking to?"

"The girl Tom wanted the orchids for?"

"Well, the girl Tom wanted the orchids for."

"Why?" asked Jim.

"Because I want to know," said I.

"Dine with me tomorrow," he said.

"With pleasure," I said. "What time?"

"The usual time," said he.

"Alright," said I. "I'll be round an hour earlier so as to—"

I didn't finish my sentence when Jim laughed.

"What are you laughing for?" I asked.

"Nothing," said Jim.

Then he drew up before my gate and I jumped down.

"Thanks, awfully. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," returned Jim as he drove off.

Next day I went to Jim's for Dinner. Dinner is a meal I enjoy better at a friend's. Jim resided in Royd Street, so did Tom. I drew up at the house, alighted and ascended the flight of steps. As I entered I grew nervous. A laboured breath or two and the next moment Jim's wife was introducing me to—why the very girl. I have maintained my equilibrium in the presence of the prettiest woman in Calcutta, though she was conceited enough to believe herself the prettiest in India, Burma included; yet when I saw Tom's girl I felt like an ass. But she smiled prettily and I recovered myself. Then I dropped into a chair beside hers and sought Jim's eye. There was a twinkle in it that I didn't like. Now that I sat near her I could not help feeling that Tom was right—not exactly, you know, but very near it. It was the first week of the Broughs and what is more natural than that our conversation should turn on those worthies. I hailed the subject with delight.

"They had bumper houses all through their stay in Calcutta," said Miss Ella Warden.

"Oh yes," said I, "Calcutta particularly revels in burlesque."

"So it would appear."

"Oh it is a fact," said I.

"Are you going to-night, Mr. Freeman?" asked Ella.

"That depends," said I, "on what the piece is."

"They are playing the Amazons," she observed.

"Are they? then I'm going," I said.

"But you will go with us, won't you, Mr. Freeman," she said.

I looked at her; a look which she quickly interpreted; then she said: Mr. and Mrs. Rushton, Tom—I mean Mr. Wilton, and myself.

A smile escaped my lips before I had time to prevent it. The idea of meeting Tom after the sale and that, too, in the presence of the very girl tickled me not a little.

"And do you expect Mr. Wilton?" I asked.

"Oh yes," she said, "but not just yet. He'll be here after dinner."

I felt a sense of relief immediately which must have been apparent in my face, for Miss Warden studied it for a while then smiled.

"Don't you know Mr. Wilton?" she asked.

"Oh yes," I said; "we are very great friends."

"Are you?" she said, while her face assumed a half surprised half amused expression. May be she was thinking of the orchids, and although I endeavoured to avoid the subject of the sale in our conversation yet it took that turn as conversations have a trick of doing.

"Are you fond of orchids?" she asked after a pause.

"Don't care for them," I said. "I bought those for a friend, but when I heard you wanted them—"

"Oh not particularly," she said.

"But you can have them now," said I. "I'll send them round to you in the morning."

"Thank you," she said; "but your friend, Mr. Freeman?"

"My friend can wait," said I.

She smiled as we rose and went in to dinner. Dinner passed very quietly except that Jim's face had a distinctly mischievous look in it. After dinner Jim went down to have the carriages ready while Mrs. Rushton went to add some final touches to her toilette.

We were seated talking in the drawing-room when Tom entered. As he passed the threshold he paused while the expression in his face changed to seriousness. Then he came up, took

Miss Warden's hand and with a formal *good evening* to me settled into a chair beside hers. I turned my face away and smiled. Then I made a gesture as if to rise.

"I think I am *de trop*," I said. "I'll go and see what Rushton is doing."

"Not at all, Mr. Freeman," said Miss Ella.

Just then I heard Mrs. Rushton call to Ella:

"The carriage is ready, dear: won't you come in for a minute?"

Ella rose and left us. It wasn't a minute; it was fully five she was away, during which time I turned and looked at Tom. He looked back at me with a set face.

"Don't be an ass," I said,

He scowled, but said nothing. Tom never resented an insult or made a retort at once. He always kept silent for a while then took you unawares.

"What made you,—?" he demanded;

"The same that made you," I said, not waiting for him to finish his sentence nor finishing my own.

"I wanted them for—"

"So did I," I said.

Tom stared me in the face. He began to suspect.

"And who's the girl?" he demanded.

"That's more than you have a right to know," said I. "But I don't mind telling you. Then I breathed softly the name, Miss Ella Warden.

Tom put a step back his eyes fixed glaringly on me. I can't describe the look in his face. We were standing thus when Mrs. Rushton and Ella entered. (I say Ella because after giving her the orchids I felt like an old friend of hers.) Jim also entered just then.

"Come along, he said. "We have only ten minutes and it takes quite that to get there."

Tom got into the carriage with the ladies while Jim sat with me in my cart.

"He nearly knocked me down," I said.

Jim laughed. "What for?" he asked.

"Because I gave those orchids to her."

"Did you really," said Jim.

"Of course," said I. "What else could I do. We led up to the sale and I should have felt like a brute if I didn't. I woke late the next morning and had a vague remembrance of having dreamt something about pistols and seconds.

After Chota hazari I went into my study and wrote a short note which I handed to my servant with instructions to convey the same with the orchids to the address given on the note. Then I dismissed the subject from my mind and lighting my pipe, took up the morning paper. I waded all through the telegrams, read half of the leader and looked earnestly over the theatrical notice. Five minutes later my servant entered bearing a note for me. It came with salaams. It was a short, simple note and therein lay the charm. It ran:—

"Dear Mr. Freeman,—I have just received your note with the orchids. It is very kind of you and I thank you very much. I am sure your friend will never forgive me."

"P.S.—Perhaps we shall meet you at the Gymkhana grounds to-morrow evening."

I smiled and put the note carefully away, then took up my paper.

When I got down to the Gymkhana grounds the next evening I saw Mrs. Rushton, Ella and Tom. They were 20 yards off and I was talking to Jack Simpson, I took off my hat and received two nods and two very pleasant smiles, but Tom turned his face aside. I looked at my friend. Jack was regarding Ella very earnestly, then he broke into speech.

"Awfully nice girl that," he said. "Should like to know her."

"No use," said I, "she's engaged."

"Is she?" he said. "I thought that fellow Wilton meant something."

"Oh yes," said I. "But where's Rushton?"

Jack was a brother Barrister.

"Don't know," he said. "Think he's gone on a case."

"Mrs. Rushton will know," said I; and I turned to make off to her. Jack moved on in the other direction.

When I got near Mrs. Rushton, Tom stepped a few paces to his left. Ella looked undecided for a while then followed him. I smiled as I noticed it and Mrs. Rushton drooped her lids and pursed up her lips after a manner I cannot describe.

"He takes things very seriously," I remarked.

"All you men do," said Mrs. Rushton, with a confident nod of her head.

"Oh no," said I, "I don't. Life is too short for that sort of thing."

Mrs. Rushton smiled and touched my sleeve with the handle of her closed sunshade.

"How did you come?" I asked.

"We came together," she replied.

"And going back together?" I said.

"No," she said, then looked at me: "I'll let him drive Ella to her house in our cart if you'll drive me back in yours."

"I shall be very happy to," I said. "But where is Rushton?"

"Oh he's gone on a case," she said, "and won't be back till Thursday." This was Monday.

When the match was over I drove Mrs. Rushton back.

"You don't seem to take interests in football," she remarked.

"I? Oh I do," I said. "But—"

My horse gave a bound which caused the cart to veer. Mrs. Rushton caught my arm as if to prevent herself falling, but she let it go the next instant. I slowed my horse to a walking pace and thought of Rushton puzzling over his brief finding points for argument while I was driving Mrs. Rushton to her house. But Jim is a good fellow and never jealous—of me especially. Then she broke the spell.

"I thought Mr. Wilton and you were very good friends?"

"Oh yes, we were," said I.

"But are not now," she added with a smile.

"I am afraid," she went on.

"Afraid?" said I, "why should you be afraid?"

"I mean," she said, "it appears to me that Ella won't marry him."

"No," said I. Here was a revelation.

"Why?" I asked.

"Oh because, you know, she thinks him too horridly jealous."

"It's good to be jealous," I said. "Its a sure sign of true love."

"But not too much so, Mr. Freeman."

I agreed that it was bad to be too much so. Then I drew up and we alighted.

When I called the next evening to take Mrs. Rushton out for a drive she was laughing riotously.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Oh a great deal," she said.

"Come let me hear" said I.

Then she laughed in a quiet sort of way.

"You must not," she said after a pause, during which time she contrived to look serious, "captivate girls in that way."



"Captivate!" I cried, "Why I thought that was only possible with women." She smiled and touched my arm with the end of her fan in a playful sort of way. I gathered that Ella had been to see her that day and made a confidante of her. There had been a misunderstanding which threatened a break, but that Ella didn't mind it.

"You have made a clean conquest of her poor little heart," she said looking straight at me.

"Have I?" I said. "That's a bad look out. I don't want to take Tom's girl away from him."

Mrs. Rushton looked curiously at me.

"You are very generous" she said.

Just then Ella entered. Tom had not called to see her that evening as she certainly expected he would not, and as my cart only seated two we had to abandon the idea of a drive and to sit out in the Garden, where we talked till late.

When I rose Mrs. Rushton asked me to stay to dinner.

"You have got no engagement," she said.

"Oh yes, I have," I said. "I've got to meet a friend at the Club, if only for two minutes. But I can be round after that and—and—"

I looked at Mrs. Rushton while I hesitated and she, shrewd woman, guessed it.

"Of course," she said, "bring your friend with you. Only Mr. Rushton is away."

"Oh that doesn't matter a bit," said I.

When I got into my cart I made straight for the Club. "It shan't go further," I muttered as I gave my horse a sharp cut.

There were hardly ten people there that evening and Tom was seated in the Reading-room bending moodily over the "Field." I touched him on the shoulder and he looked round at me almost savagely.

"What's all this?" I asked.

"What's what?" he said.

"Now come!" said I; "Mrs. Rushton is expecting you to dinner."

"I haven't promised her," he replied, still looking very unamiable.

"No, but she desired me to ask you," I said, "and there is really no time to delay."

Then we had a Whisky each and he rose, very reluctantly, of course.

"Remember," I said, as we seated ourselves in the cart, "we were always good friends." He still maintained silence, but I saw he was coming round.

When I drew up and we alighted I took him by the arm and walked straight to Ella.

"Allow me," I said, "to introduce my friend, Mr. Tom Wilton."

Ella looked at us and smiled; so did Mrs. Rushton. Tom tried to look serious, but failed.

E. C. M.

*LIFE OF BENJAMIN DISRAELI,*

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CHAPTER II.LITERARY FAME, FOREIGN TRAVEL, AND POLITICAL  
ASPIRATIONS.

The Wycombites were again, after a short interval called upon to exercise their elective privileges as citizens. Mr. Disraeli, nothing daunted by his former failure, again presented himself before them. His hustings speech delivered by him on this occasion, which was afterwards published by him in a pamphlet form, and which, by the way, was his first published work issued under his own name, "D'Israeli the Younger," contained a somewhat elaborate profession of his political faith. The election was a general one, being on the occasion of the downfall of Lord Melbourne's first Administration. The young anti-Whig Wycombe candidate advocated the repeal of the malt-tax and the window-tax. He waxed eloquently wrathful against clerical pluralities. In Ireland, said he, "the very name of tithes must be within twelve months unknown" (a wish which was ere long verified). He would not, however, alienate any of its revenues from the Anglo-Irish Church; for, said he, with unquestionable truth, "experience has taught me that an establishment is never despoiled except to benefit an aristocracy." Nevertheless, he strongly objected to that portion of ecclesiastical endowments which proceeds from the imposition of Church Rates. One passage of this speech, which is most important as being the full and authorised exposition of Mr. Disraeli's political faith, is so exquisite and pungent in its satire, that we make no apology for citing it, unmarred by abridgment or elision. To the ordinary modern reader a word of preliminary information will be necessary, to enable him to apprehend aright its drift and its point. At this crisis of our history, the rump of the Whig Ministry formed by Earl Grey, and now led by the defeated Lord Melbourne, who had just received his congé from the king, was eminently unpopular. The once powerful Ministry had lost almost

all its great names. Death had removed one or two, but desertion or dismissal many more, of the strong phalanx which had been held together in at least apparent amity and cohesion, under Lord Grey, from 1830 to 1833. Of the great names, only Lords Palmerston, John Russell, Brougham, and Melbourne himself remained. The names of Grey, Althorp, Durham, Stanley, Graham, Richmond, no longer shed lustre over the Cabinet. With this parenthetical remark of ours, the passage becomes self-explanatory:—

“ You remember, gentlemen, the story of Sir John Cutler’s silk hose. These famous stockings remind me of this famous Ministry ; for really, between Hobhouse darns and Ellice botching, I can hardly decide whether the hose are silk or worsted. The Reform Ministry ! I daresay, now, some of you have heard of Mr. Ducrow, that celebrated gentleman who rides upon six horses. What a prodigious achievement ! It seems impossible, but you have confidence in Ducrow ! You fly to witness it. Unfortunately, one of the horses is ill, and a donkey is substituted in its place. But Ducrow is still admirable ; there he is, bounding along in a scarlet jacket and silk slippers ! The whole town is mad to see Ducrow riding at the same time on six horses ; but now two more of the steeds are seized with the staggers, and lo ! three jackasses in their stead ! Still Ducrow persists, and still announces to the public that he will ride round his circus every night on his six steeds. At last, all the horses are knocked up, and now there are half a dozen donkeys. What a change ! Behold the hero of the amphitheatre, the spangled jacket thrown on one side, the cork slippers on the other. Puffing, panting, and perspiring, he pokes one sullen brute, thwacks another, cuffs a third, and curses a fourth, while one brays to the audience and another rolls in the saw dust. Behold the late Prime Minister of the Reform Ministry ! The spirited and new white steeds have actually changed into an equal number of sullen, obstinate donkeys ; while Mr. Merryman, who, like the Lord Chancellor,\* was once the life of the ring, now lays his despairing length in the middle of the stage, with his jokes exhausted and his bottle empty.”

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\* Brougham.

## CHAPTER III.

## LITERARY LABOURS—GROWTH OF GENIUS.

Defeated at Wycombe a second time, Mr. Disraeli nevertheless found courage still once more to solicit the suffrage of another constituency. He had, indeed, previously issued an address to the voters of the newly-created borough of Marylebone, in which he described himself as "a man who had already fought the battle of the people," and who "sought the support of neither of the aristocratic parties." He advocated triennial parliaments and the Ballot, but his repudiation by the Radical leaders, then as more recently all potent in Marylebone, caused the constituents to look very coldly on his pretensions, and he discreetly abstained from going to the poll. Indeed, he did not even appear upon the hustings, or take any step further than to issue his phlegmatically received and somewhat phlegmatically conceived address.

For the first time in his life, Mr. Disraeli appeared uncompromisingly under true blue Tory colours at Taunton in 1835. Sir Robert Peel had come into power, and it seemed politic to embrace unequivocally the fortunes of the party which was once more in the ascendant. True, Sir Robert's reign had been but short lived. After five months' occupancy of the premiership, Lord Melbourne was again sent for; and it was, indeed, on the occasion of the restoration of the Whigs to office that Mr. Disraeli again found occasion to prefer his claims to the representation of a constituency. But with consummate sagacity he saw that, though the time was not yet ripe for a strong Conservative party, yet the tide had set in in that direction, and that he would act most wisely who should steer and set his sails in a similar course. Lord Melbourne offered to Mr. Labouchere the post of Master of the Mint, and, according to constitutional wont, that gentleman had to resign his seat and offer himself for re-election to his constituents at Taunton. When he got down to the borough, he found Mr. Disraeli in the field before him. The famous Titehfield House compact between O'Connell and the Whigs had just then been contracted—indeed, it had been the means of the return of this party to power; and O'Connell's English Radical allies, as

well as his immediate Irish Parliamentary "tail," were pacified and propitiated by it, and by other concessions and pledges vouchsafed by the cowed and suppliant Whigs. The tables being thus turned, it was no longer possible for Mr. Disraeli to pursue his former astute tactics of preaching a dubious Radical-Toryism, or Tory-Radicalism, against the Whigs. He was equal to the occasion. With a sophistication which was at once unblushing and ingenious, he recanted his adhesion to the Radical shibboleths of Triennial Parliaments and Vote by Ballot, ingeniously defending his apostacy on the ground that the oligarchical faction against which these expedients had been remedially and defensively devised had been shattered and no longer existed. The necessity for them had, therefore, passed away. In language of the fiercest denunciation, he singled out O'Connell as the special object of his attack, using with unsparing profusion the epithets, "incendiary," "traitor," "liar in action and word," "his life a living lie," &c.

Mr. Disraeli lost his election—and caught a Tartar in the person of O'Connell. Shortly after the Taunton speech, which was widely reported, O'Connell, in the course of one of his regular Conciliation Hall addresses, retorted on his assailant. The following is the final, and the most piquant passage, of O'Connell's pungent attack:—

"There is a habit of underrating that great and oppressed nation, the Jew. They are cruelly persecuted by people calling themselves Christians. . . . I have the happiness to be acquainted with some Jewish families in London, and amongst them more accomplished ladies, or more humane, cordial, high-minded, or better-educated gentlemen I have never met. It will not be supposed, therefore, that when I speak of Disraeli as the descendant of a Jew, I mean to tarnish him on that account. They were once the chosen people of God. There were miscreants among them, however, also, and it must certainly have been from one of these that Disraeli descended. He possesses just the qualities of the impenitent thief who died upon the cross, whose name, I verily believe, must have been Disraeli. For ought I know, the present Disraeli is descended from him; and with the impression that he is, I now forgive the heir-at-law of the blasphemous thief who died upon the cross."

It is not to be wondered at that Mr. Disraeli winced under such flagellation as this. His rage induced him to challenge to a duel O'Connell's son, Morgan; he did this because O'Connell, some time before, had let it be generally known that he would accept no challenge; so remorseful was he from the period of his shooting Colonel D'Esterre in a duel. The challenge became the subject of magisterial inquiry, and Mr. Disraeli was bound

over to keep the peace. But his tongue was not tied, and he thus responded to his assailant. The letter was addressed direct to O'Connell, and appeared in the columns of the *Times*, from which we reproduce this passage :—

“ If it had been possible for you to act like a gentleman, you would have hesitated before you made your foul and insolent comments upon a hasty and garbled report of a speech which scarcely contains a sentence or an expression as they emanated from my mouth ; but the truth is, you were glad to seize the first opportunity of pouring forth your venom against a man whom it serves the interests of your party to represent as a political apostate. In 1831, when Mr. O'Connell expressed to the electors of Wycombe his anxiety to assist me in my election, I came forward as the opponent of the party in power, and which I described in my address as ‘ a rapacious, tyrannical, and incapable faction ’—the English Whigs, who, in the ensuing year, denounced you as a traitor from the throne, and every one of whom, only a few months back you have anathematised with all the peculiar graces of a tongue practised in scurrility. You are the patron of these men now, Mr. O'Connell ; yea, forsooth, are ‘ devoted ’ to them. I am still the uncompromising opponent : which of us is the most consistent ?

“ With regard to your taunts as to my want of success in my election contests, permit me to remind you that I had nothing to appeal to but the good sense of the people. No threatening skeletons canvassed for me ; a death's-head and cross-bones was not blazoned on my banners. My pecuniary resources too, were limited. I am not one of those public beggars that we see swarming with their obtrusive boxes in the chapels of your creed ; nor am I in possession of a princely revenue arising from a starving set of fanatical slaves.”

This letter, and especially the latter sentences, was looked upon by most of the public as puerile bravado at the time. At this era of his life, there is no denying the fact that Mr. Disraeli was looked upon as a vain and frothy declaimer, with far more affectation than reality of power. He was in fact in too great a hurry to be great. He had been rendered dizzy, intoxicated, and overbalanced by his marvellous early success with “ Vivian Grey ;” but there were already considerable indications, visible to those who knew most of, and believed most in him, that he had genuine metal in him, and that his bluster and self-display arose rather from exuberance than deficiency of powers. After his passage of arms with O'Connell, he prudently retired for a time from the public eye ; saving his appearances in the realm of literature—a field, into which, for contrast and repose' sake, we gladly for a brief space follow him. Perhaps nothing will alternate more pleasingly with the hot and feverish polemical viands of which our readers have just been partaking, than the presentment of a letter, of which we cannot give the exact date,

but which, from internal evidence, seems to belong to this period of his career, and addressed by Disraeli to Lady Blessington from the quiet Buckinghamshire retreat in which he pursued his calm and solacing literary pursuits. About this time he was a regular contributor to her "Book of Beauty."

"How goes that 'great lubber,' the Public? and how fares that mighty bore, the world? Who of my friends has distinguished or extinguished himself or herself? In short, as the hart for the waterside, I pant for a little news, but chiefly of your fair and agreeable self.

"I send you a literary Arabesque, which is indeed nonsense. If worthy of admission, it might close the volume, as fairies and fireworks dance and glitter in the last scene of a fantastic entertainment. I wish my contribution were worthier, but I get duller every day.

"I should be mortified if the "Book of Beauty" appeared without my contribution, however, trifling. I have something on the stocks for you, but it is too elaborate to finish well in the present tone of my mind; but if you like a Syrian sketch of four or five pages, you shall have it in two or three days. I am in town only for a day or two, and terribly hurried, but I hope to get to Kensington Gore before the election.

"We are all delighted with the portraits; my sister is collecting those of all my father's friends. Her collection will include almost every person of literary celebrity, from the end of the Johnsonian era, so your fair face arrived just in time. . . . You give me the same advice that my father ever has done about jotting down all the evanescent feelings of youth; but, like other excellent advice, I fear it will appear unprofitable. I have a horror of journalising, and, indeed, of writing, of all description."

Spite of this "horror of writing of all description," this period of Mr. Disraeli's life was tolerably productive in the literary sense. In addition to the preparation of such fugitive pieces as those indicated in this note, it witnessed the production of the "Wondrous Tale of Alroy," a not very successful imaginative attempt to naturalise in our language that rhymed assonant prose which has so great a charm for Eastern ears; a "Vindication of the English Constitution," which is a tractate tersely written in a partisan spirit, and closely modelled upon the plausible and insincere minor treatises of Bolingbroke; and the more important works, "Henrietta Temple" and "Venetia."

To both these we purpose to devote a few brief critical remarks. In "Henrietta Temple" the author professes to delineate the passion of love in its most ardent and poetical form. He depicts the magical and instantaneous springing into existence, the bewildering and overpowering nature of a first passion in two beings of strong feelings, both educated under circumstances calculated to give to these feelings, when developed, a certain headlong and irresistible energy. Love, in this charming novel, is a fate, a destiny, the sudden enkindling of a fire long



slumbering and only awaiting ignition. This is certainly the true poetic treatment of love; and it is indeed giving Mr. Disraeli high praise for the execution of this, which we hold to be his best and most enduring work, when we remind the reader that (if we be right in our criticism) he has creditably treated the passion of love in that high and daring manner in which it is portrayed in the "Tempest," in "Romeo and Juliet," in Schiller's "Wallenstein" and "Maid of Orleans," in Goëthe's "Tasso," and in Scott's "Bride of Lammermoor." We here present, in confirmation of our unstinted eulogy, the only extracted passage from any of Mr. Disraeli's nonpolitical novels for which, with due proportion to other aspects of the subject of our biography, we are enabled to find space.

"The magic of first love is our ignorance that it can ever end. It is the dark conviction that feelings the most ardent may yet grow cold, and that emotions the most constant and confirmed are, nevertheless, liable to change, that taints the feebler spell of our later passions, though they may spring from a heart that has lost little of its original freshness, and be offered to one infinitely more worthy of the devotion than our first idolatry. To gaze upon a face, and to believe that for ever we must behold it with the same adoration; that those eyes, in whose light we live, will for ever meet ours with mutual glances of rapture and devotedness; to be conscious that all conversation with others sounds vapid and spiritless compared with the endless expression of our affection; to feel our heart rise at the favoured voice; and to believe that life must hereafter consist of a ramble through the world, pressing but one fond hand, and leaning but upon one faithful breast;—oh! must this sweet credulity indeed be dissipated? Is there no hope for them so full of hope?—no pity for them so abounding with love?

"And can it be possible that the hour can ever arrive when the former votaries of mutual passion so exquisite and engrossing can meet each other with indifference, almost with unconsciousness, and recall with an effort their vanished scenes of felicity—that quick yet profound sympathy, that ready yet boundless confidence, all that charming abandonment of self, and that vigilant and prescient fondness that anticipates all our wants and all our wishes? It makes the heart beat to picture such vicissitudes to the imagination. They are images full of distress, and misery, and gloom. The knowledge that such changes can occur flits over the mind like the thought of death, obscuring all our gay fancies with its bat-like wing, and tainting the healthy atmosphere of our actions with its venomous exhalations. It is not so much ruined cities that were once the capital glories of the world; or mouldering temples, mouldering with oracles no more believed; or arches of triumph that have forgotten the heroic name they were piled up to celebrate—that fill my mind with half so mournful an impression of the instability of human fortunes, as these sad spectacles of exhausted affections, and, as it were, traditionary fragments of expired passion."

"Venetia" contains some few of the excellences, but, in much larger proportion, exaggerates the few blemishes of "Henrietta Temple." In this novel the author attempts, without

the shadow of disguise, to delineate the characters of Shelley and Byron. It was held at the time, and it has been so held since, to have been most unwarrantable to make intrusion into the family affairs of illustrious men so recently dead; and equally, if not more worthy of reprobation to paint, with traits sufficiently intelligible, living characters for the public amusement. In "Henrietta Temple," but in twofold degree in "Venetia," it is made manifest that Mr. Disraeli had no mastery in the high field of the calm, natural, and simply grand. He delights—probably a consciousness of comparative weakness so compels him—to revel in the startling and improbable, at once in character and incident. He moves forward in bursts, with spasmodic, impassioned movement. The reader sometimes fretfully discovers that he, too, has imbibed the excited turbulence of the writer; and at the end of a striking passage, there is a painful feeling of exhaustion. No consummate artist of the first order would leave so unsatisfactory a result. After some of the most laboured passages, you exclaim with Othello, "Oh! well painted passion!" The key altogether is set too high. Eloquent the author undoubtedly is; but his eloquence is rather the "limbs and flourishes" than "the soul of oratory." Like all Mr. Disraeli's speeches, his passionate written passages are specimens of rhetoric, not of oratory. True, it is the highest rhetoric; but the highest rhetoric differs from oratory as the brightest and most dazzling gilding does from gold.

We conclude this chapter, in the later passages of which we have dallied awhile, as our hero dallied awhile, in the *dulcia arva literarum*, ere taking up anew the hotter narrative of political passion, with a brief picture of Mr. Disraeli as he appeared when about thirty years of age. It possesses the advantage of being from an eyewitness, and a credible one, Mr. Madden, the compiler of Lady Blessington's Memoirs, and many other works of merit and authority. Mr. Madden writes, under date 1854:—

"Many years ago (upwards of twenty) I frequently met Mr. Disraeli at Lady Blessington's abode in Seamore Place. It needed no ghost from the grave, or rapping spirit from the invisible world, to predicate, even then, the success of the young Disraeli in public life. Though in general society he was in general silent and reserved, he was closely observant. It required generally a subject of more than common interest to produce the fitting degree of enthusiasm to animate him, and to stimulate him into the exercise of his marvellous powers of conversation. When duly excited, however, his command of language was truly wonderful, his power of sarcasm unsurpassed, the readiness of his wit, the quickness of his perception, the grasp of mind that enabled him to seize on all the parts of any subject under discussion, persons would only call in question who had never been in his company at the period I refer to."

## CHAPTER IV.

## EARLY YEARS IN PARLIAMENT.

On the twenty-first of March, 1837, Mr. Disraeli thus wrote to the Countess of Blessington :—

"In spite every obstacle, I have not forgotten the fair Venetia who has grown under my paternal care, and as much in grace, I hope, as in stature, or rather dimensions. She is like her prototype—

‘The child of love,

Though born in bitterness and nurtured in convulsion ;’

but I hope she will prove a source of consolation to her parents, and also to her godmother, for I consider you to stand in that relation to her. . . . I have, of course, no news from this extreme solitude. My father advances valiantly with his great enterprise [a History of English Literature]; but works of that calibre are hewn out of the granite with slow and elaborate strokes. Mine are but plaster of Paris casts, or rather, statues of snow, that melt as soon as they are fabricated."

Within a very few months after the date of the above letter, Mr. Disraeli at last succeeded in attaining that object of ambition which he had already made not a few unsuccessful efforts to accomplish. He was returned to Parliament on the occasion of the general election which constitutionally succeeded the accession to the throne of her gracious Majesty Queen Victoria. He elected to stand for the borough of Maidstone, in conjunction with his friend, Wyndham Lewis, Esq., of Pantgwynlas Castle, in the county of Glamorgan. At this election, which took place during the autumn, much more than the amount of excitement customary on such stimulating occasions prevailed. There was a terribly hard tussle between the opposing parties. A strong reaction against the Whigs prevailed in the country. The people were weary of the endless discussions, fomented by Lord Melbourne and the Whigs, of Irish and ecclesiastical questions, and clamoured at the callous heedlessness with which their much more serious domestic complaints were disregarded. Sir Robert Peel had been prematurely called to office by King William, and he held his portfolio only for five months. The early return of the Whigs so far was an augury of the renewal of their strength.

But in two short years they had sunk in popular esteem to the lowest ebb. The Queen resolved to maintain her uncle's ministerial advisers in power, and even the young sovereign did not escape a not inconsiderable share of odium from the utterly unjustifiable and most indelicate manner in which ministers and their chief supporters vaunted on the hustings the royal preference and favour. Even the Radicals gave it to be understood that, the terms of their alliance with the Whigs having been treacherously violated, they did not consider themselves bound to give any further support to the Ministry, except they came forward in the nascent Parliament with an entirely new and expanded programme. The time, accordingly, was peculiarly ripe and favourable for Mr. Disraeli's fifth occasion of Parliamentary candidature. Maidstone returned two members. There was but one Liberal candidate. The latter polled but a very few votes, Mr. Lewis coming in at the head of the poll, and Mr. Disraeli being returned by a most decisive majority over the Ministerial candidate.

Although it has formed no part of our biographical plan to dedicate any portion of our space to the delineation of the private portion of our hero's life, an event so important as his marriage could not with propriety be excluded. His friend and parliamentary colleague, Mr. Lewis, was in the last stage of mortal sickness at the period of the assembling of Parliament, and survived his election but a very short time. In 1839, Mr. Disraeli married his colleague's widow, who was a daughter of J. Viney Evans, Esq., an officer of the Royal Navy. This lady is understood to have brought to her second husband the enjoyment of a considerable fortune, and the infinitely more priceless dowry of a large share of conjugal felicity. We are the more induced thus, for a passing moment, to leave the fields of politics and literature, that Mr. Disraeli himself publicly stated in 1867, at the parish of Hughenden harvest home, a festivity which Mrs. Disraeli honoured and graced by her presence, that "he had the best wife in England."

The first Parliament of Queen Victoria assembled on the fifteenth of November. Mr. Disraeli took an early opportunity of making his maiden speech, rising to speak on the seventh of December. The subject of his first Parliamentary essay was the petitions which had been presented against certain of the Irish elections. He rose immediately after Mr. O'Connell, taking literally the very first opportunity of redeeming his word, and "meeting him at Philippi." His speech was, by the admission

of all, friends as well as foes, a failure—a failure which, however, his latent sagacity soon enabled him to bury in oblivion. Our readers will feel interested in the perusal of a somewhat complete transcript of this memorable and now truly historic speech.

Mr. Disraeli rose and said, that he trusted the House would extend to him that gracious forbearance which was usually allowed to one who solicited its indulgence for the first time. At the very outset he attacked O'Connell, after whom he had risen, in the most brave and dashing manner. The honourable and learned member had introduced, said he, into his medley every single subject connected with Ireland. Although he had taunted a previous speaker with travelling out of the record, he had himself gone back seven hundred years in a discussion about the events of the last few weeks. After sundry other taunts in the same strain, the most galling of which was a contemptuous reference to O'Connell's recent bewailment of the falling off in the subscriptions by which the Repeal agitation was carried on, he proceeded strongly to justify a counter subscription which the Irish Protestants had raised, for the costs of the general election, and which O'Connell had virulently assailed. Here touching, with no sparing hand, on themes peculiarly irritating to O'Connell's own "tail" and his Radical allies, Mr. Disraeli was met with several murmurs and interruptions. Again, somewhat nervously, craving indulgence, he placably undertook to return, ere he briefly terminated his remarks, to the precise point at issue. In temperate language by comparison with the sentences he had just uttered, he somewhat forcibly denied the right of O'Connell to asperse a constitutional act, the legality of which he had not ventured to impugn, namely, the subscription of moneys by private individuals for the promotion of certain political principles and ends. He speedily, however, forgot his promise of keeping strictly to the point in hand, and introduced a violent declamatory assault upon what he alleged to have been, since 1832, Whig boroughmongering worse than had ever been alleged against Toryism. Again was even greater and more irritated interruption evoked from his audience. He was ultimately compelled to resume his seat ere he had concluded, not only all that he had intended to say, but even a sentence which he was not permitted, at least audibly, to finish. We present the concluding portion of the reported speech, as it is given verbatim in Hansard:—

"If hon. gentlemen thought this fair [the murmurs with which he was assailed], he would submit. He would not do so to others, that was all. [Laughter.] Nothing was so easy as to laugh. He wished

before he sat down to show the House<sup>1</sup> clearly their<sup>2</sup> position. When they remembered that, in spite of the honourable and learned member for Dublin (O'Connell) and his well-disciplined band of patriots, there was a little shyness exhibited by former supporters of Her Majesty's Government: when they recollected the 'new loves' and the 'old loves' in which so much of passion and recrimination was mixed up, between the noble Tityrus of the Treasury Bench and the learned Daphne of Liskeard (Charles Buller)—[loud laughter], notwithstanding the *aman-tium iræ* had resulted, as he had always expected, in the *amoris red integratio* [renewed laughter], notwithstanding that political duels had been fought, in which more than one shot was interchanged, but in which recourse was had to the secure arbitrament of blank cartridges [laughter]. Notwithstanding emancipated Ireland and enslaved England, the noble lord might wave in one hand the keys of St. Peter and in the other—[the shouts that followed drowned the conclusion of the sentence.] Let them see the philosophical prejudice of men. He would certainly gladly hear a cheer, even though it came from the lips of a political opponent. He was not at all surprised at the reception which he had experienced. He had begun several times many things and he had often succeeded at last. He would sit down now, but the time would come when they would hear him—[The impatience of the House would not allow the honourable member to finish his speech, and during the greater part of the time the honourable member was on his legs, he was so much interrupted, that it was impossible to hear what the honourable member said]."

It is curious to remark that Mr. Disraeli was immediately followed in debate by the present Earl Derby, who did not make the slightest reference to the address of his future colleague. With the words shrieked out—"You will hear me," ends the record of Mr. Disraeli's failures. He felt himself that he had started in too high a key, and very wisely abstained for a considerable time—about eighteen months—from taking any prominent part in the business of the House. He spoke but seldom, and but for a few minutes on each occasion. To this general remark we have traced but one exception. Exactly a week after he was laughed down, he rendered most signal and serviceable aid to Serjeant Talfourd in his praiseworthy endeavours to procure an amendment of the law of copyright. At some length Mr. Disraeli—on this point speaking with unquestionable authority, and being listened to with deferential attention—instanced the grievous wrongs which such distinguished authors as Gibbon, Scott, Southey, and Wordsworth had suffered from the unjust and dishonest state of the law. On several future occasion he held similar language. And next to Talfourd himself, it seems

to us that men of letters in England are chiefly indebted for the equitable state of the law of copyright now existing to the efforts of Benjamins Disraeli and Thomas Carlyle, whose memorable petitions to the House of Commons that the fruits of his labours might be protected for him and his, had a most powerful effect on the public, and even on the official mind.

Opinion rapidly began to veer round in Mr. Disraeli's favour; but as yet this was so in Parliament rather than out of doors. A year or two had yet to elapse ere his name even approached to familiarity with the nation. In 1838 he made a speech, distinguished at once by its curtness and by its calmness, against Mr. Villiers's annual Anti-Corn Law motion. "Whose interest," he asked, "was it to have the Corn Laws repealed? Only that of certain manufacturing capitalists, who had contrived to raise a large party in favour of that repeal by the specious pretext that it would lead to a reduction of rents, and by obtaining the co-operation of a section of this country who were hostile to a political system based upon the preponderance of the landed interest."

We turn aside once more, for a brief space, from the turmoil of Parliamentary polemics, to observe the impressions which the new arena of his ambition had produced upon his still youthful mind, as revealed in his free and unrestrained communications to Lady Blessington. Shortly after he had taken his seat, he thus testifies:—"Irish Corporation and Constabulary Bills, and other dull nonsense, have really engrossed my time for the last three weeks; yet I have stolen one single moment of sunshine for the nonce, and send you some lines, which I hope you may deem worthy of insertion in your volume." And when the session was concluded, and he was in his Buckinghamshire retirement, he thus expressed himself in a somewhat *dolce far niente* way:—

"For myself I am doing nothing. The western breeze favours an Alpine existence, and I am seated with a pipe under a spreading sycamore, solemn as a pacha. I wish you would induce Hookham to entrust me with an 'Agatha,' and that mad Byronian novel. What do you think of the modern French novelists? And is it worth my while to read them? And if so, what do you recommend me? What of Balzac? Is he better than Sue and Georges Sand? And are these inferior to Hugo?"

"D'ISRAELI."

(So, without initials or Christian name, and with an apostrophe, did he sign all his notes to Lady Blessington.)

In March, 1839, our hero first expressed his views, within St. Stephen's Hall, on that subject of Electoral Reform which

later in life he made so peculiarly his own. The occasion was Mr. Hume's usual motion in favour of household suffrage. Mr. Disraeli rose to reply to no less an antagonist than Mr. Grote, then the chief of the very considerable school of Philosophical Radicals—for the most part pupils of Jeremy Bentham—but who had long ago quitted the political concerns of the present to devote himself to the more congenial task of tracing for modern readers the history and the lessons of public life, philosophy, and letters, in the grand old Greek republics. In this speech Mr. Disraeli especially combated the Radical doctrine that taxation and representation must necessarily go hand. He pushed home the fallaciousness of this doctrine by the plausible query—If there cannot be representation severed from the basis of taxation, how can it be said, as it is said, that the bishops represent the clergy?

Mr. Disraeli thus concluded this brief speech, in terms which are at once interesting and amusing by contrast to expressions which fell from his lips nearly thirty years later :—

“If this dogma of representation and taxation going hand in hand were true, he hoped the honourable member would not deny that indirect taxation gave as good a claim to representation as direct taxation. If taxation was a qualification for the elective franchise, he wished to know whether indirect taxation was not, and why they should stop at household suffrage. It would be desirable, also, to know what the honourable member meant by the ‘fundamental foundation’ of his scheme. The honourable member took a sentimental view of the politics of the country, and supposed that education would qualify persons for being electors. He would soon find that when they got household suffrage that would want universal suffrage, and then they would have no suffrage whatever.”

His next considerable speech was delivered on Midsummer-day of this year, its subject being national education. The views which he then propounded are absolutely identical with those which he advocated in his public addresses delivered to the assembled Scottish Tory gentry, and to the Edinburgh working men, in the Scottish metropolis, at the end of the autumn of 1867. He stated his thorough objections to a system of central State organisation. He held the State had effected nothing, but the private organisation of individuals everything, in England. When everything was left to Government, the subject became a mere machine. In support of this proposition, he instanced China, Austria, and Prussia. Young Englandism, of which more anon, very decidedly displayed itself in this pregnant utterance,



"It was always the State, and never Society. It was always machinery, never sympathy." In some respects, this was the most remarkable speech which he had yet delivered. From its own premisses, it was well and soundly argued, altogether self-consistent and well thought out.

Day by day had he thus been rising in Parliamentary authority and estimation. The time was now approaching when he was to receive the attention, and to some extent the esteem, of the out-door public, and especially of the inflamed Chartist and other politicians among the humbler orders at this period of our history, when the brain and the heart of industry were all aglow—when Chartism, Socialism, Young Englandism, and Free Trade were seething and struggling each against the other for the mastery. In July, 1839, Mr. Disraeli made a startling speech, in which he astounded his aristocratic auditors by almost if not quite defending Chartism. He held that the Chartist demands, though nominally political, were really founded on social wrongs; he declaimed once more against the tendency of Government to centralisation, and against the monopoly of power by the middle classes. He called upon the lower order to yield up the right of government to the upper, who should be responsible for their social welfare. Said he, "the aristocracy and the labouring population constitute the nation."

In 1840 he again adopted the same tone. The case of the condemned Chartists, Lovett and Collins, was before the House, and the clemency of the Crown had been invoked in their behalf. He said that he disdained to ask for mercy for them, and alleged that they were really the aggrieved parties. Ere leaving this important aspect of Mr. Disraeli's character and career, we present the following incident, which we have on the most unimpeachable authority. When Thomas Cooper, the well-known Chartist, had completed the term of imprisonment to which he had been condemned, he sought to revive his shattered fortunes by offering to the publishers his noble poem, "The Purgatory of Suicides," which he had written while in prison. He met with but small encouragement, and at last mustered bravery enough to call and submit his poem to the notice of a well-known politician and imaginative author. By that gentleman he was strongly advised as a matter of prudence to cancel from the title of his manuscript the term "Chartist." Mr. Cooper had written thus—"By Thomas Cooper, Chartist." The advice was unpalatable to him, and the poet bethought him that he would seek the counsel of Mr. Disraeli. He did so, and explained his difficulty. Mr. Disraeli

told him he thought he had acted properly, and with creditable manliness and straightforwardness, in adding the unpalatable superscription to his signature. More than that, he interested himself in finding a publisher, and a price, for his humble brother of the pen. And in due course, thanks to Mr. Disraeli's influence and introduction, the work came out in the precise form of the poet's inclinations.

The dawn of 1841 ushered in times which were dark for England. Hunger—hunger present and more hunger in prospect—made the "condition of England question" indeed sombre and ominous. The Anti-Corn Law League was gathering up and concentrating its strength for the final Titanic struggle. The Factory question was being most keenly agitated. A National Convention was assembled, and its "Monster Petition" was being rapidly prepared for presentation. The Trades Unionists and the Socialists were quite as formidable as Chartism. In the meantime, while Peel was pondering his Sliding Scale, Melbourne, then Premier, with dangerous emphasis declared that "he had heard of many mad things in his life, but, before God, the idea of repealing the Corn Laws was the maddest he ever heard of." His lieutenant, Lord John Russell, who was the only popular man—perhaps we should write it more correctly, the least unpopular man—in the Ministry, was sheer against even hearing evidence on the subject. Add to all sources of peril, the notorious imbecility of a Cabinet which, in addition to many recent annual deficits, was about to meet Parliament with another deficiency of two millions, and some idea of the trouble of the times may be apprehended.

The Tories determined to make a bold assault upon Ministers, Sir John Yarde Buller was selected to move a vote of want of confidence. In support of it Mr. Disraeli made a scathing speech. Having risen in reply to Sir George Grey, he once more expressed strong sympathy with the Chartists, and deplored the fact that so little pity had been shown them by either of the great parties. This truly terse and pungent harangue terminated by these plain-spoken and all too truthful words:—

"The noble lord would, indeed, tell us that the insurrection (at Newport, Monmouthshire) was in a moment quelled; he would dilate on the cool courage of the mayor, and the presence of a handful of troops, who put down a popular tumult; but the time would come when Chartists would discover that in a country so aristocratic as England, even treason to be successful must be patrician. They would discover that great truth, and when they found some desperate noble to lead them,

they might, perhaps, achieve greater results. When Wat Tyler failed, Henry Bolingbroke changed a dynasty; and although Jack Straw was hanged, a Lord John Straw might become a Secretary of State. . . . No mistake was more common than that which confounds strong measures with a strong government. Strong measures, on the contrary, were indicative of a weak government. A weak government had recourse to special commissions; a weak government levied troops at the end of the session when there were not sixty members in the House; it was only a weak government which, in haste, was obliged to abolish the constitutional guardians of the peace, to erect a new police force in their stead. . . . In one sense, indeed, they were entitled to the style of a steady executive—they were steady in their determination to retain their places; and the defence which was set up for them by one of their supporters, the honourable member who piqued himself on his independence, was one which he, their opponent, shrank from imputing to them; namely, that they were only desirous of retaining office to make a peer and create a baronet."

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PARIS LETTER.

The musical season has commenced well, and promises to be very successful. The National Opera having won so many golden opinions for its masterly execution of the *Maitre Chanteurs*, it is to be hoped that other Wagnerian triumphs are in store for an appreciating public. Fourteen years ago Wagner may be said, not to have been known in Paris. It was M. Lamoureux who introduced him, despite passionate political hostility. And he was only able to give us instalments or slices from the scores of the great composer, at his concerts. Now Wagner's works belong especially to the theatre. He is popular: persons who cannot entirely grasp Boideliew, and for whom Mozart is a closed book, and Beethoven impenetrable, not the less claim to comprehend Wagner. Such is the out-turn of fashion. When the Opera represented the *Maitre Chanteurs*, the public were agreeably surprised to observe the artists and the choiristers take a studied part in the performance, or rather in the action; they appeared interested in what was passing before them, expressing by gestures their emotions and sentiments; marching, agitating, each representing an individual feeling, and impressing on the spectators that they were really a crowd, and not a gathering of manikins. Artists relinquished their old habits or *truees*, and moved in accordance with the words and the music; others who generally made themselves too prominent, adopted

a simpler attitude, a natural measure, and played in singing as if speaking. The choiristers had precision and dash, while remaining masters of their voice and entering into the very spirit of the composer's idea. Owing to the positive indolence it is alleged, of the architect of the Opera Comique, the troupe have not yet been able to take possession of the new house; they are at present vegetating in a theatre in the back part of the city, where the inhabitants must hear occasionally *Mignon*, *Carmen*, and the *Domino Noir*. *Supho* has brought M. Massenet into notice and discussion, pending the coming representation of his *Cendrillon* at the Opera Comique. He has discovered a form of melody peculiarly his own. He exercises a very great influence on the young school of composers, but is rather a dangerous master. He has his own originality and is ever ill at ease respecting the style of others. He has been influenced by all the successes. His first works re-called Gounod, then Berlioz, next Wagner. He has lately followed the Italian school—Mascagni for example—with its rapid, naked, declamation, akin to words cut by melodies vehement and tender. He ought to remain true to his own style. M. D'Indy's, *Fervaal* is not accepted as a weak edition of something from Bayreuth. He obeys the Wagnerian principles but does not borrow the processes. *Fervaal* is a rich and noble production, and of undeniable technical perfection. The Italian composers, Mascagni, Leoncavallo and Puccini, are not viewed as tending to keep on the bills, whose lyrical or dramatic productions make much noise. Their melody ideas are many, but often insignificant and trivial; the harmonies light and displaying little research, and the orchestra not over refined. The *Boheme* of M. Puccini, weak and monotonous to read, acquires all its success the moment it appears on the stage. M. Vincent d'Indy, has written the little music that figures in *Medée*, Madame Bernhardt's latest star piece. It would suit concerts best. *Dejanire*, by M. Camille Saint-Saëus, has been brilliantly interpreted at the Odéon theatre, with the colonial orchestra of 150 musicians. The score has been written on the poem of the "Youth of Hercule's;" every page of the music is full of ability, elegance, and precision. And yet the composer has written the pages with ease and next to indifference. The melodies are unequal, but all rich and pleasing. M. Lamoureux has inaugurated his concerts with *Tristan et Yseult*, one of the most difficult and complex of musical compositions. It was M. Chevillard who replaced Lamoureux, and opinion concurs, he executed his difficult task with energy and precision, especially the decrescendo of the

*Prelude.* But why represent an act, of a piece entirely destined for the theatre? The piano and the violin concerts do not draw. M. Richter, the eminent German *chef d'orchestre*, is the ideal artist in vogue. He can conduct his orchestra from memory, without desk or book, with precision, authority and surety; attentive to all and indicating by a sign to each *exécutant*, the moment, the shade, and the sentiment.

Madame Sarah Bernhardt, is to be the lessee of the large theatre des "*Nation*," which the Opera Comique had rented temporarily from the Municipal Council. She will pay a rent of £4,000 a year, and intends to create many surprises, in the way of representations for the masses. The house can hold 3,000 spectators, and she will renounce her present theatre—an artistic gem—the *Renaissance*. Few can surpass the grand Sarah in matters of taste, and that will be fully seen in her new venture. She enters into possession on 1st January next, in the course of the ensuing summer the house will be closed for six months, when the Municipality will execute the several ameliorations Madame Bernhardt desires. She has abolished the extortion of the booking fee, and from the gallery to the pit any spectator can secure his seat without any special charge.

The Municipal Council is also occupied with two important questions. It would be prepared to work with the Government, in training and sending out model pupils from its Orphanages, to the Colonies. It has a school in Algeria that could be so utilized, or the state could admit a number of the best pupils into the Colonial Colleges now in course of being established. It would not be exactly a Dr. Bernardo institution as the lads would be kept free from intercourse with the young *détenus* from the prisons. Indeed the trained would be turned out educated in the practical sense, to at once take the direction of an establishment by any speculator in the French Possessions. The other innovation is, to replace the public swimming baths, by cheap warm douches, where a client for the sum of two sous, or one penny, could have a wash in six minutes, with seven gallons of warm water, played on, in six portions. If a towel or soap be required, for each the charge would be one sou, additional. But these the bather could bring himself. The new system economises time, water, and space. The total time for the bath, undressing and dressing included—is twenty minutes. A bath-room with ten compartments, can, thus accommodate thirty individuals per hour. Since the navvies have now their strike, the work for the under-ground railway proceeds actively; but

only the two grand trunks, dividing the city, East to West and North to South, will be completed in time for the 1,900 Exhibition. There is reason to be thankful for small mercies.

Business continues to remain stationary, because trade lacks confidence and the future is very unsettled. Credits are becoming more difficult to obtain for any period. There is no evidence that transactions in the colonies trend to any robust progress. To develop the foreign possessions of France, two factors are absent—hands from the mother country and capital to set them to work. A gentleman much interested in colonial matters recently prepared a statement, showing, that the British Colony of Lagos alone, did more business than all the possessions of France in Africa, Algeria excepted. Four-sevenths of all the exports of France go to Algeria, the remainder, three-sevenths, representing six millions sterling, to all her other foreign possessions. It is mooted, that France should have a Zollverein between herself and her own Colonies; that would be the extinguishing of her foreign trade. There is much activity in Paris, to establish Hotel Trusts, in view of the coming Exhibition. All new hotels become dearer and clearer; accommodation is not required, but a plan for moderate charges is much wanting. Some hotels pay annual dividends of 13 to 30 per cent. As a rule, the director or manager of an hotel makes his fortune, and retires from business at fifty years of age. That is Kloudike at home.

A FRENCHMAN.

A MADRASEE.

## THE SOUTH-INDIAN VILLAGE TANK.

A South-Indian village tank is a study well-worth the attention of historians, antiquarians and lawyers and generally speaking of labourers in every field of knowledge. The police sometimes state that by watching the topics of conversation in a village tank several grave crimes had been detected, but let us not startle the reader by taking him to this point.

The village tank, especially in the hot days of summer, is always busy from morning to evening. One can see, batches after batches, all the village people coming there, the sick of course being excepted. First come the school-boys to wash their faces and clean their teeth and then to perform their morning ablutions. This is their preparation for commencing their morning study; and this preliminary cleanliness before opening their books is a habit handed down to the Hindu from time immemorial. If the quantity of sand in their school has decreased, the elderly boys on their return from the tank carry in their cloths a small quantity of sand from the adjoining channel to replenish the store in the school.

The elderly ladies and gentlemen of the village who are well to do and who are orthodox assemble at the village tank between the hours of 5 and 6 in the morning and finish their bathing and ablutions. This portion of the history of the village tank is most prosaic. There is very little of conversation and each is silently attending to his or her duty with mutterings of incantations now and then. On a few occasions this monotony is broken by very short and commonplace conversation. One of the elders would say to a neighbour who is taking a bath "O. sir, the people of Kapakkal village have no good tank to bathe in. I was there last morning and there was nothing like this good bath." To this a third party whose grand-mother belongs to the village of Kapakkal would reply: "Sir, do not say so, please. There is no water in the world equal to the spring water that the villagers of Kapakkal draw from the temporary wells sunk in the bed of the river Kuruttar. There may be no good tank; but the



spring water of the Kuruttar is found by experience to be the best." The first speaker now smiles and states: "I forgot that your grand-mother comes from Kapakkal. Yes, sir, Kuruttar water is the best. Are you satisfied?" Thus ends the conversation. By about 6 in the morning the bathing of this batch is over and some of the orthodox go round the pipal tree and the stone images of serpents near it, walk through the flower garden collecting flowers and herbs to worship their household gods with, and return home.

A description of the village tank is now necessary. It is situated generally on the west end of the village, and by the side of the tank runs an irrigation or other channel from which once or twice a week a fresh supply of water is let into the tank. At the east corner of the tank there is an outlet. Almost every side of the tank except the east which is adjacent to the village is enclosed with a fair margin of ground from thirty to forty feet wide. On this margin flower plants and shrubs are planted, care being taken that only those plants and shrubs whose flowers are used in the worship of the household gods are chosen. The maintenance of this garden is left to the general public of the village. Any person can plant any flower, tree or shrub, and any villager after bathing may take any quantity of flowers he wants for the worship of his household deities. The garden and the fences are always well-kept and any injury to this public property is considered a sacrilege. Sometimes the duty of gathering flowers is delegated to the boys and these rogues, with a view to always gathering more, stealthily get into the garden before dawn and carry away almost all the flowers. But such selfishness is excused and the disappointed person who gets into the garden rather late supplies the place of flowers with scented green herbs. The elders after their morning bath walk through this garden and are content with collecting what little may be still left there. One of them remarks: "That little son of Muthu is a great rogue. He has carried away even the topmost flower of that *palasa* tree (*butea frondosa*);" and to this another replies: "He will get even to the topmost point of the spire of the Tanjore temple in the twinkling of an eye. He is a regular monkey, but born by mistake as a human being."

Let us now return to the tank. Between the hours of 7 and 9 in the morning the younger ladies of the village who had till then to attend to the necessary household duties as milking the cow or buffalo, giving cold rice to the youngsters, smearing or sweeping the house, etc., come to the tank to bathe and wash

their cloths. Between these hours the tank is mostly occupied by the fair sex, for the harder sex have generally to go out to the fields and gardens and attend to other agricultural duties. The appearance of these females indicates the special household duties at which they were engaged before coming to the tank to bathe. One is coming up with certain vessels to which the remnants of the cold rice which she had a little while ago served to the youngsters are still adhering. Most of the mothers bring the mats and cloths, on which their babies had slept in the previous night, to have them washed, as they had been soiled. The children's cloths to be washed, are thrown over one of the shoulders generally the right. The left hand encircles the empty pot placed on the hip in which she must carry water home for household purposes, while returning. Most of these ladies engage themselves in batches round each and every available stone on the edge of the tank. Cloths are washed and at the same time conversations go on. Some weep at their hard task at home while more independent ladies come up to console the weeping women. Some curse themselves for being childless and they are consoled by mothers with the hope that God is always gracious and that they are not old yet.

Thus after bathing, washing cloths, weeping, consoling, etc., with the never ceasing talk all the while, the time for returning home approaches and one after another each woman (sometimes not to lose conversation in the return journey also batches of women) return home carrying water in their pots and with the bundle of cloths, rags, pillows, mats and other miscellany. Thus closes the women's bathing. Even after nine a few elderly ladies come up, bathe and return home.

Let us turn to the ghats of the tank reserved for the use of men. From 9 A.M. to 1 P.M., this portion becomes slowly occupied and the brisk part of the bathing time is between 11 A.M. and 12 noon. Now come up villagers with their hands and legs smeared in mud, their spade thrown over one of their shoulders and thoroughly exhausted. They sit down to rest under a pipal tree before taking a plunge in the cool and refreshing water. The old men of the village who have retired from the busy field duties turn up slowly to bathe and get themselves ready for the midday meal. The time for this meal is between 12 noon and 2 P.M. and that is the sumptuous meal for a villager. Thus, batch by batch, the village assemble to bathe. Talk, the inevitable talk commences. The first topic in order is about the cultivation, state of irrigation channels, rains, floods, etc. Then all the

officials of the district from the Collector to the village accountant are brought on the platform of the village tank. The one universal rule is to criticise and condemn every action and every procedure of the authorities. One villager will suddenly leave off bathing and say: "What does Mr. X. the district court vakil know of law? His star is in the ascendant and so people pour into his coffer money in hoards." A younger and more sensible person severely chides the speaker and cuttingly remarks: "Why do you not become a vakil then instead of driving buffaloes in the field?" The old man becomes highly provoked and repays the younger with an apt rebuke as he thinks it to be: "Why do you wander from village to village for a couple of annas?" "Yes. I wander. What of that? I do not accuse vakil X. as wanting in merits." A third party, apparently a peace-maker, now turns up, unmindful of the signs made to him by the bystanders and states: "What is this Panjuvayyan? What is your age and that of that man? Why do you quarrel with him? You have not yet learnt patience." The unabated Panju replies "Attend to your own business Muthu. When I seek your advice you can give it" "All right," says now the peace-maker, "go on then, but why this wordy quarrel while you possess hands and legs given to you by God?" But the parties themselves soon come to terms. The aggressor now praises the other party and remarks that if Mr. Panjuvayyan was made a High Court Judge he would be a Sir M.; to which Panju elatedly replies: "Give me now the place and see whether I am in any way inferior to Sir M." Another villager now turns up and states "O Panjuvayyan! All the several cases in a Law Court are exhausted here. You are a clever lawyer." "O Seshu," replies Panju, "I speak so much and fight with these fellows here, but I have not stirred out of the village." The worsted young man now comes up boldly and bets: "Let Panjuvayyan go all alone to the tank at night, and I lose my right ear." Panju laughs and so do all others. An unanimous acclamation proceeds: "What you say is quite true." Thus ends the first quarrel. Thus a series of quarrels relating to every department breaks up and ends always with laughs and jokes. We have given a sample and the reader may judge of others. Thus after their pleasant bath and happy conversation the villagers return home for their sumptuous dinner.

From 2 to 5 P.M., there is a perfect calmness reigning over the tank—no bathing, no washing, no quarrelling taking place there during the interval. Sometimes the idle boys of the village school resort to the cool banks of the village tank for playing at.

marbles or other games. At 5 P.M., the village boys and sometimes a few elderly people assemble to water the flower plants over the banks of the village tank. This is considered a most charitable duty and as such is often very cheerfully undertaken by the villagers in turns. Damages to fences are carefully repaired; shrubs that have withered away are at once replaced, branches that have broken immediately cut off, seeds of particular flowers are sown always in season and everything with the village garden is always most carefully attended to. Between 6 and 8 P.M., the village tank again becomes a most pleasant resort of all the male population of the village. Most of them wash their cloths only in the evenings. Very few bathe a second time in the evening; but all have to perform their evening ablutions and prayers. On this account almost all the people assemble there on this occasion and after 8 P.M. to 5 P.M., the tank is again calm.

A MADRASEE.

### *WHEELING TIPS FOR THE BEGINNER.*

It was a few years ago while I was in one of the metropolitan cities that a friend of mine purchased a Bicycle for me and urged me to learn biking as a favourite pastime. I needed no urging as I was very anxious to begin at once. I found the machine a solid-tyre-Roylan, strong and sound. As I was at that moment going out on business, I requested my friend to leave the machine with my bearer whom I ordered to clean it thoroughly and oil it when dry. It was a little before 3 P.M., that I came back, and after a hasty tiffin and getting into stout riding breeches and putties, I took the machine up on the roof of the house—I was fortunate in having a spacious roof with a high balustrade all round. I put aside the lamp and bell and tried to get on, but met with the usual fate of beginners. I tried to mount by placing the left foot upon the step, hopping forward 2 or 3 times with the right foot, and finally jumping on the saddle. But it was very hard work, and after half an hour I, being exhausted, took a cup of tea, and finishing a cigarette was going to try again when my friend turned up. Without giving me an opportunity to ask questions he caught hold of the Bicycle, placed his left foot on the step and giving the machine a forward move, got upon the saddle, and was spinning wildly round the chimney of the roof. How miserable and hopeless I felt at that time. I thought I could never be able to ride and enjoy the pleasures of the art. After a few minutes he got down and asked me to try. I did so in my usual way and was staggering like a drunken man for a few paces only, when I fell down. But instantly with a tight grip he held the seat pillar with the right hand, and the handle bar with the left, and placing the machine on its balance wanted me to get on. With this help I soon found that there was no fear of a bad fall while he was conducting me. Getting rid of my nervousness, I took fresh energy and with a determination pedalled on straight with my hands lightly on the handle—he holding the seat pillar and directing the turnings of the front wheel. Now, I marked him far more tired than I was and request-

ed him to take rest. Meanwhile I tried myself, but there was no improvement. Again he came to my succour and again I followed that monotonous course of training for over an hour, when he gave me ample opportunities to steer independently and fall unaided. Before it was dark, I had the satisfaction of once riding the whole length of the roof, and this I believe, was simply to my friend's untiring zeal and energy. So ended my first day's lesson. The next morning I was up and dressed very early. To my utter disgust it was raining; but as I could not resist the temptation of seeing how far I had progressed, I called my boy to help me into the saddle. He kept the balance of the machine by grasping the saddle pillar until I could find my pedals and a convenient seat—of course the machine was kept moving by the impetus it received from my push. It was thus that I was practising. I had a couple of nasty falls, for I was not able to take the turns, and the roof being slippery when the machine reeled on one side it slipped, and both rider and machine tumbled together. But I was progressing, and by the evening could make the turns once or twice. On the third day I ventured to come out on the roads, but the work was heavy. I could not ride uninterruptedly, and had to get down whenever there was a vehicle to pass. In fact I had to walk the greater portion of the way. On the seventh day I was out on business and though my Safety was a solid tyre, it was a pleasure to ride at a moderate pace and dart through tram cars and carriages at will. From my experience, I must say that, there is no real danger in scorching when one is proficient in riding.

About this time that I had a fresh quadrant with pneumatic tyres and was glad of it, for a solid tyre machine, however good it may be, can not at all be compared with a pneumatic for smoothness and ease. It is universally admitted that the popularity of cycling is directly attributable to the invention of the pneumatic tyre. It entirely annihilates the objectionable hopping one experiences on a cushion tyre. One day when I was spinning down one of the suburban roads late in the morning, I came across a herd of cattle. I thought of passing them and did not slacken my speed. And pass I did, but suddenly I heard a low grunt behind me and turning round saw a frightened cow, whose calf was running playfully alongside my machine, rushing at me. It was no time to stop, and leaning over the handle bar, I pedalled with all my strength to avoid an accident. But to my horror the chain somehow snapped. I put on the brake and getting down laid my bike on the footpath and stood with my big sola

topee in my hands, as the only means of self defence. The animal approached the bicycle, looked at it, then at me, and perhaps, thinking her antagonist vanquished, joined the herd. There is a lesson in this for Cyclists. Whenever you encounter an angry bull or cow, stop, alight and face the animal. Cyclists often have bold barking dogs at their heels, when passing through crowded streets. The way to scare these obstinate creatures away, is to ring the bell suddenly when they come too near.

The Beginner should, if practicable, hire a bicycle until he learns to ride. In a bicycle there is certainly something more than a collection of pieces of steel and iron, and the Cyclist should acquaint himself of the principle and mechanism of his machine. He should know that his speed and ease do not depend upon the circumference of the wheel, but on the size of the sprocket, and tyre. For instance, if his machine be geared 80 inches, it will travel during the revolution of its cranks, such a distance as would be covered in the revolution of a wheel having a diameter of 80 inches.

There is nothing so bad as a careless cyclist, who will not clean his machine. Apart from other considerations, he is sure to suffer for his negligence when he wishes to sell his mount and get a new one, since nothing reduces the price of a good machine so much as dirt, chipped enamel and rusty nickel. It usually pays to have your machine kept in order. When cleaning, never should a spray of water be directed on the machine as the water is liable to get into the bearings and joints of the chain and cause rust. Used in this condition there is danger of the chain snapping, or the machine running heavily. Of this I had a very sad experience. Mud is easily removed when moist. For this purpose a damp cloth constantly wrung in cold water, is most suitable. When the mud has got dry it requires careful softening by the application of a damp cloth before it can be entirely removed without scratching the enamel. Care must be taken not to let the mud, dust, or wet enter the bearings or get underneath the pneumatic tips, every precaution should be taken to prevent this. The machine can be finally polished with a piece of chamois leather. A soft brush can be used for cleaning the awkward parts, such as the spokes, &c. There are certain parts in the process of cleaning that are peculiarly objectionable even to the cyclist, who is naturally neat, and cannot bear a dirty machine. One of these is the inside of the mud-guards, which are indeed too often neglected altogether because of the trouble that they cause. The quickest and easiest way of cleaning these parts, is to tie a piece

of rag slightly damped firmly round the rim of the wheel and then spin it, till all the mud is cleared out. The inside of the gearcase—another ticklish place—can be done by tying cotton waste also damped on the spokes in such a manner that it projects inwards and rubs against the gearcase when the wheel is spun. The bearings should be always kept clean and well oiled. To do this, squirt kerosine oil through the lubricators into the bearings, which should be rapidly revolved and the machine inclined at an angle so that the kerosine quickly finds its way out. After the oil has all run out from one side of the bearings, tilt the machine in the opposite direction, and repeat the operation. The bearings should then be oiled in the ordinary way. It is advisable to occasionally lay the chain in kerosine oil, and let it remain until thoroughly clean. Then lay it in lubricating oil, and wipe off the superfluous quantity. The plated parts should be kept polished with powder during the dry season, but it is best to wipe them over with vaseline during the rains. A bicycle requires oiling in the following places—the front and back hubs, the crank brackets, the pedals, the steering head, the chain, and occasionally the joints of the brake. It is a mistake to use too much oil, inasmuch as the oil is apt to run out of the bearings, and allow the dust to collect, which in wiping off is sometimes forced into the bearings. It is better to oil the machine after every 50 or 60 miles travelled. When only occasionally used, apply oil always before use. Never apply common or unsuitable lubricants, which usually corrode the working parts and make them so stiff that, the bearings will hardly revolve.

When it is necessary to tighten the chain, do it thus—slacken the nuts on both sides of the back wheel axle, and screw up the two draw bolts in rear thereof, taking great care that the adjustment is equal on both sides of the machine. This can be tested by seeing that the tyre clearance is equal on both sides of the fork. Care must be taken not to get the chain too tight, otherwise the chain and cogwheels will not revolve freely and will be subjected to a great amount of extra wear and tear. Chains generally stretch more during the first 500 miles ridden than afterwards, and it is necessary to take up the stretching by periodical adjustments. When adjusting any part of the machine the nuts should be well screwed up, but not too tight, as it is liable to injure them or strip the thread. The saddle should occasionally be rubbed over with momrogan, and be so adjusted that the foot can easily be placed under



the pedals in a horizontal position without the leg being quite straight. Do not ride with too long a reach. It is apt to cause discomfort on the saddle, and is also bad for the muscles of the legs, besides occasioning a loss of power. A too short reach is better than a too long one, but this also if carried to excess means loss of power, particularly when going up hill. Do not bring the seatpillar or handle bar too far out of the sockets, cases have been known where the seat socket table of the frame has collapsed owing to only about one inch of the seatpillar being left in, causing an undue strain on the pillar tube. Both seat pillar and handle bar should be at least 3 inches in their sockets.

Pumping is another thing which should receive attention. It obviously depends upon the weight of the rider, a fact that is at once proved to be true by reflecting that a tandem or multi-cycle tyre is necessarily pumped far harder than that of a single machine. A good average is said to be about 30 lbs. to the square inch, that is to say, about the pressure of 2 atmospheres. But as only one rider in ten thousand uses a pressure gauge, either on the valve or in the pump, a formula of this sort is not of much use. The way is to practically decide the point by rule of thumb. Try various hardnesses of your tyres and use the one which bears your weight with just the least observable flattening at the point of contact, and then after dismounting notice by pressing the thumb on the tyre as you squeeze it against the rein what degree of hardness there is; and remember that, whenever you pump you should bring the pressure up to that point again. The strength of a rider's thumb is not directly proportional to his weight so that it is impossible to say "pump till your thumb cannot produce a depression in the tyre." But as the strength of one's thumb does not vary from time to time, when once the right tightness has been ascertained it will serve as a sufficient gauge hereafter.

When packing your machine for transit, remove the lamp, bell, saddle, handle bar and pedals. It will save a lot of space freight and possibility of breakage. When putting your machine away for any length of time, it is advisable to always keep it in a dry place, as damp is liable, in course of time, to cause rust and damage the tyres. Cover the plated parts with vaseline, and the enamelled parts with oil.

There are two favourite methods of mounting. One is to place the left foot upon the step provided on the left hand side of the backwheel of all Safeties. Hop 2 or 3 times with the right foot, pushing the machine forward, and steering it straight. With

the momentum thus given, the machine will keep moving until you take your right foot off the ground and place it on the pedal, which should be done just when the pedal is going downwards, as you will then be able to at once start propelling the machine. You can then withdraw the left foot from the step on to its pedal. Another mode of mounting is to incline the machine to the left, the right leg can then be easily thrown over the saddle and the right foot placed upon its pedal, while the left foot remains on the ground. The machine should of course be so arranged that the right pedal has just passed the top, and is, therefore, in the most formable position for propelling. Now bring the machine nearly upright, and by pressing down the right pedal set the cycle in motion, and raise the left foot from the ground on to its pedal. This method is of course rendered considerably easier by bringing the machine up to a curbstone or any raised part of the road, so that the left foot may rest upon the higher ground or curve to that upon which the machine is placed. But I would not recommend this mode to beginners. Advanced riders might adopt the following style. Incline the machine to the right, place the left foot over the saddle on to its pedal, standing on the right leg. Set the machine in motion by pressing the pedal down with the left foot, As the sides of roads are always at a lower level, a cyclist unpleasantly knows what a difference one or two inches in the height makes in mounting. Ladies should adopt a modification of the above plan of mounting. As the lady's bike does not possess a top-rail the lady rider should step over the front and seat herself, placing the right foot on its pedal and the left foot on the ground. The remainder of the mounting is identical with that practised by gentlemen. The methods of dismounting are in each case the exact reverse of those of mounting. In the case of a tandem Safety, the rear rider should hold the machine until the front rider has become seated and then mount according to one of the above methods.

Do not be over confident in your first attempt. Of this, the following incident teaches a good lesson. Last year while I was in the country, a friend of mine, who is recognised as a good horseman, took it into his head to learn cycling, and without asking anybody to help him, walked boldly to my machine, put it upright, and grasping the steering bar with both hands, vaulted into the saddle with all the air of an expert. The result was that he came flop against the gate post; and both rider and machine measured their lengths on the ground. The unfortunate

fellow got his coat sleeve entangled in the handle bar of the bicycle, and it was sometime before I could extricate him, when lo! a very much bruised and sprained-ankle man was he.

Always look where you are going. Always sit straight, there is nothing uglier than to sit with your body parallel to the ground presenting the appearance of a trussed fowl. Pedal evenly with both legs. Pedal straight and try to do it with the ankles only. It will save loss of power.

Never wobble the shoulders. Hold the handles naturally. Always sound your bell before passing a crossing or turning, unless you can see unmistakably that nothing is approaching the point where the roads intersect or meet. A continuous warning should be kept up in passing through over crowded streets, but don't ring your bell to unnecessarily flurry passers-by. Bear in mind that the nervous rider sounds the alarm frequently, and the bold rider seldom. Sound your bell in passing a vehicle in front of you and keep to the right when overtaking it; to the left, in allowing the same to pass you. When two or more cyclists ride abreast, whenever the exigencies of traffic require it, one must fall behind the other in Indian file. When a front or middle rider wishes to halt or slacken speed, he must warn the rider behind him of his intentions. You should always be ready to apply the brake, whenever the traffic is considerable.

Always ride with your mouth closed, and breathe through the nostrils only. Endure thirst as much as possible and take drink only with meals. When drink is taken, during the ride, it should be sipped and always non-alcoholic. Soda and milk, and milk with raw egg beaten into it, or water with a pinch of oatmeal in it, is as good as anything. Never continue riding uphill when you have begun to draw upon your reserve force, and you find it necessary to pull hard at the handles as it is time to dismount. Never start without having first examined all nuts, oiled all bearings, and examined both lamp and tyres. Carry in your toolbag one small wrench that can be fitted to every nut, and a few yards of good English twine, and lights.

## CHAPTER II.

Dr. Richardson, an eminent authority on cycling, says that, it is beneficial to fat people who are at the same time healthy; to people of sedentary habits, to hypochondriacs and dyspeptics; to those who have gouty constitutions, and to all healthy people. He further gives the following counsels:—"Never to ride immediately after a hearty meal. Never descend a long hill more rapidly than at a speed of 8 miles an hour. A greater speed not only endangers your safety, but excites the blood and brain, and often brings on unhappy results. Never do long journeys without breaking them up into easy stages; and always do the longer stages in the morning. On returning from a ride it is wise to have a bath—tepid at first, and afterwards cold for the final douche and then put on fresh clothing. On the subject of speed generally, Dr. Richardson adds that the idea of our young is speed! speed! speed! They wish to go, like the letters of past time, labelled: Haste! Haste! Oh Haste! The end is folly. It is turning a good thing to a bad use; an enjoyment into slavery; a healthy, into a break-down exercise."

It is difficult for a beginner to select a mount which will suit him, from the bewildering legion of makes and makers, and I would advise him to purchase the highest grade machine who ever the maker may be, otherwise it will always give him trouble. If he cares to ride a good deal, and if the roads round about him be not good, he should better have a cushion tyre, for the pneumatic I am inclined to think is not quite a success out here in India; and it is disgusting to those who do not like to spend too much on a 'hobby.' The existence of a perfect pneumatic is only to be found in the advertisement columns. The chainless bikes are indeed great additions to the wheeling world. Instead of the chain, they have the Bevel and Cross-Roller gearing, which are not novelties as means of transmitting power in many kinds of machinery, but it has remained for the manufacturers of these chainless safeties to apply the principles to bicycles. Opinions with regard to the comforts of a cushion tyre bicycle as compared with the comforts of a pneumatic tyre are so one-sided that, I had

been for the last few months anxiously waiting for the opportunity of personally forming an opinion on a machine, I specially ordered from England, and which I thought would answer the purpose well. That opportunity I have now had, and have come to the conclusion that, it is an ideal knockabout strong machine, a strong quadrant roadster No. 22, Chainless Lloyd's Cross-Roller gear, fitted with  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inch cushion tyres. People object to having  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inch cushion tyre, on the ground that, the machine will be very hard going. It is not, however, as it has more 'give' in it, and I am firmly convinced that the only possible substitute for the pneumatic machine chain is the  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inch cushion cross-roller gear machine. I have at my disposal a chain spring frame pneumatic quadrant, but I find the other one equally good and even better in taking up-grades and passing through muddy roads. In going up-hill, riders of chain machines generally put on a spurt in order to avoid heavy pedalling; but they do not want to be driven by spasmodic efforts. By coaxing the pedals round and putting in the power very evenly and steadily, the machine would climb up at a fair rate, and once it gets moving, very little exertion is required to keep it up. On muddy and greasy roads there is complete immunity from side-slips, and this is, I think, the effect of the thick cushion tyre and cross-rolling gear combined—the direct-lift motion of the gear obviates the skidding tendency which the pull of a chain imparts to the machine. The only negligible defect which I observe is that, it is a bit shaky on rough grounds, particularly in crossing tram lines; and the way, to get rid of this unpleasant sensation is to stiffen the legs a little and throw a little of the weight on the pedals. I believe a spring frame will be the best remedy for this. Another thing is the slight noise it makes. This is no doubt on account of the boxed-in-condition of the gears, just as a chain makes more noise when running in a gear case than when exposed. But this is also trivial in consideration of all other advantages. With those who have cared to try, the cross-roller gear is a decided success, but those who have not, should note the principle on which it is worked. The driving mechanism consists of a pair of gear wheels at the crank bracket, and another at the back wheel, with a connecting rod which rotates on ball bearings and runs in the stationary back arm of the axle. The gear wheels are furnished with roller bearing pegs and engage with each other at a right angle—they rotate about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inch with each contact. Fellow cyclists requiring a strong useful all round every day machine for pleasure, business, or touring, would find in a quadrant chainless  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inch cushion

tyre a realization of their desires. It is as smooth and easy running as any machine, without the worry of punctures and troubles with the chain, inseparable from the same. In appearance, it has the smartness of a picture and the 'go' of a locomotive engine.

Cyclists contemplating a grand tour will be interested to learn what the bicycle of Mr. Foster Fraser, one of the trio engaged in circling round the globe on wheels, was like. It was one of the Rover kind, a roadster having a 28 inches driving and 30 inches front wheel. The distance between the centres of the 2 wheels was unusually great, so there was an ample base. It was a strong machine black varnished all over, not a single glint of electro-plate or nickel about it any where. It was thus painted to prevent theft; bright shiny parts would surely have excited the cupidity of the ignorant and savages in the countries traversed. The handles were horn. A large roomy leather wallet was suspended from the top-bar and took the shape of the angular space formed by the frame between the wheels. Behind was a steel-framed perch which projected from the saddle support backwards, and was upheld by a pair of light steel struts fastened to the fork part of the main frame backstay which spans the hind wheel. Upon this perch was a Mackintosh covered case. In front was a similar perch with another package strapped to it, and from the handle cross-bar hung in loving proximity a water bottle and a revolver. The tyres were extra strong Dunlop Tandem—his way was to send forward from place to place a spare tube so that on arrival it could be adjusted. Mr. Fraser pointed out that it was a mistake to have 2 wheels of different diameter. The weight of Mr. Frasers' bicycle was 75 lbs. loaded ready for the road.

At present the bicycle is being very much used by the Military as an easy means of transmitting urgent messages. Polo on wheels is a new departure. It affords scope for so much skill, and has moreover so little danger attached to it, that it will readily find favour with cycle votaries. It has lately caught on some of the enthusiastic cyclists of Calcutta. The game is played on an ordinary lawn 100 by 70 yards, and practically the same laws are observed as those governing Polo on ponies, there being 4 players on each side and special sticks being used for striking the ball. An association has been formed under the title of the Bengal Cyclists Association, to govern all cycling sports in Bengal. Henceforth, all racing events must be run under a permit granted by this Association. I will here take the liberty to cull the fol-

lowing as regards the objects and reasons of the Association :— (1) To ensure a fair and equitable administration of justice as regards the right of cyclists on the public roads. (2) To watch and urge the action of the road authorities, with a view to the more efficient supervision and maintenance of the roads. (3) To watch the course of any legislative proposals, affecting the interests of the cycling public, and to make such representations on the subject as the occasion may demand. (4) To consider the relation between cyclists and the Railway Companies, with a view of securing, if possible, some modification of the present tariff for the carriage of cycles and greater security in their conveyance. (5) To examine the question of Amateur Racing in India, and to frame definitions and make rules on the subject. To arrange for annual championships. (6) To approach the authorities with a view to procuring a site suitable for laying out an up-to-date cycling Track and Athletic Grounds. (7) To look after the interests of touring cyclists, and supply information regarding routes, roads and hotels. This is surely a laudable move, and every one desirous of enjoying the wheel to its full extent should join the Association.

When so much is being said of the good and bad effects of cycling, I must only mention here that it is decidedly admitted to be a pleasurable and health-giving exercise—the cause of the ‘craze’ is nothing, but that the highest folk in the land have elected “to boom” it, and set the fashion rolling. The popularity of cycling is due to its being cheap when compared with the price of even a moderately good horse, which is expensive to buy and costly to keep, while it cannot be used too freely or for too fast work; of course, the bike suffers in a mechanical sense, but that only from the neglect of the rider and bad roads, and the riders’ powers of endurance form the only limit to the work extracted from it, while it can easily be ridden at the pace of a fast horse. Even admitting the wheel to be a craze, it must be said that the most health-giving and beneficial craze is one that leads us outside our ordinary every day avocation; teaches us habits of observation, and also to enjoy and appreciate the beauties of our surroundings. And ‘cycling’ ensures these and other advantages. It is equally suitable for young, middle aged, and elderly men. It stimulates the brain in effecting rapid changes of scene and thereby invigorating fresh circulation. It also by its moderate use acts as a sedative on the jaded irritable nervous centres in distributing the blood from them to the other parts of the body.

Before finishing my subject, I would present my readers with a few hints on the following points:—

(1) **HOW TO LEARN CYCLING WITHOUT A FALL.**—Get hold of rather a low machine, and take off the saddle and pedals. Look for a bit of ground with a fair incline, take the machine up at the top, and seating yourself on the 'cross-bar' with your feet touching the ground on both sides, give the machine a push, keeping a straight firm grip on the handle-bar. Practice like this, until you can ride a considerable distance with your feet off the ground—this will give you an idea of the 'balance.' There is not the least fear of a bad fall, for you can easily stand on your legs when the machine is unmanageable; but always bear in mind to apply the 'brake' at the same time. This is quite indispensable for a beginner, if he wants to save a very nasty shake or sometimes a fall. Now, fix the saddle as low as you can manage, and follow the same sort of practice and as soon as you gain a little self confidence pedal on and the thing is done. If you cannot get on the saddle by the 'step' put two bricks on both sides of the machine to make up for the few inches of height of the saddle, this will enable you to have a sitting posture from the start.

(2) **HOW TO REPAIR THE TYRES.**—The cushion tyre and pneumatic tyre are now universally used. The former requires no repairing and will last for any length of time—it is cemented on the rims. The latter, of which there are legion of makes, is generally secured on the rim by inflation and is liable to punctures. To repair the puncture, you will have to withdraw the tube or tyre, according to the particular instructions of the makers, to be had from the dealers, and discover the position of the puncture by slightly inflating and immersing the same in water and then cover up the affected part with a patch rubbed over with a solution of rubber. Care should be taken not to injure the 'valve.'

(3) **HOW TO TAKE CARE OF THE MACHINE.**—Never allow a scratch or chip off the enamel to remain unattended to—a little oil rubbed crossways over the enamel and then polished will improve the gloss. When a surface scratch is made on the enamel, a little rubbing with the palm of the hand will usually work it down and make it unnoticeable. Spokes are generally very little looked after—enamelled spokes can be re-enamelled by taking off the old enamel with sand-paper. If the nickelled spokes, get rusty, melt bees' wax and mix it with pumicestone and pour in a little oil of turpentine, and rub the spokes down with this paste. Always keep the bicycle on a 'stand' which will allow



of both the wheels being off the ground—this will help the tyres to last long and will be found very handy when cleaning the machine.

(4) **HOW AND WHEN TO RING THE BELL.**—Do not sound the alarm when too near the object; instead of giving you a clear coast, it will only cause an accident by confusing the person. The right time to do so is at a distance of 10 to 12 yards. But it is better and safer to pick out ones way when practicable, leaving the passers-by in peace, than to disperse them by shrill notes from the bell—which, by the way, proves want of nerve on the part of the rider. The other morning I was spinning down one of the crowded streets with a friend of mine, when we over-took an elderly man striding the left side of the road and were close upon him. As I was on the offside, my friend gave the alarm. The fellow was so startled and confused that he turned round and caught hold of my friend's machine by the handle—either to save himself or the rider, or may be both—with the result, that instantly the trio comprised of the bicycle, man and rider, were grovelling on the road. The machine was badly damaged as the brake was bent and the pedals were twisted. As we had to ride back home some distance, we put our whole strength to straighten the pedals in order to get them clear of the chain. This important experience induces me to advise beginners to devote some care in ringing the bell.

(5) **HOW TO AVOID SIDE SLIPS ON SLIPPERY ROADS.**—Work the pedals, evenly at a moderate pace and put a little extra weight on the front wheel by leaning over the handle-bar. Do not attempt very sharp turns.

(6) **HOW TO GET DOWN BY THE PEDALS.**—Put the machine on the slowest possible motion and mark that the right pedal is at its lowest point; draw off the left leg from the pedal over the rear wheel, throwing the weight of the body more on the handle-bar than on the pedal and land it on the right side of the machine. Do not apply the brake; if you do, you will feel a nasty jar. It requires that there should be some motion in the machine if you want to get down safely and smartly.

(7) **HOW TO RIDE WITH THE HANDS OFF THE HANDLE-BAR.**—This is a knack which on-lookers think as the acme of perfection in bicycle riding. But those who have any idea of balance would find that any one who can bike, can also, with a little tact, do this trick. Put the machine to high speed, and taking the hands off the handle-bar for a moment or so, mark that it has a tendency to go straight. As long as you keep yourself steady

it will not swerve either to the left or right. Slacken and hold the handle as loose as you can manage inside a 'ring' made of your thumb and middle-finger in both the hands. When you find you can go a fairly good distance, only touching the handles with your 'rings' now and then, take the left hand entirely off the handle, but do not let it hang by the side but stick a finger in your belt which will be found a very handy place. Now, without getting at all nervous keep yourself steady, and pedal evenly, taking off the right hand in the way you did the left one, and sticking it in your belt. You will probably find the machine swerving a little, but do not lose heart; wait and you will find everything come right. The steering is the result of practice only, and comes by itself—some people steer by the inclination of the body, and some by that of the legs only. Time and practice will show what will suit individually.

P. M.

## THE DOCTOR'S RUSE.

(A TALE OF PERSIA.)

Ismail of the Iron Arms, the mighty avenger of his country's blood and its liberator, was Shah of Persia in 1501 A.D. My story tells that he was a widower; and I profess I do not know what it means unless the Lord of the Shia-faithful although Lord of a teeming *harem* could still be called a 'widower' because the mother of his only son and heir had been gathered to her fathers. This son and heir to the throne of Xerxes and Cyrus was a young man of 18 at the time he makes his *congé* to you, my gentle reader, and had a romantic and impressionable heart and was withal so handsome, and bright-eyed, and fair-haired that, the *houris* in their impatience might not afford to wait till he fell in one of the interminable wars of his age, but would carry him bodily off before his time,—but that would spoil my story. Next, let me introduce to you, courteous reader, the Grand Vizier to the Shah—the Vizier-i-Azem, a portly, pompous, peevish personage who had passed the grand climacteric of his life: Grand Vizier-to-the-Shah, Mr. Reader; Mr. Reader, my friend, Grand Vizier-to-the-Shah. *Passed the grand climacteric* did I say? He would not confess to half so much for although he owned a thickly peopled *seraglio* he had lately added another inmate to it, a veritable Nurzehan of pre-Jehangir days. Our last *dramatis persona* (for we have only three besides the Nurzehan aforementioned who shall scarcely trip across the stage, and they are enough for the *nonce*) is the doctor—call him in modern phraseology Physician-in-ordinary to His Majesty the Shah,—a little, pale, thin, neatly-dressed man with a pinched-up nose and goggle eyes, very clever, and in everlasting hostility to the Grand Vizier who did not fail to reciprocate the tender feeling. He was of dubious age and had a Venus of a wife, who should have made his life very sweet if only she were not a desperate Rebecca, sharp in flirting, which made him desperately jealous and poisoned his cup of conjugal felicity. (Query, did a *harem*-bird ever flirt, and if she did, with whom?—the eunuchs?)

Now look up; the curtain is drawn aside. Seated on the divan His Majesty of Persia; the doctor seated off the footstool. "Well Hakim," so begins the colloquy, "how am I to account for your skill and attention now that it is full two months and the prince is no better than he was at the beginning? You have not cured him, you have at least known the malady, I trust. Don't fear shocking me. I am prepared for the worst." It should have been premised that the young prince was very ill and had been so for two months; he was pale, weak, and emaciated, and taciturn and had lost his appetite for food as well as for his princely sports and pleasures; he was altogether a piteous sight; and the court and the whole capital were stirred to the very depths of their hearts over the event. And strange to relate that the royal physician had been feeling his pulse, examining his tongue and eyes, and applying the stethoscope, if there were any such thing in those misty mediæval days, to his heart to no purpose; yet (say I confidentially to you, my dear readers) the ill lay there—in the heart I mean; and after a while the medico knew it too. "Shah-in-Shah" replied the doctor, "I am able to satisfy you, I have an idea now what is the matter with the prince." "Have you? then you have at last discovered the malady, and it is called?" "Love, my Lord, the little winged God has been at work at his heart and the prince will not recover his spirits and his appetites until he marries the lady he loves." "And what lady is he in love with?" "That is more than I know at present, the prince will not tell me." "Then I will ask him myself." "You may, mighty Shah, but I doubt if he will tell you either; but do not be afraid, your Majesty; physicians have more ways than laymen of probing the heart and making the patient blurt out the secret. I would humbly pray you do one thing. The *Nowraga* comes off to-morrow; let a grand reception be arranged in the inner *mehals* as there will be one in the outer, and let the ladies of the court, the wives and daughters of the *emirs* and *omráhás*, and all the celebrated beauties of the capital and its vicinity pass before the divan in single file making their obeisances, and presenting *nuzzers*, as the custom is, while the prince shall stand beside the throne. I shall also be there with your Majesty's gracious permission holding the prince's hand carelessly, but resting my fingers lightly upon his pulse. I am sure when the loved one passes—if she pass there at all—the fact will be notified by the force and rapidity of its beat. I have an idea it is one or other of these ladies that has upset the noble prince, for, he seldom stirs far outside the city gates." "That's

capital, that's clever 'pon my word, Hakim," exclaimed the Shah, "and do you think when the girl is found out by this means and is married to the prince, he will be cured?" "I hope so," rejoined the doctor.

Everything was arranged on the following day as the doctor had suggested. The reception was held by candle-light. The hall was crowded. The Shah in purples was seated on his throne with the prince pale and pensive, but elegantly dressed, and the doctor holding his hand standing on his right. It was announced through the *nakib* that the emperor was graciously pleased to grant the ladies the immense honour of kissing his hand, a condescension which was enthusiastically greeted.

Now for the dear ladies! They were all ablaze in silks and diamonds. The doctor's wife attired in the height of fashion created a great sensation and even the stars of the imperial firmament paled before the upstart meteor. The *houris* all presented themselves in a line, as arranged, and passed off and in thus passing before the throne passed also in full view of the prince.

At the conclusion of the ceremony the Shah retired into his private room, and summoned the doctor to his presence. "Well, Hakim?" said the Shah as the little man bowed himself in stumbling. His face was ashy pale—"paper," as you might say, uneasiness depicted upon it and his goggle eyes drooped. "Well, Hakim," continued the emperor "have you made the discovery?" The doctor went down on his knees before the footstool. "I have" faltered he, but said nothing more. "What the dence, then, make you so chary of words?—out with it, man." "I have discovered the woman the prince loves." "You have, but who is she?" Dead silence; the emperor's curiosity was heightened nearly to bursting-point, but before it burst the doctor stammered out, "she is, mighty Shah,—she is—my—wi—fe." "By the trunk of my white elephant!" exclaimed the Shah springing down and grasping the doctor by the hand "the booby has an eye for beauty, I rejoice in his choice,—don't you?" "I have little reason to" sighed the doctor. "Nay, but let us come to an agreement; the prince gets your wife she being indispensable to his happiness and you get for compensation—" "The bow-string" murmured the hakim "for that shall be my portion, I've a faith;—I am not going to part with my wife." "It is your duty to yield as a liege subject." "I doubt that." "I could settle the doubt in a minute, but listen to reason; everything you are permitted to call yours—wife, wealth, honour, life itself is

yours so long as I or the prince does not need it. Your wife or the boy-string, man, say yes or nay!" And the eyes of the emperor flashed fire while the heart of the poor doctor seemed breaking.

Meanwhile the Grand Vizier who had been listening at the key-whore, and was delightfully interested in the above conversation sought for and obtained permission to enter. He made a courtly bow to the sovereign and looked at the woe-begone countenance of his rival with triumph beaming in his old eyes. The emperor did not evidently wish to make a secret of the matter to his prime minister, for, he took him a little aside as soon as he had finished the bow, and briefly explained the situation to him in a whisper. "Hakim" said he at length, "I am a father and may have judged partially, but will you abide by the decision of the Grand Vizier, who is a disinterested third party and is, moreover, the wisest man in the empire whose awards every one of its subjects is bound to obey?" "I will" muttered the unfortunate man almost sinking where he stood. The Grand Vizier then assumed the attitude of a Daniel, dilated his eyes, and coughed and cleared his throat to produce oracular tones, and at last delivered himself thus:—"Listen, Hekim-e-Pathshah-o-Rosni-e-hekmat, upon a calm and impartial consideration of the matter by the light of the Koran and such lights of wisdom as have been vouchsafed to his humblest slave by Allah, looking at it from all points of view spiritual, political, hymenial, royal, loyal, financial, and prudential, and having due regard to the fact and circumstance that, upon my decision and pronouncement hinges, depends, and rests the entire fabric of the temporal happiness of the glorious prince—the hope, the stay, the main pillar of the whole empire, and the light of the eye of the High and Mi—" "Hold your tongue, you blustering old wind-bag, if you cannot come to the point at once" roared the emperor interrupting the minister's prefatory remarks, "tell the doctor your mind in two words and begone!" "Bismillah, hakim," said the abashed minister, "you must make over your wife to the prince and rejoice; religion enjoins it, loyalty demands it, and common practice approves of it." "Then," said the Shah, "doctor, be ready to divorce your wife, for we will have her before this time to-morrow." The doctor groaned. "Does he groan?" thundered the Grand Vizier as if over powered by indignant feelings which he could not control, "Does he hesitate when the happiness of the heir to the throne—what do I say?—his very life is at stake and the mighty emperor himself is a suppliant to him for a wee bit of a mincing wench—

though a wife; why, in such a case the sacrifice, if he calls it so, becomes a duty which should be performed with rapture and delight. Shame on you! doctor, it is a crime to hesitate and groan. Everything for the sovereign, everything for the heir to the throne, everything—"Well, shut up," interposed the monarch, "so you have nothing for it, but to yield, doctor; you promised to your sovereign only a few minutes since that you would abide by the Grand Vizier's decision; now you have it." The doctor glancing timidly at the minister's face chuckled in spite of him, and said—"Is that really your opinion, would you in my circumstances make the sacrifice you demand of me?" "Gladly!" replied the officer in a tone of devotion which went right into the heart of the emperor.

This answer seemed to transform the doctor entirely, he shook off the defectedness of his mein, his eyes sparkled, and his thin lips shaped themselves into a smile. With two light steps forward he reached the foot of the throne and throwing himself on his knees said "Forgive me, Shah-in-Shah, my Lord, I have deceived you." The emperor started and his eyes emitted sparks of fire; "Deceive me!" shrieked he. "Yes, sire, my wife is pretty enough to turn a prince's head, but she has not had the good fortune." "She is not your wife, whose then?" "Whose?" rejoined the doctor in clear ringing tones looking maliciously at the G. V. which caused him to turn pale, "who, but she that in the charms of her person surpasses a *peri* and in those of her mind the blessed Ayeshá herself? who, but she that has captivated the heart of the most mighty man in the empire, your Majesty, of course, excepted?" The Shah looked at the Grand Vizier who was no longer pale, but purple. "In a word," concluded the naughty fellow, "it is the young lately married wife of this gentleman (pointing gracefully with his finger to the minister) that has the distinguished merit of charming the prince and has taken sleep off his eyes and appetite off his stomach."

Who was surprised, my courteous reader?—the Shah; who bewildered?—the Grand V.; and who elated?—the Hakim.

"This being the case," at length said the emperor, turning to Vizier, "it becomes your duty to surrender your wife to my son." "Yes, Sire, it does" eagerly interposed the doctor, "and may his shadow never grow less in the land for being dissociated from his better half!" "I will not," shouted the frantic G. V. "Will not!" thundered his tormentor caricaturing his tone and gestures, "not surrender! even when the happiness of the heir to the throne—what do I say?—his very life is at stake and the

high and mighty emperor himself is a supplicant to him for a wee bit of a mincing wench—though a wife? Why, in such a case the sacrifice, if he calls it so, becomes a duty—mark G. V., a duty that should be performed with rapture and delight. Shame on you, G. V., it is a crime to say '*Will not!*' Every thing for the sovereign, every thing for the heir to the throne, every thing—"

Well, the grand functionary was a sight then; the comic side of the affair struck the emperor so forcibly at this moment that he burst out laughing. The little doctor goggled and oggled at every one and every thing in the apartment and chuckled and rubbed his hands so hard as to fairly take the skin off. He gave his adversary the *coup de grace* in the following words, "You boasted to me just now that you would gladly do what I seemed to hesitate to do; your devotion was heroic; now act up to your profession, old man; you, moreover, know that an officer in Persia is not permitted to contradict himself every two minutes."

The Grand Vizier was crushed; and though he still looked daggers at the doctor, he surrendered unconditionally to the Shah—"Master, your royal will be done."

So, on the following day the young prince married the divorced wife of the Grand Vizier and quickly regained his health.

DVIJENDRA NATH NEOGI, B.A.



## A WORD ABOUT POETS.

### POETS AS MEN OF BUSINESS.

Poets in all countries are said to be valueless as men of business. Their dreamy nature and their romantic dispositions often make them less selfish than ordinary men and unmindful of the interests of their own homes, and unmethodical in business; and hence they are looked upon with contempt by business men. Yet there had been instances in which some great poets have outshot the business men in their own bows. Maharshi Vyasa might be cited as the most prominent instance. His strict methodical life and business habits were not surpassed by the greatest politicians of his age.

### POETS AS RULERS.

In India not only in ancient times, but in modern days also, poets ruled over kings and great men. There was hardly any court worth naming which had not its own poets who were held in admiration and fear. They could put to the blush the reputation of a mighty ruler with impunity. Any poem or song composed in jest to the disparagement of the good name of any great man was sure to hold him up to ridicule not for a limited time only, but from generation to generation. *Batrîs-singhasan* might be cited as the most amusing instance. Prince Bhoja, who with a vain ambition to equal in glory and justice Maharaja Vikramaditya, when wanted to mount his vacant throne, was successively laughed at by every one of the thirty-two supposed bearers of the throne, till humbled and abashed he had to give up the idea altogether. This is one of the most splendid satires that has come down to us.

### POETS AS BENEFACTORS OF THE POOR.

It is a noted fact that poor men in India who have a tolerably good voice, go about the streets singing the says of great poets, and as they stop at the threshold of every Hindu house, something is given to them, not so much for their voices, but as a tribute to the poets. In Calcutta alone there are hundreds of men who earn their living in this way. Thousands have thus lived and

died, and thousands are living still. This is surely no small tribute to the genius of poets.

#### POETS AS A RULE ARE POOR.

Poets are generally, if not invariably, poor. There is a saying amongst us that poets as the favourite sons of the Goddess of Learning, are not kindly looked upon by their step-mother, the Goddess of riches. Endowed by nature with a great measure of magnanimity and with high notions of ideality, they often fail to retain a fortune if they get one. He who knows how to love mankind seldom knows how to love himself. Misfortune which teaches ordinary men, fails to teach the poets. This is a fact well established by the lives of the poets themselves. But in one sense the poets are the wealthiest men: they have the wealth of truth, love, harmony and beauty in an eminent degree.

#### DO POETS DIE?

"Papa, do Generals die?" asked a child, looking at the gorgeous uniform and the sword of a General. "Why not my child," said the father, "Generals are men, and they die as other men die." The poets too die as other men die; but they die to live, whereas other men live to die. The poets have their sunny and cloudy days. They have their hopes and disappointments, their successes and failures; but while ordinary men succumb to the weight of misery, they do not. How instructive and pathetically interesting are their lives—with so many weaknesses—so much to pardon, so much to pity and admire!

The life of the late Mudhu Sudan Dutt, one of the best poets of Bengal, is an instance to the point. There was a time in his life while basking under princely patronage, when he had only to command and was obeyed. He could by a single glance bring the proudest beauty on the stage at his feet. He was petted and idolized by men in the front rank of learning and riches. His happy days, however, soon passed: Burdened with debts, distressed with diseases, his hopes not very much supported by religion, he died broken hearted. The struggles of his life have now passed. The teeth of calumny have now ceased to bite him. We have him before us not as a man, but as a great poet. We who have seen him remember some of his weaknesses, foibles and faults. We remember too some of his great virtues, but the posterity who will know him only by his portrait and works, will see much to admire and very little to pity or pardon.

K. CHAKRAVARTI.

*LIFE OF BENJAMIN DISRAELI,*

## CHAPTER IV.

## EARLY YEARS IN PARLIAMENT.

Just a month later, Mr. Disraeli, now day by day taking higher political prominence of rank, was chosen to move the rejection of Lord John Russell's Poor Law Amendment Bill. He indulged in a violent tirade against the whole system of Poor Law relief, selecting for special assault the union of parishes, and Government interference with the local authorities. "Government did not institute national education, nor our universities; it had not created our colonial empire, conquered India, made our roads, rails, or bridges." He denounced also the system of union workhouses, alleging that they necessitated a system of discipline, which, as far as their inmates were concerned, was attended with every circumstances of disgrace.

In the month of May, 1841, Sir Robert Peel gathered his forces anew, and made his final onslaught on the Government. In the debate Mr. Disraeli made a speech, which, in the historical sense, is chiefly remarkable for its containing an eulogy on Peel, high but yet discriminating, and not inconsistent with that subsequent change of view and tone which the change of Sir Robert Peel's sentiments occasioned, or at least was colourably made to seem to occasion. This speech was the last speech delivered by Mr. Disraeli in the first Parliament in which he held a seat:—

"Placed in an age of rapid civilisation and rapid transition, he has adapted the practical character of his measures to the condition of the times. When in power he has never proposed a change which he did not carry, and when in opposition, he never forgot that he was at the head of the great Conservative party. He has never employed his influence for factious purposes, and has never been stimulated in his exertions by a disordered desire of obtaining office; above all, he has never carried himself to the opposite benches by making propositions by which he was not ready to abide. Whether in or out of office, the right honourable baronet has done his best to make the settlement of the new constitution of England work for the benefit of the present time and of posterity."

## CHAPTER V.

## YOUNG ENGLAND.

IN 1841 Peel became for a second time Premier of Great Britain. His Administration was one of the most powerful and illustrious which our national history has recorded since the establishment of the principle of rule by Ministers directly responsible for their conduct of affairs to the Parliament and the nation. Early in 1841, Lord Melbourne had, with fatal tardiness, and amid the jeers of the people, who saw in the act only a last avaricious and despairing bid for the retention of office, imposed a moderate fixed duty on corn. The lure was too late. The whole people were impregnated by a general feeling of the incompetence of the Whigs—incompetence moral as well as political. Sir Robert Peel profited by the occasion, and the prevailing feeling of the land. Early in the summer he moved a vote of want of confidence in Ministers, who only succeeded in obtaining the meagre and nominal majority of one in their favour. This necessarily involved the alternative of resignation by Ministers, or their dissolution of Parliament. They chose the latter course. Both sides eagerly prepared for, and carried on, the contest. Ere long it became only too apparent what the issue would be. The nation, nauseated at the unfulfilled pledges of the Whigs, and at the constant deficits, and the inextricable state of confusion into which they had plunged the finances, longed for an Administration composed of competent men of business—and Peel at least, with Graham and Stanley, enjoyed this reputation—and especially for men who could repair the damaged fiscal machine. At the polling booths the Whigs were utterly routed. In the city of London two Tories headed the poll; a somewhat obscure Liberal came third, and Lord John Russell was fourth, beating a third Tory candidate by a mere handful of votes. In the great Northern countries, which, since 1832, the Whig magnates had considered their especial and peculiar freeholds, Lords Howick, Morpeth, and Milton (afterwards the Earls Grey, Carlisle, and Fitzwilliam) were defeated. The influence of O'Connell and other causes secured in Ireland a Whig

majority of nineteen, and Scotland showed a balance of nine on the side of Ministers. But these slender figures were entirely overshadowed and eclipsed by the astounding majority for the Conservatives of a hundred and four English borough and county votes. When Parliament met, Sir Robert Peel took the earliest opportunity of a trial of strength in both Houses. The Peers endorsed his daring by seventy-two, and the Commons by ninety-one votes. Against this there was no appeal. Hungry of office as they had proved themselves to be, the Ministers had no option but to resign, and that instantly. Peel was sent for, and without demur undertook the task of forming an Administration.

At the general election, Mr. Disraeli had been returned for the considerable borough of Shrewsbury. The position which he had attained in the first Parliament of the Queen was so respectable, that it was opined by many that his name would appear in the *Gazette* in connection with some minor Ministerial office. It has been stated, but upon authority which we cannot absolutely endorse, that he himself expected office; and the statement certainly has confirmation in the circumstance that Peel, in after years, when the heavy strokes of Disraeli's lash were falling thick upon his back, more than once hinted that he might, had he not been over-ruled, have purchased his keen assailant's support. The following was an *on dit* of the period, and only as an *on dit* is it presented by us. When Peel and Graham were forming their Government, the Tory whip recommended Disraeli, as a rising young politician, for office; and both the Premier and the Home Secretary were favourable to the claims of the young aspirant. But the strongest opponent to his admission was Lord Stanley, the Secretary for the Colonies (now Lord Derby), who had come over with a strong following to the Conservative camp, and who "would not have Mr. Disraeli at any price." In after years it is stated that an old friend asked Mr. Disraeli, as this was the case, "how was it that he hated Peel so?" Whereupon Mr. Disraeli is reported to have thus replied—"It is quite a mistake to suppose I ever hated Peel. On the contrary he is the only man under whom I should have liked to have served. But I saw very clearly he was the only man it would 'make' me to attack, and I attacked him."

The year 1842 witnessed a marvellous increase of the power of the Anti-Corn-Law League. Now, for the first time, did Cobden and his illustrious and philanthropic fellow-workers obtain any thing like a general hearing for the promulgation of their grand doctrines of the identity of the interests of the agricultural, and commercial, and industrial classes. In this year Peel introduced his great

tariff in the direction of Free Trade, by which some four hundred custom-duty-paying articles were entirely or partially relieved of their burdensome imposts. In this initial and provisional step he received Mr. Disraeli's cordial support.

Mr. Disraeli, in a speech on the Budget, disclaimed the pretensions of gentlemen sitting on the Liberal side to a monopoly of the principles of Free Trade. It is hardly necessary to remark that Peel's great 1842 revision of the tariff was not in the strict, now accepted sense of the word, a Free Trade measure, though it unquestionably tended in that direction. He reminded the House that it was really Mr. Pitt who first promulgated these principles in 1787. Just when this country was deprived of the great colonial market of America, he was led to look round for new markets on the continent of Europe, and first developed that system which he considered should form the future commercial policy of the country. Mr. Pitt's plan was, upon a system of complete reciprocity, to lower our duties and consolidate our customs. This great scheme, Mr. Disraeli went on to remind his auditors, was introduced at a time when the Whigs ranked among their numbers such names as those of Fox, Sheridan, Burke, Sir Philip Francis, and Grey. But all of these, under the leadership of Fox, denounced Pitt's new-fangled scheme, and said that the principles of commercial reciprocity formed altogether a new system, in which not only were the established doctrines of our forefathers departed from, but all the essential principles on which our commerce had been previously conducted were to be changed and abandoned. The only thorough and efficient support which Pitt received was at the hands of Lord Shelburne, "the most remarkable man of his age." Thus it appeared that the principles of [what Mr. Disraeli denominated] Free Trade were developed—and that not by the Whigs—fifty years before. How was it, then, he asked, that the Whig party now came forward and professed themselves the originators of these doctrines? Even after the peace of Vienna, it was the Pitt party, and not their opponents, who remained faithful to these doctrines. The first Administration of Lord Liverpool had shown itself, so far as the freedom of trade was concerned, far in advance of the times. Messrs. Wallace, Huskisson, and Robinson, great as were their fiscal reforms, were only carrying out the distinct and specific injunctions of Pitt. Mr. Disraeli thus ended the speech of which the above sentences constitute a brief digest:—

"The conduct pursued by the right hon. Baronet (Peel) is in exact harmony, in perfect consistency, with the principles in reference to Free

Trade laid down by Mr. Pitt; and my reason for saying thus much is to refute the accusations which have been brought against the present Government that, in order to get into, and, being in, to keep in office, they have changed their opinions on these subjects."

But the amended "Sliding-Scale" Duty on Corn, which, with the re-imposition of the Income Tax, constituted an important and integral part of the momentous Budget of 1842, was by no means regarded by Mr. Disraeli with equal favour. He cautiously reserved his views, and the most propitious light which he could ever be induced to take of it was to contemplate it as an equivocal experiment, whose merits or failures could only be determined by the lapse of time. His views on this and other themes may be gathered from the opinions expressed by him in the conclusion of a long and important speech delivered by him in the year 1842.

He declared his brief that it was the reform Bill that had retarded the commercial development of the country, as well as the improvement of many other things. And now, forsooth, the Whigs, finding that the true character of the domestic convulsion of 1830 had become pretty generally understood, wearied with the struggles for provincial power, and in their attempt to govern the empire like a parish, having disturbed and deranged the commerce of the country, came forward and entreated the Premier to pursue precisely the wise policy he had been pursuing before the fatal introduction of their Reform Bill. As for himself, he declared that he supported the measures of the Administration, not from any blind submission to the Minister who introduced them, but because he approved of the commercial principles on which they were founded. The principle he thus categorically defined—a definition which at once makes it apparent that Mr. Disraeli used the term Free Trade in a sense quite different from that in which it is ordinarily apprehended—"a fair protection to native industry," which he believed to be "perfectly consistent with a large and liberal commercial intercourse.

He was much more guarded in the terms in which he spoke of Peel's partial modification of the Corn Law. He professed that he knew but little about it and its working as yet. He was not prepared to stand or fall by the details of it. He reserved to himself with respect to it, "the utmost license." He declined to risk his character and political consistency on a fixed duty or a sliding scale. One thing he would do, ever and unequivocally—maintain the preponderance of the landed interest. For this he believed to be essential to the welfare of the country. He attri-

buted to that preponderance the stability of our institutions. In his concluding sentences he still harped on this string, indicating a solicitude on behalf of the landed interest, which was then in fearful anticipation of an early blow, reflected in bosoms much more tremulous and agitated than his own :—

“I uphold that preponderance, not for the advantage of a class, but for the benefit of the nation. I do not believe in the commercial decline of the country. On the contrary, I hold that we have not yet arrived at the meridian splendour of our commercial fortunes. But I will never seek a remedy for one class in the ruin of another. I will venture, with respect to this controversy, to remind the House of the words of a great prince, appropriate to the occasion, for they were not only the words of a great prince, but also of a great merchant—I mean that Doge of Venice, who, looking out from the windows of his Adriatic palace on the commerce of the world, then anchored in the lagoons beneath, said, ‘This Venice, without *terra firma*, is but an eagle with one wing.’ I say the same of England. I would see our national prosperity upheld alike by a skilful agriculture and an extended commerce.”

Disraeli's final rupture with Peel dates from the year 1843. In that year the belief rapidly grew on both sides that the Corn Laws were doomed, that Peel himself had decreed their abolition, and that he waited only the fitting time to deal the *coup de grace*. The alarm of the landed interest grew with feverish rapidity, and Disraeli saw that his time had come. The “Young England” party, which had already for some years agitated its views by tongue and pen, was stimulated into new fervour and activity; and of that party Mr. Disraeli was by far the most illustrious and potent representative. The extreme distress of the country gave to Young England a hearing, and its leaders, with equal frankness and dexterity, avowed a sympathy with the grievances of the Chartists, and strenuously cultivated with them a curious *dilettante* alliance. Mr. Smythe, one of the leaders of the party, said that its principles were those of Toryism a hundred years back. But this definition of its object is most feeble and inadequate; and he who would wish to acquaint himself with its articulate creed and formal programme must consult certain of the speeches delivered at this period by its very high priest, Mr. Disraeli, but especially his novels published about this period, and notably “Sybil” and “Coningsby.”

By most this party was derided as a small and laughable clique. But it merits—or, rather, certain of the principles which underlie its fantastic, and sometimes even grotesque, utterances merit—a considerable share of attention and prominence, whether from the student of Mr. Disraeli's biography, or from him who



wishes to become acquainted with the period in our history at which we have now arrived. It was important, not so much in respect of any practical results to which it led, as on account of the causes from which it sprung, and the feelings of which it was the exponent. It was well organised, and it had a little of everything; of history, metaphysics, romance, and poetry in abundance a small portion of somewhat unintelligible theology, the very highest of High Church; the faintest *soupçon* of political economy. There never was a party so small numerically (save perhaps the Peelites in later days) which produced so many authors and Parliamentary orators—"Tam multa genera linguarum sunt in hoc mundo! et nihil sine voce est." As a rule, its literary representatives all dedicated their books to each other, and mutually bepraised one another most unblushingly. In "Coningsby," Mr. Disraeli's associates in the movement are represented with hardly a disguise, and lauded to the very echo. They are held up as the future regenerators of England. As they were all young men, Mr. Disraeli waged war against age, and declared that England must be saved by youth. According to him, all the patriots and apostles of the land were to be found within the narrow compass of this school. Their opponents were naturally represented as vain, disappointed, and selfish agitators; and their only motive-power was the *spretæ injuriæ formæ*. The Young Englanders were terrible Iconoclasts. They wished to build, but they held that they must first destroy.

"The time is out of joint; O cursed spite!

That ever we were born to set it right."

But they applied these lines with this important qualification, that they had neither aversion to the task of setting matters right, nor any doubt as to their ability to perform it fitly. They held that Whiggism was worn out, Conservatism a sham, Radicalism pollution, loyalty dead, and religion only a galvanised corpse.

In "Coningsby," it is said that—

"Conservatism is an attempt to carry on affairs by substituting the fulfilment of the duties of office for the performance of the functions of Government; and to maintain this negative system by the mere influence of property, reputable private conduct, and what are called good connections. Conservatism discards prescription, shrinks from principle, disavows progress: having rejected all respect for antiquity, it offers no redress for the present, and makes no preparation for the future. . . . The misery of the lower orders was never in any country more universal or more intense; foreign relations are mutable and precarious. An Income Tax has been resorted to for the first time in a season of peace. The House of Commons has stultified itself on

two occasions. The House of Lords, stultifying itself in 1832, has become little more than a chamber of registry."

Young England honestly felt the want of some fixed political faith, or of some strong and binding political attachments. The Government equally failed to furnish them with a distinct political creed, and to command their personal sympathies. It evoked neither respect nor attachment.

In the literary and artistic sense, exaggeration was the great blemish of this, on the whole, earnest and worthy school. "Every sound was a shriek, every attitude a distortion." What sane man can set down the following, from "Coningsby," as aught but nonsense? "At school friendship is a passion. It entrances the being; it tears the soul. All love of after-life can never bring its rapture or its wretchedness; no bliss so absorbing no pangs of despair so keen! What insane sensitiveness, and what frantic sensibility! What earthquakes of the heart, and whirlwinds of the soul, are confined in the single phrase—a *schoolboy friendship!*"

The same ludicrous inflation frequently extended to their principles and opinions. Their politics were based on the rejection of all experience; much of their philosophy was contempt for all experiment. Said Mr. Disraeli—"Great men never want experience." With him (*when he was himself thirty-seven*) thirty-seven was the fatal limit which neither genius nor patriotism could pass. He groups, as men without experience, in support of his theory, Raphael, Grotius, Loyola, Wesley, Luther, Clive, Pitt, and Don John, the victor of Lepanto. Man is only great, says he, when he acts from the passions, and never irresistible but when he appeals to the imagination. His ideal consequently was, institutions monarchical and feudal. Our Parliamentary Constitution is represented as being copied from the Venetian Senate, "a happy device of a ruder age, to which it was admirably adapted, an age of semi-civilization; but a system which exhibits many signs of desuetude." The middle classes were cavalierly put aside as altogether unworthy of consideration. A remedial holy alliance was recommended between the Crown and the Chartists; the conditions being unrestrained power for the former, *panem et circenses* for the latter. Mr. Smythe actually proposed to revive the practice of touching for the King's Evil! He held it to be a graceful superstition, which operated as a direct communication between the highest and the lowest. Dr. Johnson, "a man of the people, if ever there was one," was yet prouder, said he, of having been touched by Queen Anne when he was a child, than he was of all his heroism under misfortune. Mr. Dis-

raeli was guilty of no such flagrant absurdity as this, and we must admit that it was the most *outré* of all Young England utterances.

According to "Coningsby," the Church was to be no mean agent in the grand universal renovation. The priests of God were to be the tribunes of the people of this Utopia. The Church was to be relieved from its alliance with the State by being placed above it; and it was no longer to be subjected to the indignity of having its bishops virtually appointed by the House of Commons, which had become "a sectarian assembly."

Before taking final leave of this important epoch of Mr. Disraeli's career, and notable aspect of his political and literary character, and returning to the more prosaic realm of practical political warfare, we cite a portion of a very spirited conversation from "Coningsby," in which the indictments preferred—not the remedies proposed—by Young England are, with great dexterity and animation, summed up. The interlocutors are supposed to be young University men of rank, and the supposed occasion of the epigrammatic converse is just after a Conservative triumph for the borough of Cambridge.

"'By Jove!' said the panting Buckhurst, throwing himself upon the sofa; 'it was well done; never was anything better done. An immense triumph!—the greatest triumph the Conservative cause has had; and yet,' he added, laughing, 'if any fellow were to ask me what the conservative cause was, I am sure I should not know what to say.'"

"'Why, it is the cause of our glorious institutions,' said Coningsby—"a crown robbed of its Prerogative; a Church controlled by a commission, and an Aristocracy which does not lead."

"'Under whose genial influence, the order of the peasantry, "a country's pride," has vanished from the face of the land,' said Henry Sidney, 'and is succeeded by a race of serfs, who are called labourers, and who burn ricks.'"

"'Under which,' continued Coningsby, 'the Crown has become a cypher, the Church a sect, the nobility drones, and the people drudges.'"

"'It is a great constitutional cause,' said Lord Vere, 'that refuses everything to argument—yields everything to agitation; Conservative in Parliament, destructive out of doors; that has no objection to any change, provided only it be effected by unauthorised means.'"

"'The first association of men, said Coningsby, 'who have worked for an avowed end, without enunciating a single principle.'"

"'And who have established political infidelity throughout the land,' said Lord Henry."

"'By Jove!' said Buckhurst, 'what infernal fools we have made ourselves this last week.'"

## CHAPTER VI.

## PROTECTION TO NATIVE INDUSTRY.

RAPIDLY, after the year 1843 was ushered in, did the hope grow among the Free-Traders, and the fear grow among the landed interest, that the days of the Corn Laws were numbered. Every waif or hint that fell from the Premier's lips was carefully measured and criticised; and both sides agreed, the one with elation and the other with tremor, that Peel's mind was vacillating, if indeed—as it now seems to us, looking backward—it was not quite made up. As the agricultural and the kindered interests became more and more alarmed, so from their trepidation did Mr. Disraeli educe fresh courage and *élan*. In his own reported words, Peel was certainly day by day becoming "the man whom it would *make* him to attack." In the whole records of Parliamentary and forensic invectives, nothing can be found to excel—perhaps nothing save the great oration of Demosthenes against *Æschines* can be found to equal—the keen and savage virulence of the assaults made upon Peel by Disraeli during the latter half of the possession—one cannot say enjoyment—of office by the Premier. It might fairly be said, without any exaggeration of metaphor, that Disraeli made of Peel the ladder by which he clomb, and that, after the wont of those who scale the cliffs of the shore for the eggs of mews and choughs, he dug into the person of Peel with poisoned and corroding steel the successive steps of his ascent. The first positive indication of Peel's wavering was when, early in 1843, he introduced a measure to relieve Canadian and other colonial cereals from the full duty hitherto imposed upon foreign and colonial corn alike.

This formed Disraeli's first great opportunity, and as to the manner in which he used it, let the following be taken as sample:—

"There is no doubt a difference in the right honourable gentleman's position as leader of the Opposition and as Minister of the Crown. But that's the old story; you must not contrast too strongly the hours of courtship with the years of possession. 'Tis very true that the right honourable gentleman's conduct is very different. I remember him

making his Protection speeches. They were the best speeches I ever heard. . . . My honourable friends reproach the right honourable gentleman. The right honourable gentleman does what he can to keep them quiet; he sometimes takes refuge in arrogant silence, and sometimes he treats them with haughty frigidity; and, if they knew anything of human nature, they would take the hint and shut their mouths. But they won't. And what then happens? What happens under all such circumstances? The right honourable gentleman, being compelled to interfere, sends down his valet, who says in the genteelest manner, 'We can have no whining here.' [This was a reference to a recent utterance of Mr. Sidney Herbert, which had equally irritated and alarmed the landed interest.] And that, sir, is exactly the case of the great agricultural interest—that beauty which everybody loved and one deluded. There is a fatality in such charms, and we now seem to approach the catastrophe of her career. Protection appears to be in about the same condition that Protestantism was in 1828. The country will draw its moral conclusions. For my part, if we are to have Free Trade, I, who honour genius, prefer that such measures should be proposed by the honourable Member for Stockport (Mr. Cobden, than by who, through skilful Parliamentary manœuvres, has tampered with the generous confidence of a great people and a great party. For myself, I care not what may be the result. Dissolve if you please, the Parliament you have betrayed, and appeal to the people, who, I believe, mistrust you. For me there remains this, at least—the opportunity of expressing thus publicly my belief that a Conservative Government is an Organised Hypocrisy."

From time to time, making an occasion if an opportunity did not naturally offer, did he return to the charge. Lord George Bentinck, forsaking Tattersall's and Newmarket, was the nominal head of the strong body of Protectionist denouncers of their erst idolised leader's treachery; but Mr. Disraeli was the soul and spirit of the party. And their chagrin was almost consoled, and atoned, by their vindictive gratification at the spectacle of Disraeli lashing and Peel wincing. His invective partook, to use a musical simile, of the crescendo character. He did not venture at first upon the full and unbridled torrent of rhetorical abuse. He watched the growing ire of his supporters, and their gradual, and their first reluctant, repudiation of the man on whose leadership they had once so prided themselves. Mr. Disraeli's 1846 speeches, if delivered in 1843 would not have been endured. It was only the white-heat rage of the baffled Protectionists that rendered their utterance, even in 1846, possible. Such speeches have never been heard in England since that year. It is to be hoped, and it is to be believed, in consequence of the growing amity between class and class—in the production of which Mr.

Disraeli "himself has had, in his latter days, no mean share—that such speeches will never again be heard within the walls of St. Stephen's Hall.

In 1845, Peel met Parliament with a large pecuniary surplus, and that not the first which had been the happy result of his daring but most beneficial and recuperative management of the national treasury—at once its incomings and its outgoings. In pursuance of his general financial plan, he proposed to apply the surplus to the further reduction of taxation. He introduced that great historical measure of excise reform, by which, among other fiscal relaxations, the cost of cleansing, housing, and illuminating the homes of the poor was enormously reduced by the abolition of the taxes on soap, bricks, and glass. Mr. Disraeli defiantly demanded that the landed interest, already, according to his view, so unfairly passed over in the previous measure of fiscal remission, should receive the full benefit of the surplus. The force of our remark as to the *crescent* progress of his invective will be admitted after the perusal of the following relentless passage, which was his peroration.

"Nursed in the House of Commons, entertaining no idea but that of Parliamentary success, if you wish to touch him to the quick, you must touch him on the state of the poll. The moment that he heard of South Lancashire being lost—the moment he heard that Yorkshire was in danger,—the right honourable baronet, the Minister who has served four sovereigns, the gentleman who has had the question of Protection before his official mind in every shape which ingenuity could devise, during his Parliamentary career of a quarter of a century—this gentleman suddenly finds that the arguments in favour of Protection to native industry are not, after all, so cogent as he thought them; he discovers that the principles of Protection cannot be supported; and, having arrived at this conclusion, then, with all the debating dexterity—with all the Parliamentary adroitness he possesses, he comes forward he has the sublime audacity to come forward and confess that at his ripe age he is convinced by arguments the very same as we have heard for the last thirty-years; and, greater triumph still, he has the Parliamentary tact to convince most of his supporters that he is sincere. . . . He is but thinking of posterity, he is touched by the love of fame, the noblest of all aspirations, and which alone constitutes the highest reward for his great toils. What an advantage to a country to be governed by a Minister who thinks only a posterity! . . . I should like to know what posterity may think of a Cabinet which resigns office because it cannot support a policy, and accepts office for the same reason. In the history of England—in the history of parties, I defy any man—I defy even the right honourable member for Edinburgh (Mr. Macaulay), with his disciplined memory and cultivated

mind—I defy any man learned in British history, to adduce me a case parallel to this. . . . We resisted the moderate proposal of the [Whigs an eight-shilling fixed duty]. We rejected it, confounding in the experience of that practised individual—the gentleman who has served four sovereigns. We were blind enough to believe that a gentleman of such great ability—of such long experience—who had had such immense advantages, could not make very gross and palpable blunders. We accepted him for a leader to accomplish the triumph of Protection; and now we are to attend the catastrophe of Protection. Of course, the Whigs will be the chief mourners. They cannot but weep for their innocent, although it was an abortion; but ours [the Sliding Scale] was a fine child. Who can forget how its nurse dandled it, foundled it? What a charming babe! Delicious little thing! So thriving! Did you ever see such a beauty for its years? This was the tone, the innocent prattle. And then the nurse, in a fit of patriotic frenzy, dashes its brains out, and comes down to give master and mistress an account of this terrible murder. The nurse, too, a person of a very orderly demeanour; not given to drink; and never showing any emotion, except of late, when kicking against Protection.”

With the most ingenious and incisive dexterity, he picked out, not only Peel's desertion of Protectionist principles as the object of his serious denunciation, but even the features of his Parliamentary demeanour and the foibles of his address as the topics of his ridicule. He varied the form of his attack; employing sometimes the playful single-stick, more rarely the savage club of direct categorical abuse, more frequently the dagger, at culminating points the poisoned bowl itself. He delighted, for example, when in a playful mood—but it was such play as when a cat plays with a mouse—to sneer at Peel's self-satisfied pomposity, and the haughty arrogance in which he intrenched himself, as behind a prickly hedge when the alienation of his friends began to cloud his soul. Referring to the indications of a certain spirit of sullen and defiant dictation in Peel, Disraeli said—“Another place [the House of Lords] may be drilled into a guard-room [the allusion was to the Duke of Wellington]; and the House of Commons may be degraded into a vestry.” Drawing his simile again from that deep-seated curse of Ireland, which was then in all men's mouths, he described him as “a great Parliamentary middle-man—a man who bamboozled one party and plundered the other, till, having obtained a position to which he was not entitled, he cried out, “Let us have no party! Let us have fixity of tenure!” More serious accusations than those contained in these biting witticisms were felt to be untrue and unjust; but not a few were felt by the entire House to be true. Peel must have so felt himself—and there lay and inhered their poignancy.

